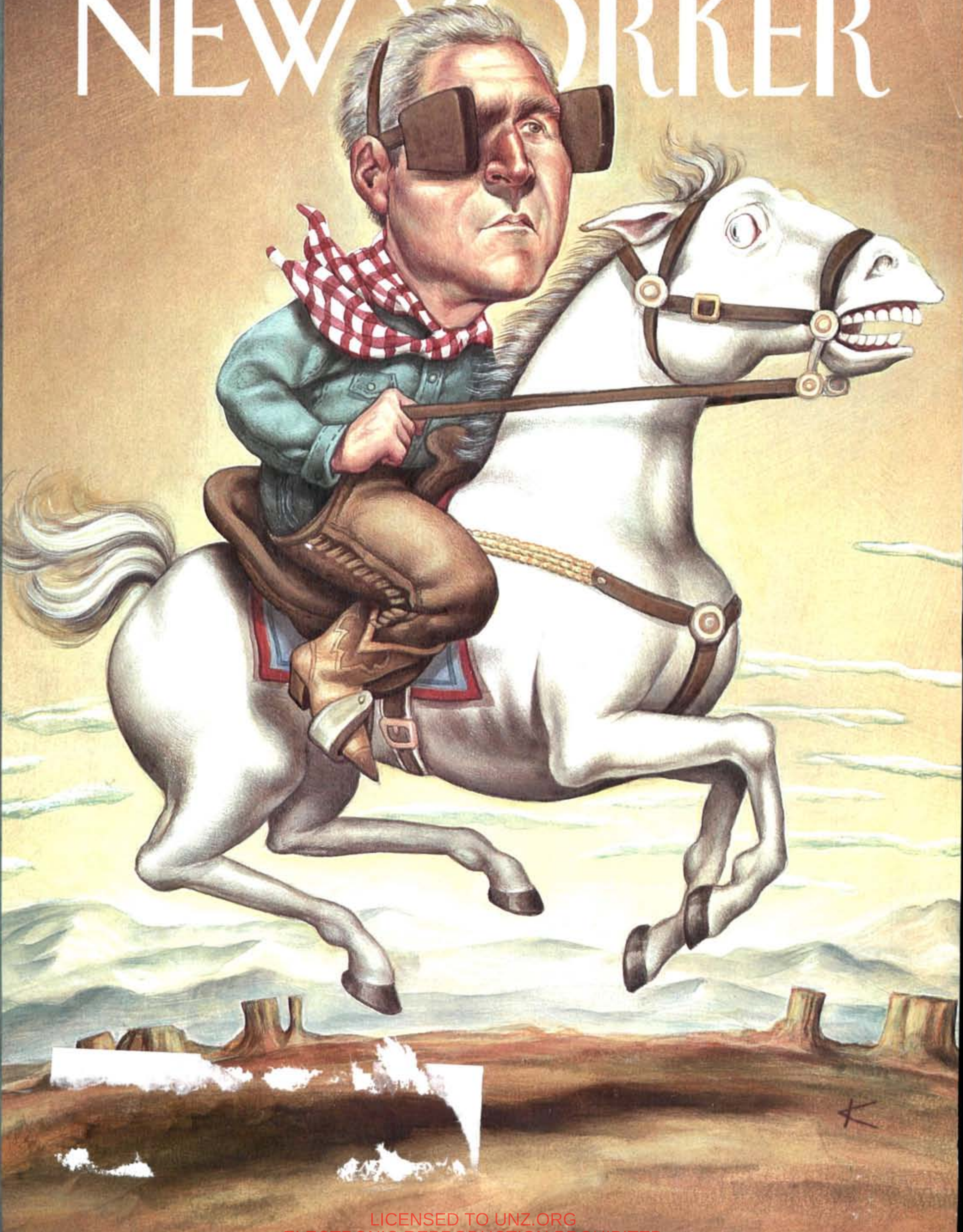
PRICE $3.95

OCT. 13, 2003

THE NEW YORKER

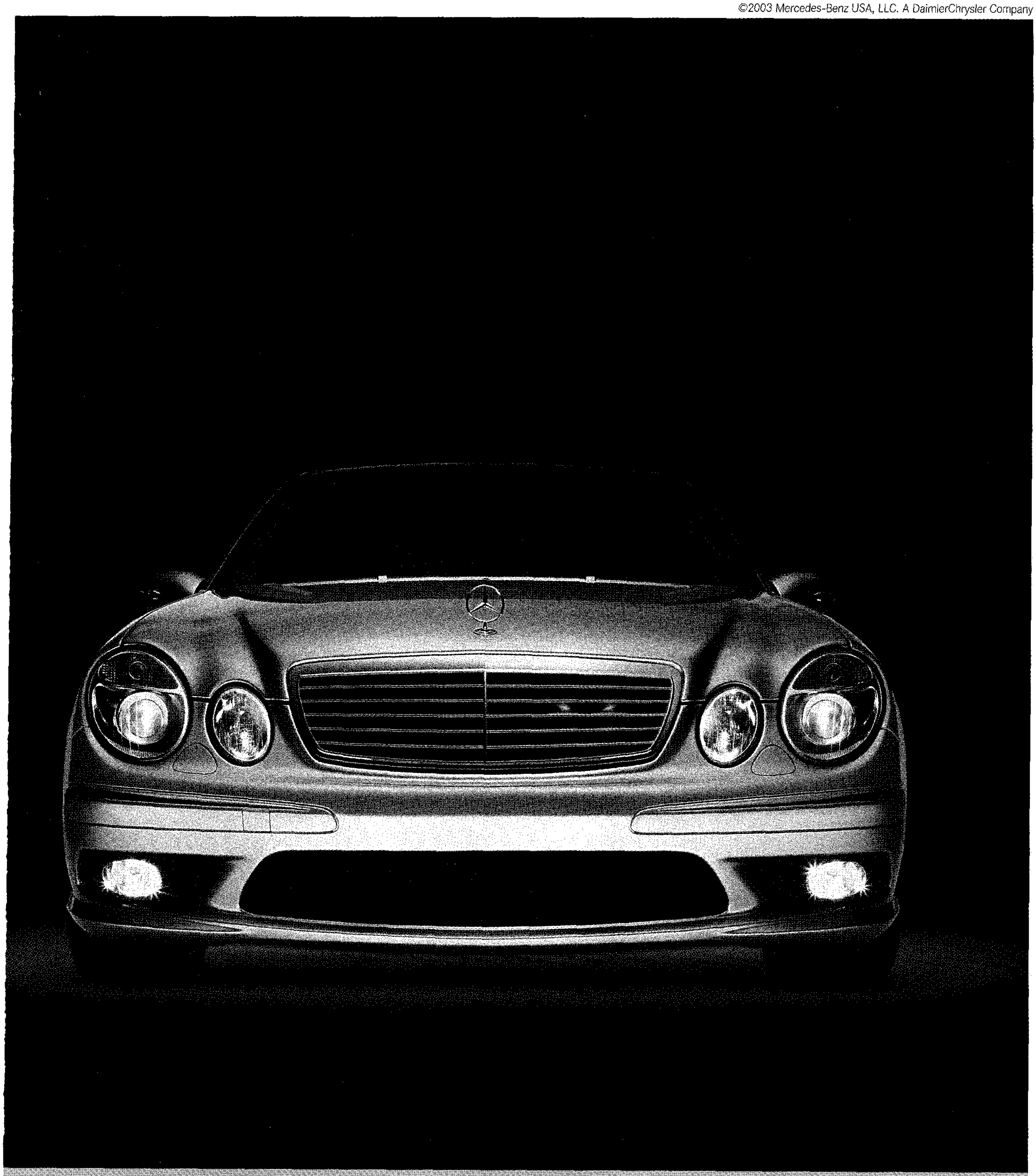


You won't believe what's under the hood.

The Mercedes-Benz E 55 AMG powered by a handcrafted 469 horsepower engine. From 0 to 60 in 4.5 seconds.* It's a real beast.

*Stated rates of acceleration are based upon manufacturer's track results and may vary depending on model, environmental and road surface conditions, driving style, elevation and vehicle load. Model shown E 55 AMG.

©2003 Mercedes-Benz USA, LLC. A DaimlerChrysler Company

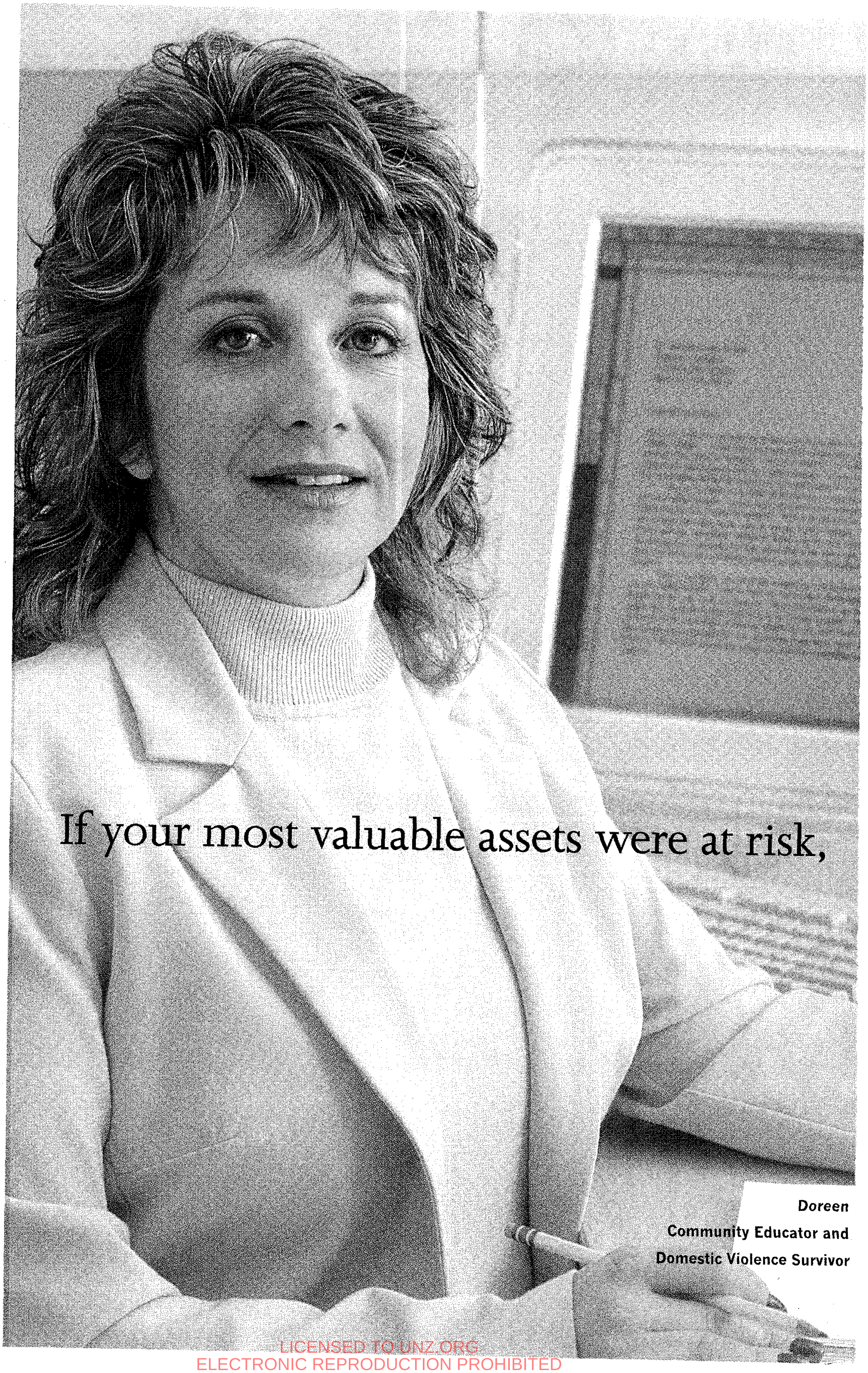


Call 1-800-FOR-MERCEDES. Or visit MBUSA.com. AMG Performance. Unlike any other.

Mercedes-Benz

Please always wear your seat belt, drive safely and obey speed limits.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


If your most valuable assets were at risk,

Doreen
Community Educator and
Domestic Violence Survivor

© 2003 Altria Group, Inc.

Photo: Jayne Wexler

Domestic Violence affects 1 in every 4 women.

It costs American businesses over $3 billion each year.

And your company can be part of the solution.

Domestic violence is the leading cause of injury to women in our country, and its impact extends from the home to the workplace. The result? Shattered lives and billions of dollars in business losses annually due to absenteeism, turnover, medical expenses and lower productivity.

That's why helping victims of domestic violence is your business. Your company can change lives by building awareness of the issue and providing a link to information about resources in your community.

Let your employees know their safety is important. A few steps can make all the difference to your business — and to someone like Doreen.

wouldn't you protect them?

To learn how to implement a domestic violence workplace policy in your company, please visit:
www.safeatworkcoalition.org

If you or one of your employees needs help, contact the National Domestic Violence Hotline:
(800) 799-SAFE

Supported by

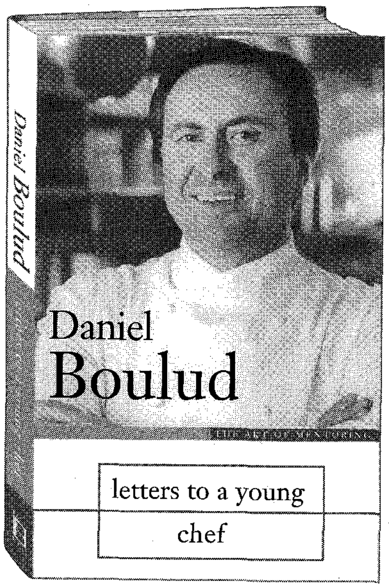
Altria

Kraft Foods
Philip Morris International
Philip Morris USA

www.altria.com

We can't help you get a reservation at Daniel...

But now you can find out what it takes to get into his kitchen.



From the world-renowned owner of Daniel, Café Boulud, and DB Bistro, advice and recipes for chefs of all kinds, from passionate amateurs to serious professionals.

"This is a priceless manual for anyone seriously interested in the restaurant world. Concise, pointed, informative, and candid, it explains simply to the neophyte chef the difficult but wonderful and rewarding world of the kitchen."
–Jacques Pépin

"This is such a charming way to convey the priorities and responsibilities of a chef. **Daniel Boulud's enthusiasm is irresistible."** **–Alice Waters**

"'Taste, Taste, Taste.' Letters from the journey of one of the world's greatest chefs!" **–Emeril Lagasse**

Wherever books are sold

Basic Books
A Member of the Perseus Books Group
www.basicbooks.com

THE NEW YORKER

OCTOBER 13, 2003

10 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN
39 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
A kiss in Paris; Dean vs. Dukakis.

Tad Friend 48 LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA
Jumpers
Going to die at the Golden Gate Bridge.
Patricia Marx 60 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Attention: Lost Cat
Elizabeth Kolbert 62 PROFILES
The Student
How Hillary Clinton charmed the Senate.
Photograph by Richard Avedon.
Aline & R. Crumb 75 COMIC STRIP
Fashion week in New York.
David Remnick 78 LETTER FROM MOSCOW
Post-Imperial Blues
Russia in the time of Vladimir Putin.
A. S. Byatt 90 FICTION
"A Stone Woman"

THE CRITICS
BOOKS
Judith Thurman 102 *Diane Arbus revealed.*
109 Briefly Noted
Nancy Franklin 110 ON TELEVISION
"Joan of Arcadia," "Coupling."
David Denby 112 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Mystic River," "Kill Bill—Vol. 1."

POEMS
Hugh Seidman 52 "Rapunzel: Starbucks"
Paul Muldoon 70 "Tithonus"
Philip Levine 96 "On Me!"

COVER *"The Vision Thing," by Anita Kunz* THE BACK PAGE *"10 Love Tips," by Roz Chast* DRAWINGS *David Sipress, Liza Donnelly, William Haefeli, Marisa Acocella, Jack Ziegler, Tom Cheney, Robert Weber, Bruce Eric Kaplan, Roz Chast, Frank Cotham, Mick Stevens, Christopher Weyant, Charles Barsotti, Edward Koren, Victoria Roberts, Alex Gregory, Danny Shanahan, Drew Dernavich, Erik Hilgerdt*

www.newyorker.com

mp3 player*

camera

appointment reminder

Monday, 4/19/04
1:15 pm - 2:15 pm
Meet Julie for lunch

The Palm™ Zire™ 71 handheld.
Perfect in so many ways.
Only $299.** Visit palmOne.com

Zire 71

palm®

OMAP™ TEXAS INSTRUMENTS TECHNOLOGY

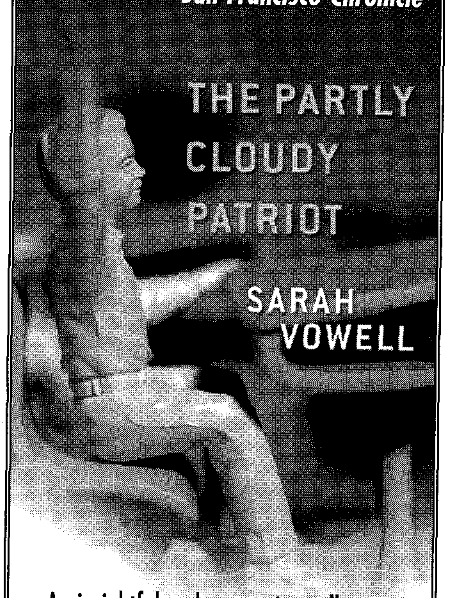
Headphones not included with Palm Zire 71 handheld. *Requires SD card, sold separately. **Estimated street price. Screen images simulated. ©2003 Palm, Incorporated. All rights reserved. The Palm logo is a registered trademark of Palm, Inc. Palm, Zire and the Zire logo are trademarks of Palm, Inc. Other brands are trademarks or registered trademarks of their owners.

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW IN PAPERBACK

"Sarah Vowell is a writer of fierce observational powers who wears her intelligence and wit as comfortably as an old pair of pajamas."

—San Francisco Chronicle



An insightful and engrossing collection of personal stories that capture Sarah Vowell's memorable wit and keen social commentary.

ALSO AVAILABLE
UNABRIDGED ON CD AND CASSETTE:

THE PARTLY
CLOUDY
PATRIOT
SARAH VOWELL
AUDIO
DISC 1
UNABRIDGED

Read by the author with special guests:
Conan O'Brien • Seth Green • Stephen Colbert • David Cross • Paul Begala • Michael Chabon • Norman Lear

Music by: They Might Be Giants

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM SIMON & SCHUSTER AUDIO

SIMON & SCHUSTER
A VIACOM COMPANY

www.simonsays.com
www.simonsaysaudio.com

CONTRIBUTORS

Elizabeth Kolbert ("The Student," p. 62) is a political correspondent for the magazine.

Tad Friend ("Jumpers," p. 48) has been writing for the magazine since 1998. "Lost in Mongolia: Travels in Hollywood and Other Foreign Lands" is his first book.

Patricia Marx (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 60) writes for film and television. She is the author of "Meet My Staff."

Hugh Seidman (Poem, p. 52) has published five poetry collections, including "Selected Poems: 1965-1995."

Jane Mayer (The Talk of the Town, p. 40) is a staff writer and the co-author of two books, "Strange Justice" and "Landslide."

Aline & R. Crumb (Comic Strip, p. 75) have been collaborating for thirty years, as well as working on individual projects. Their comics together include "The Complete Dirty Laundry Comics" and "Self Loathing."

A. S. Byatt (Fiction, p. 90) won the Booker Prize in 1990 for her novel "Possession." Her latest novel, "A Whistling Woman," was published in December, and is the concluding volume in a series about English life following the Second World War.

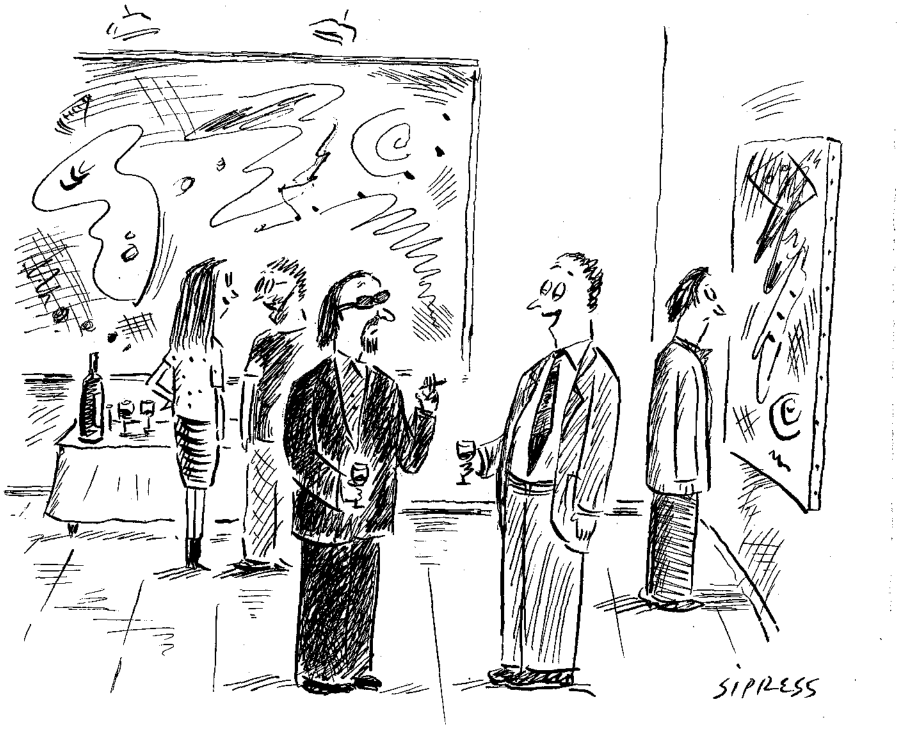
Julie Heffernan (Painting, p. 90) has a solo exhibition of her recent paintings at the P.P.O.W. gallery, in New York, opening on October 11th.

Judith Thurman (Books, p. 102) is the author of "Isak Dinesen: The Life of a Storyteller" and "Secrets of the Flesh: A Life of Colette."

Anita Kunz (Cover) is currently showing her work at the Swan Gallery, at the Library of Congress, in Washington, D.C. This is her sixth cover for the magazine.

Nancy Franklin (On Television, p. 110) writes a regular column on television.

Roz Chast (Cartoon, p. 69; The Back Page, p. 114) has a new collection of cartoons, "The Party, After You Left," coming out in the spring. ♦



"I live in the Brooklyn arrondissement."

WISH UPON A STAR
OR MAKE A DREAM COME TRUE?

PROFITS & PRINCIPLES.

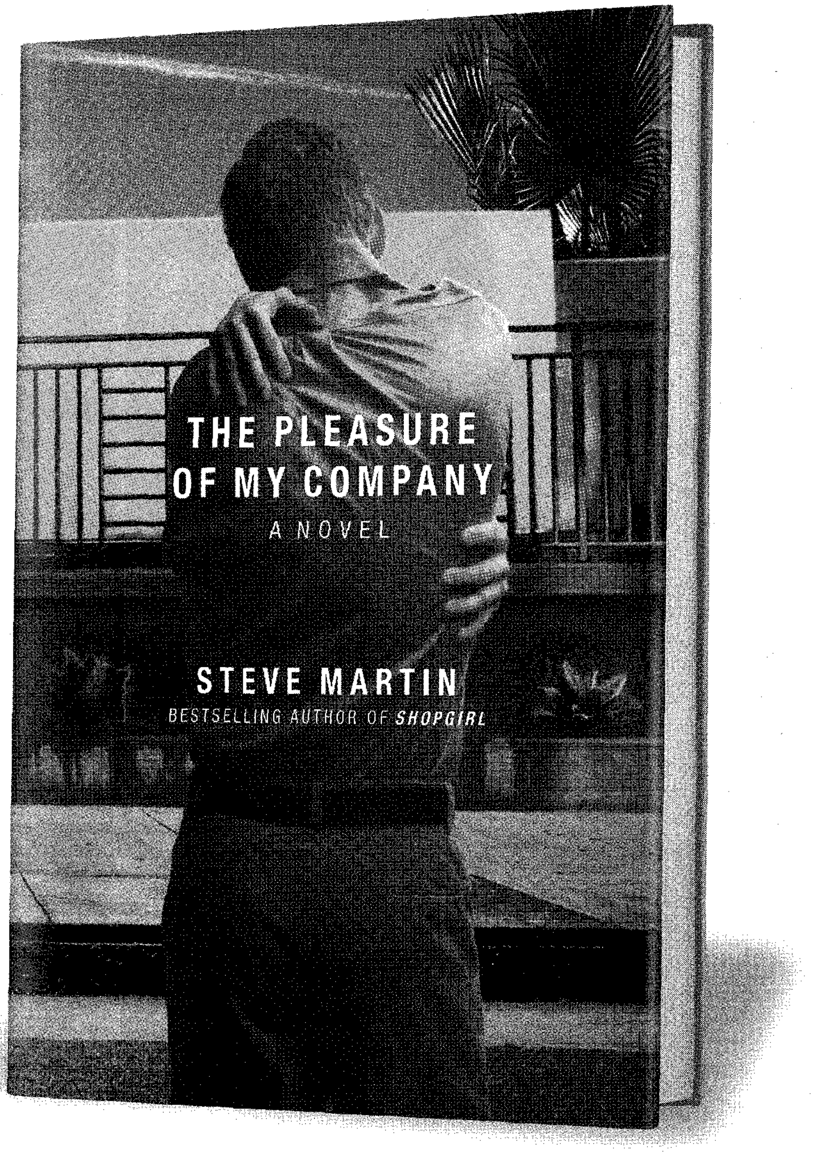
IS THERE A CHOICE?

The sun holds such bright promise as a clean, renewable energy source. And yet for years, it's remained out of reach. Clean, yet too expensive. So the question is: Do we follow the sun or just turn out the lights and go home? Ignoring alternative energy is no alternative. Fossil fuels are going to remain the major source of energy for the foreseeable future, but we are also working on new energy technologies. Keeping pace with the world's accelerating demand for energy and supplying power to remote areas *require Shell to pursue renewable resources like* solar and wind energy. We established Shell Renewables with a commitment to develop these new opportunities commercially. One of our goals is to make solar energy cheaper, more efficient and more accessible, both for businesses and homes. It's part of our commitment to sustainable development, balancing economic progress with environmental care and social responsibility. So with real goals and investment, energy from the sun can be more than just a daydream.

WE WELCOME YOUR INPUT. CONTACT US ON THE INTERNET AT WWW.SHELL.COM/SOLAR OR EMAIL US AT 'TELL-SHELL@SI.SHELL.COM' OR WRITE TO US AT:
LISTENING AND RESPONDING, SHELL OIL COMPANY, P.O. BOX 2463, HOUSTON, TX 77252.

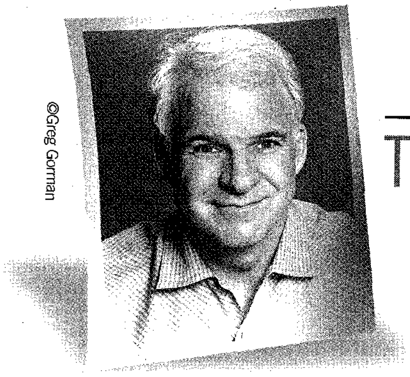
(Each Shell company is a separate and distinct entity. In this advertisement, the reference to "Shell International Renewables" is a reference to those Shell companies which are individually engaged *in the renewables business where no useful purpose is served by identifying the individual company or companies.)*

The new novel from the author of the
New York Times bestseller *Shopgirl*


THE PLEASURE
OF MY COMPANY
A NOVEL
STEVE MARTIN
BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF SHOPGIRL

"A delight…
a complex mix of wit, poignancy and Martin's clear great affection for his characters."

—*Publishers Weekly*



©Greg Gorman

THE PLEASURE OF MY COMPANY
Steve Martin

HYPERION HyperionBooks.com

THE MAIL

PASSION PLAYS

Peter J. Boyer comments that Mel Gibson made "The Passion," his film about the death of Jesus Christ, "straight from the Gospels" ("The Jesus War," September 15th). But when I checked my copy of the Bible, there was no mention of the "insistent beat of martial drums" that Boyer describes in the resurrection scene; instead, there is Jesus saying, in two of the four accounts, "Peace be with you." The notion that a "literalist" reading of the Gospels cannot avoid a tinge of anti-Semitism is also nonsense. Although the Jewish leadership wanted Jesus dead, all the Gospels make it clear that the Jewish people supported Jesus; indeed, the priests were afraid to arrest him in public lest a "riot among the people" should break out. The role of Judas is necessary in the story because the priests, who were "afraid of the people," needed someone to "betray him to them when no crowd was present."
Chris Wood
St. Paul, Minn.

As an artist, Gibson has a right, and even an obligation, to tell the truth as he sees it and to ignore other considerations, just as viewers have a right to discuss, deplore, despise, disdain, and dismiss anything he might put on the screen. But it would have been enlightening to learn, in the context of Boyer's article, what Gibson's larger goal or fantasy is for this movie—and what good he hopes to do with it. Only then can we judge whether the movie is being made in service of a possibly destructive agenda.
Jane Smiley
Carmel Valley, Calif.

Boyer's article about Gibson's film illustrates a two-thousand-year-old misunderstanding about the essence of Christianity. "Who killed Jesus" is completely beside the point. How can so many theologians gather in one place and fail to point out that Jesus went to Jerusalem to die? His mission, and Christianity's central fact, was and is the sacrifice of his human life. To be angry at one group or another for being the agent of the final deed is to not understand the message at all. It was humans who killed Jesus—period. It does not matter which ones were there when it happened. Jesus, in fact, forgave the ones present. If we stay focussed on the sacrifice made and the forgiveness given, all debate over whom to punish is irrelevant.
Robert Sheffer
Winter Park, Fla.

BAD LIQUOR

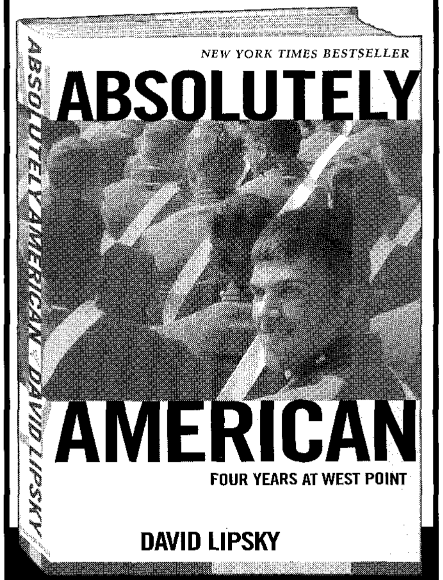
Dan Baum writes that jake leg, the paralysis that afflicted thousands of people who drank an adulterated patent medicine sold as bootleg liquor during Prohibition, was both devastating and quickly forgotten ("Jake Leg," September 15th). This is doubly tragic, since more awareness might have prevented a similar epidemic in Morocco, in 1959. The U.S. Air Force had sold off surplus lubricating oil containing the same compound, tri-cresyl phosphate, that had poisoned the liquor. Local merchants then mixed it with higher-priced cooking oil, not knowing what it contained. By the time the sales stopped, ten thousand Moroccans had been paralyzed.
Noel de Nevers
Professor Emeritus of Chemical Engineering
University of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Baum writes, "And so the jake-leg tragedy dropped down the national amnesia hole." But it did resurface briefly, in 1961, in Episode 44 of the television series "The Untouchables." The episode, called "The Jamaica Ginger Story," left many salient facts intact; I was only surprised to find, in Baum's piece, that the true story is even more horrifying.
Burgess Shale
Carlisle, Pa.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via e-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.

***Time* calls it "a fascinating, funny and tremendously well-written account of life on the Long Gray Line."**



National acclaim for the *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLER

"DUTY, HONOR, CASUAL SEX,"
says the *NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW* on its front cover: "A superb description of modern military culture, and one of the most **gripping** accounts of university life I have read."

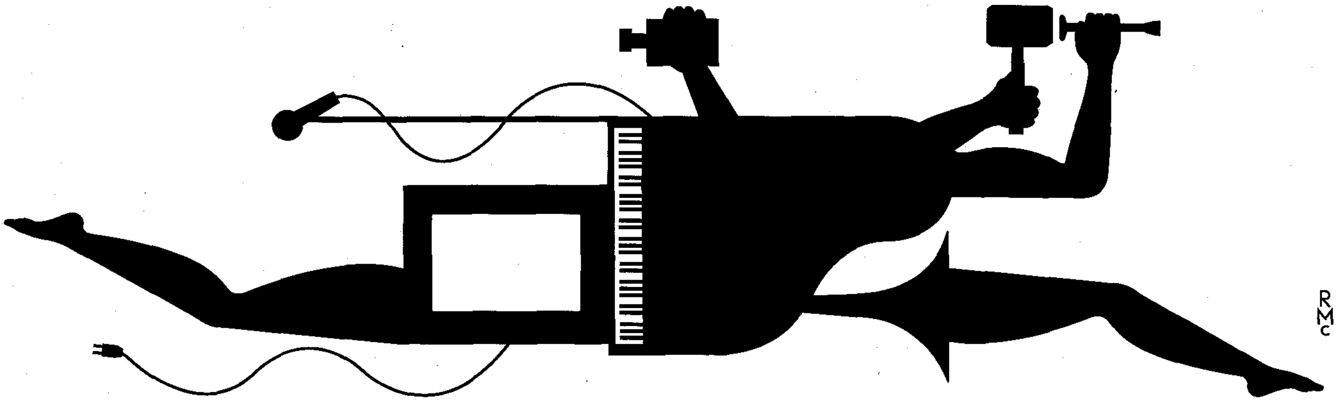
THE ATLANTA JOURNAL-CONSTITUTION cheers:
"wonderfully engaging,
a surprisingly nuanced portrait of these cadets."

NEWSWEEK agrees:
"addictive . . .
Could inspire even nonmilitary buffs to follow the cadets' careers like those of their favorite sports stars."

AS SEEN ON *WEEKEND TODAY*, NBC TV
OVER 100,000 COPIES IN PRINT

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
Distinguished Publishing Since 1832
www.houghtonmifflinbooks.com

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



THE THEATRE
OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14				

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

BECKETT/ALBEE
Marian Seldes and Brian Murray perform an evening of one-act plays by Samuel Beckett and Edward Albee (a combination not seen on the New York stage since 1960), including Beckett's "Not I," "Footfalls," and "A Piece of Monologue" and Albee's "Counting the Ways." Lawrence Sacharow directs. One preview on Oct. 8. Opens Oct. 9 at 8. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE BOY FROM OZ
The movie star Hugh Jackman stars in a new musical about the life and times of the Australian pop star Peter Allen, in which Stephanie Block plays Liza Minnelli and Beth Fowler plays Allen's mother. Directed by Philip Wm. McKinley and choreographed by Joey McKneely, with a book by Martin Sherman ("Bent") and music and lyrics by Allen and others. In previews. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF
Ashley Judd, Jason Patric, and Ned Beatty star in a new production of Tennessee Williams' drama, directed by Anthony Page. Previews begin Oct. 9. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE COURTESAN TALES
Those who wish to experience Nicole Blackman's one-on-one show, which combines fairy tale, lap dance, and haunted-house stories, must submit to being blindfolded and having their hands loosely tied. Performances begin Oct. 8 and are by appointment only. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-477-5288.)

FAME ON 42ND STREET
The movie that became a television series now becomes a musical, with a book by José Fernandez, lyrics by Jacques Levy, and music by Steve Margoshes. Directed by Drew Scott Harris and choreographed by Lars Bethke. In previews. (Little Shubert, 422 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

GOLDA'S BALCONY
Tovah Feldshuh is Golda Meir in William Gibson's play about the Israeli prime minister, which now moves to Broadway after a successful run at the Manhattan Ensemble Theatre. Directed by Scott Schwartz. In previews. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

GONE MISSING
The quirky downtown theatre group the Civilians reinvent the reality show in a production that blends documentary interviews and musical cabaret. Directed by Steven Cosson, with music and lyrics by Michael Friedman and additional text by Peter Morris. Previews begin Oct. 9. (Zipper's Belt Theatre, 336 W. 37th St. 212-868-4444.)

IRON
Manhattan Theatre Club presents a new drama by Rona Munro about a woman who resolves to see her mother, who has been in prison for fifteen years. Directed by Anna D. Shapiro. In previews. (131 W. 55th St. 212-581-1212.)

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW
Eileen Atkins, John Lithgow, and Ben Chaplin star in a new play by William Nicholson, about a man who walks out on his marriage. Directed by Daniel Sullivan. In previews. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

SIX DANCE LESSONS IN SIX WEEKS
Polly Bergen and Mark Hamill star in a new play by Richard Alfieri, about a friendship between a vivacious Florida retiree and the dance teacher she hires, a jaded former New Yorker. Directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. In previews. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 212-239-6200.)

STRICTLY ACADEMIC
A. R. Gurney presents a convoluted comedy of letters, starring Remy Auberjonois, Susan Greenhill, and Keith Reddin. Directed by Paul Benedict. Previews begin Oct. 8. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

TOUCH
In a play by Toni Press-Coffman, Tom Everett Scott plays an astronomer recovering from his wife's murder. Directed by Loretta Greco. One preview on Oct. 8. Opens Oct. 9 at 8. (The Women's Project, 424 W. 55th St. 212-239-6200.)

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN
The Public Theatre begins its season with a production of Shakespeare's play, starring David Harbour. In previews. Directed by Darko Tresnjak. (425 Lafayette St. 212-239-6200.)

WAITING FOR GODOT
Beckett's play reëmerges, on its fiftieth anniversary, in a production by the Tangent Theatre Company. Directed by Keith Teller. Previews begin Oct. 8. Opens Oct. 10 at 8. (Center Stage, 48 W. 21st St. 212-946-5008.)

WICKED
Kristin Chenoweth, Idina Menzel, Norbert Leo Butz, Carole Shelley, and Joel Grey star in a new musical by Stephen Schwartz and Winnie Holzman, based on Gregory Maguire's novel about the witches of Oz. Directed by Joe Mantello, with musical staging by Wayne Cilento. (Gershwin, 222 W. 51st St. 212-239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AVENUE Q
This musical puppet-and-people show has much to recommend it: an exceptionally gifted cast, a strong book by Jeff Whitty, equally strong music and lyrics by Robert Lopez and Jeff Marx, and the splendid direction of Jason Moore. Humans act alongside cloth co-stars—such as Princeton, a bright-eyed college grad, and two girls who want to date him, a kindergarten teacher's aide named Kate Monster and a lounge singer called Lucy T. Slut (both performed by the great Stephanie D'Abruzzo). (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/03.) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 212-239-6200.)

BOLD GIRLS
Rona Munro's play depicts a day in the lives of four women struggling through life with absent men, too little money, and too much violence. Often wrenching, it's just as often funny. And Munro occasionally allows her characters an almost novelistic luxury with language, especially in the play's few monologues; this makes the play seem universal even while it's utterly real and firmly set in nineteen-nineties Belfast. Directed by Ludovica Villar-Hauser. (29th Street Rep, 212 W. 29th St. 212-868-4444.)

THE CITY
The Metropolitan Playhouse's twelfth season begins with a revival of Clyde Fitch's 1909 hit, a neat tale of temptation and redemption in New York. Shockingly explicit in its time, the play's depiction of good people slipping into very bad behavior, particularly in business, is still engaging. Directed by Yvonne Conybeare. (220 E. 4th St. 212-995-5302.)

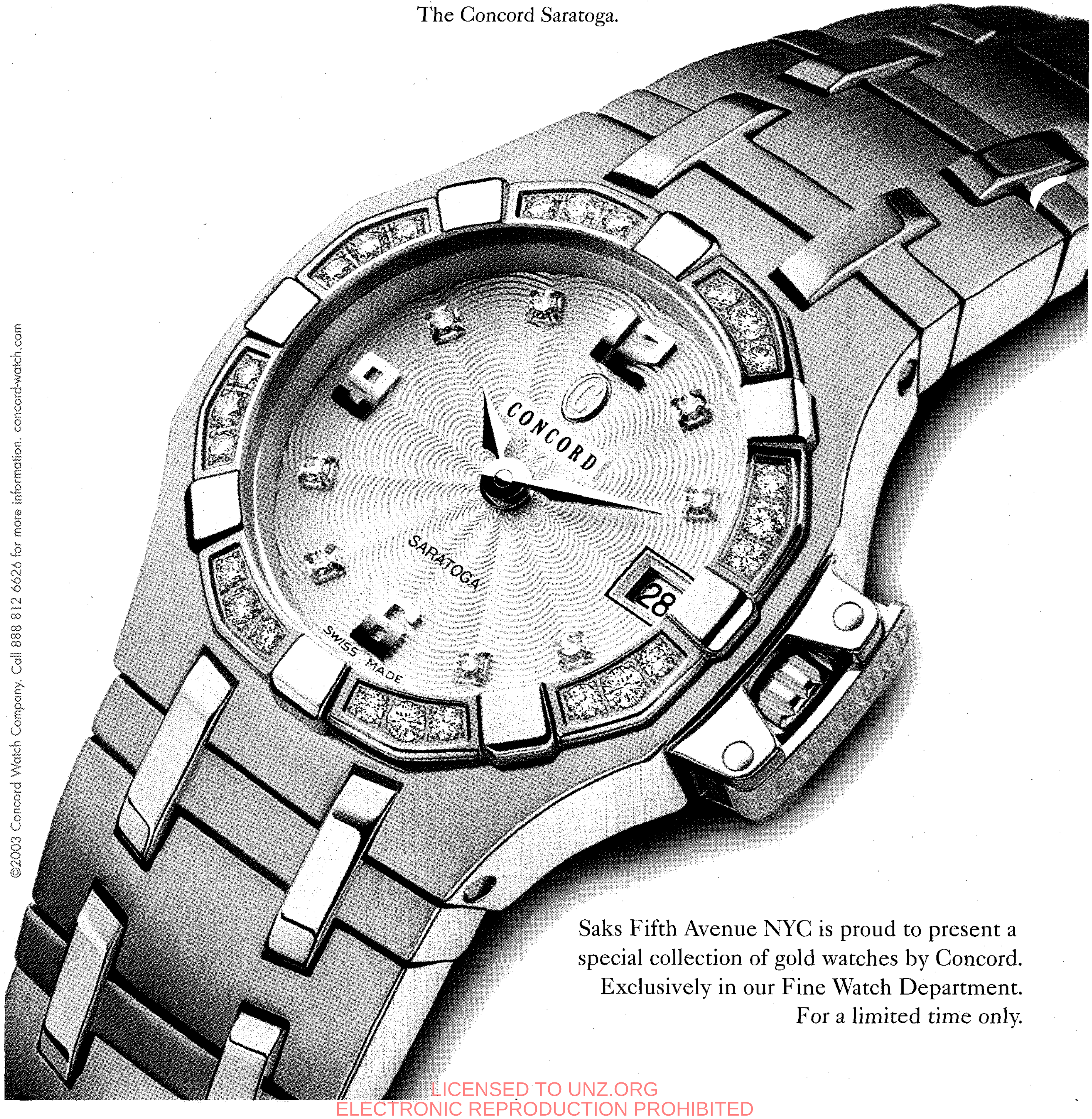
COOKIN'
Four Korean cooks scramble to create a seven-course wedding banquet in one hour, in a comic theatrical import from Seoul that blends martial arts, Samulnori drumming, and dance. (New Victory, 209 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

CUPID AND PSYCHE
In this musical comedy based on the classical myth, Cupid (the golden-haired Barrett Foa) and his cousin Mercury are party boys accustomed to highly publicized fun without much consequence. That is, until Cupid falls in love with Psyche (Deborah Lew), the most beautiful woman in the world. This would be a good thing if not for the raging jealousy of Cupid's mother, Venus (Laura Marie Duncan). Duncan, with great comic verve, plays Venus as a full-blown diva, a little bit Liza, a lit-

The Concord Saratoga®
with signature crown protector.
Luxury in 18-karat yellow gold
with diamonds.

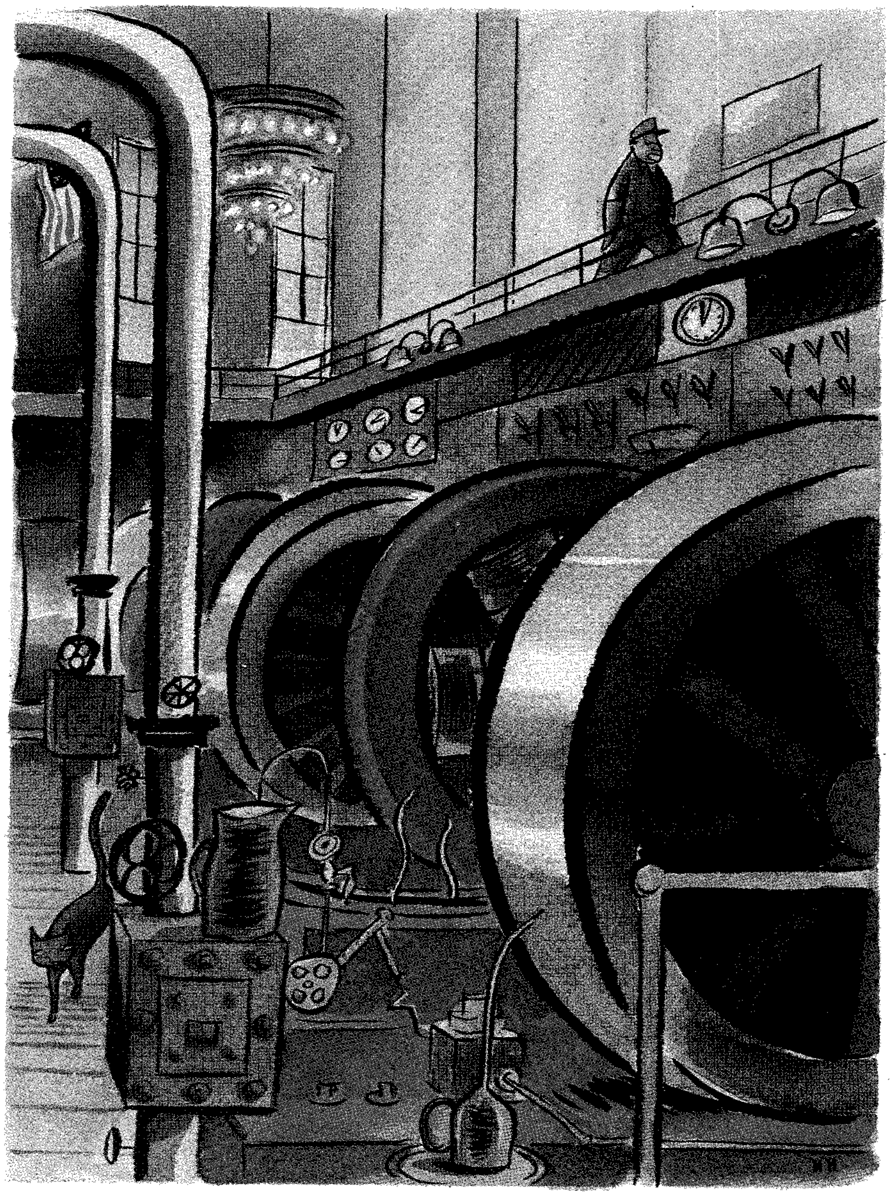
I come around once in a lifetime.

The Concord Saratoga.



Saks Fifth Avenue NYC is proud to present a
special collection of gold watches by Concord.
Exclusively in our Fine Watch Department.
For a limited time only.

©2003 Concord Watch Company. Call 888 812 6626 for more information. concord-watch.com



The Pratt Institute's power plant, one of the more than eighty out-of-the-way places the public can visit during "Open House New York" (see Above and Beyond).

MARCELLUS HALL

tle bit soap star. Timothy Childs directs. (John Houseman Studio, 450 W. 42nd St. 212-868-4444.)

FAR AND WIDE

In Jonathan Bank's deft adaptation of Arthur Schnitzler's cruelly blithe 1911 drama about civilized infidelity, the characters let their hearts go out to play and receive them back badly bruised. The production, directed by Bank, has returned to the Mint after a successful run last spring. (311 W. 43rd St. 212-279-4200.)

GOOD MORNING, BILL

A blithe delight from beginning to end, Keen Company's production of a 1927 comedy by P. G. Wodehouse tackles the romantic crises of Lord Tidmouth (Nick Toren), also known as Squiffy; Lottie, a scheming young hoyden (Bridget Ann White); Dr. Sally Smith (Heidi Armbruster), a stern young lady G.P.; and Bill (Jeremiah Wiggins), a lovestruck young peer who wants Sally to be his wife, despite her firm objections. Wodehouse's light-as-a-feather dialogue fairly flies, and Toren is delightful as the worthless, amiable Squiffy, who is possessed of an endless list of synonyms for "pip-pip" but never leaves as quickly as the others would like. With elegant period sets by Nathan Heverin, silvery twenties tearoom music by Stefan Jacobs, and fine costumes by Theresa Squire. Directed by Carl Forsman. (Connelly, 220 E. 4th St. 212-868-4444.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

A buoyantly macabre musical about a florist who finds a plant from outer space that wins him fame and the love of a dopey blonde named Audrey, "Little Shop" was a hit from its début, in 1982, and played more than two thousand performances Off Broadway. But only now has it made the leap to Broadway—and what a leap! In a stirring début at the Virginia, Audrey II—the play's bloodthirsty, leafy star—goes airborne, shooting over the heads of the audience, green jaws clacking. Howard Ashman's vivacious, jaded book and Alan Menken's catchy score are as appealing as ever, and the cast is splendid. Hunter Foster plays the nebbishy florist with winning humor; Kerry Butler sparkles as his tawdry inamorata; Douglas Sills shines both as her sadistic dentist boyfriend and also in a handful of juicy character roles; and a girl-group trio keeps the energy level cranked up. Directed by Jerry Zaks. (245 W. 52nd St. 212-239-6200.)

LIVING OUT

Second Stage begins its twenty-fifth season with a stellar new play by Lisa Loomer about mothers and nannies. Centered on the relationship between a go-getter entertainment lawyer, Nancy Robin (Kathryn Meisle), and Ana, her El Salvadoran "caregiver" (Nancy is too progressive to use the word "nanny"), the play also features rival choruses of blond mommies and dark-haired nannies, who reveal the resentments that seethe among them in searingly funny snatches of dialogue, many of them in Spanish. Zilah Mendoza gives an excellent, touching performance as Ana, who must hide the fact that she has a young son at home in order to get her job and who uncomplainingly lavishes the maternal love she can't afford to give her own child on Nancy's daughter. The supporting cast is excellent, notably Liza Colón-Zayas, as a salty-talking, childishly innocent nanny, and Judith Hawking, as an obscenely self-delighted society matron. With a versatile set by Neil Patel, and flawless direction by Jo Bonney. (307 W. 43rd St. 212-246-4422.)

MATT & BEN

This is one not to miss. In addition to being short—just over an hour—it's goofy, funny, and improbably believable. In captivating performances, Mindy Kaling (a compact Indian-American woman in a tracksuit) and Brenda Withers (a lanky Wasp in khakis and a rumpled button-down) play Ben (Affleck) and Matt (Damon), best friends from the Cambridge Rindge & Latin School, who are holed up in 1997 in a filthy apartment, squabbling as they try to write a script. When the complete screenplay to "Good Will Hunting" literally drops from the ceiling, they are both floored and their friendship is tested. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 212-246-4422.)

THE NIGHT HERON

Chris Bauer stars in a new play by Jez Butterworth about two best friends who invite a mysterious boarder to live with them in their ramshackle house on the edge of the Fens. Directed by Neil Pepe. (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 212-239-6200.)

OMNIUM GATHERUM

The intention of Theresa Rebeck and Alexandra Gersten-Vassilaros's witty, pugnacious play, which opens to the sound of a low-flying chopper and the sight of a sumptuous Manhattan dinner party, is to punch the lights out of every intellectual pose. Under the confident and precocious direction of Will Frears, "Omnium Gatherum" is full of polemicists, but it is not itself a polemic. It is, more accurately, a provocation—a show of theatrical fireworks to enlighten our darkness. As the noisy dinner guests argue their way through post-September 11th hysteria, every position seems to have a point. Caught in a pinball machine of educated debate, we ricochet between arguments with a velocity that ends, finally, at full tilt. (10/6/03) (Variety Arts, 110 Third Ave. 212-239-6200.)

RECENT TRAGIC EVENTS

This may be the first theatrical response to 9/11 that turns the tragedy into a wacky sitcom; let's hope it's the last. Heather Graham is both charming and game as Waverly, a flustered Minnesotan who entertains a blind date in her apartment on 9/12 as she waits to hear what has become of her identical twin sister in Manhattan. Hamish Linklater plays the date, a gentle bookstore manager, and his three-minute synopsis of the plot of twenty Joyce Carol Oates books is very funny. (Oates herself drops by in Act II, in the form of a sock puppet, and plays drinking games. Don't ask.) But the freakish entrance of an irritating neighbor named Ron early on destroys the couple's rapport, as does the arrival of Ron's pallid girlfriend, who sits mute and weepy, without underpants, in an oversized Santana T-shirt. The cast does an admirable, spirited job, but the playwright Craig Wright's unwieldy script undermines their efforts. Directed by Michael John Garcés. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 212-279-4200.)

THE RIVALS

In a delightful production at the Pearl, Sheridan's Restoration comedy gets an extra boost not only from tightly laced corsets but from skilled performances by older actors, notably Robert Hock as the imperious father Sir Anthony Absolute. Directed by Robert Neff Williams. (80 St. Marks Pl. 212-598-9802.)

ROUNDING THIRD

John Rando directs a new comedy by Richard Dresser about two warring Little League coaches with drastically different ideas about winning, losing, and how to play the game. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 212-239-6200.)

THE THING ABOUT MEN

Doris Dörrie's ruefully resigned comedy of modern immorality, "Men," has become an uproarious musical—with exuberant songs about workaholism,

E NEW 2004 VOLVO S80 WITH FOUR-C

IE MONITORS ROAD CONDITIONS EVERY TEN MINUTES. THE OTHER, 500 TIMES A SECOND.

J THINK ABOUT HOW THE CONDITIONS UNDER A CAR CAN CHANGE. AND HOW THE CONDITIONS INSIDE THE CAR SHOULDN'T HAVE TO. YOU NK ABOUT THAT, THEN YOU BUILD THE 2004 VOLVO S80 WITH AVAILABLE TWIN TURBOCHARGED PERFORMANCE. PLUS A DUAL-MODE, APUTER-CONTROLLED CHASSIS THAT CONTINUOUSLY MONITORS THE ROAD AND AUTOMATICALLY ADJUSTS THE SUSPENSION SYSTEM, FOR A RIDE SO FECTLY BALANCED, YOU MAY NOT FEEL A THING. AND THAT'S PRECISELY THE IDEA. FOR MORE INFORMATION, VISIT **WWW.VOLVOCARS.US**

FOUR-C CHASSIS

VOLVO
for life

betrayal, and compromise, performed by a cast with nimble comic timing. When the cheating ad man Tom (Marc Kudisch, who nails the "lovable jerk" character and also has a great baritone) finds out that his wife (Leah Hocking) is having an affair, he hunts down her lover, Sebastian (the dreamy tenor Ron Bohmer), and moves in with him incognito. With music by Jimmy Roberts and a book and lyrics by Joe DiPietro. Directed by Mark Clements. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 212-239-6200.)

DANCE

"KAASH"
The five young dancers of London's Akram Khan Company create a dance of synchronized, scything movement in which the dancers execute moves of unsettling speed, sinuousness, and precision—a clockwork of organic, human-machine motion. As a backdrop of glowing color shifts behind them and an urgent drum-and-techno score heightens the tension, the audience waits in suspense to see what new feat of controlled flexibility the dancers will come up with next. The company member Eulalia Ayguade is astonishing; she rises to her toes in fluid arcing movements, sinks nearly to the floor to form a diamond-sharp plane, and then rises again. "Kaash" means "if only" in Hindi—a nod to Khan's South Asian roots—and the completed thought might read: if only we could all move like this. (The Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave. at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Oct. 14 at 8. Through Oct. 19.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY
Fifty years ago, when Cunningham started his dance company, his innovations were shocking and largely resented; twenty-five years later, those innovations were celebrated, yet he was still pushing boundaries, still revolutionary in the way he flouted the assumption that all revolutionaries turn conservative. In his half-century-anniversary season at BAM, he proves that he's still challenging conventions. In "Fluid Canvas," a New York première, a backdrop of digitally manipulated hand movements becomes part of the dance, and chance is introduced as the composer John King reconfigures the score each night. Chance also plays a role in the world première "Split Sides," determining the order of two combinations of décor and music. That music, by the bands Sigur Rós and Radiohead, is, as usual, separately conceived and independent, but unlike most of the music Cunningham uses, it has a beat, which should interestingly punctuate the choreographer's fluid rhythms. (BAM's Howard Gilman Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100. Oct. 14 at 8. Through Oct. 18.)

SUZANNE FARRELL BALLET
The dancer and Balanchine muse uncorks this year's centennial celebrations for the great choreographer with an all-Balanchine concert at the Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts—her company's début there. The mixed-repertory program includes dances set to music by Mozart, Ravel, Stravinsky, and other composers. (Whitman Theatre, Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College. 718-951-4500. Oct. 12 at 2.)

MOMIX
Critics may yawn, but crowds go wild over the trancelike, humorous, and erotic illusions of Moses Pendleton's corps; indeed, the company is one of the few thriving for-profit dance companies in the U.S. The season features several evening-length pieces, all of them repertory, and each structured as a series of vignettes on a theme, including "Baseball" (about the American love affair with the game), "Opus Cactus" (a nineteen-part desert saga), and "Passion," a meditation on the human experience, set to Peter Gabriel's sensual score for the film "The Last Temptation of Christ." (Joyce Theatre, Eighth Ave. at 19th St. 212-242-0800. Oct. 8-10 at 8, Oct. 11 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 12 at 2 and 7:30.)

U THEATRE
As part of BAM's Next Wave festival, the Taiwanese movement-theatre collective presents "The Sound of Ocean," an interdisciplinary piece that, as the title suggests, is primarily an aural experience. In rhythmic and tonal patterns that ebb and flow at a symphonic pace, intermittently tapped drums evoke raindrops, then a torrent, and gongs reverberate with an oceanic roar. The members of the troupe double the soundscape with dance that can be as slow and fluid as Tai Chi or—when drummers leap and spin to strike—as explosive as martial arts. Intensely disciplined, the performers create a ritual that approaches their stated goal of bringing inner peace to their audiences, but all that serenity may tax some attention spans. (BAM's Harvey Theatre, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn. 718-636-4100. Oct. 9-11 at 7:30.)

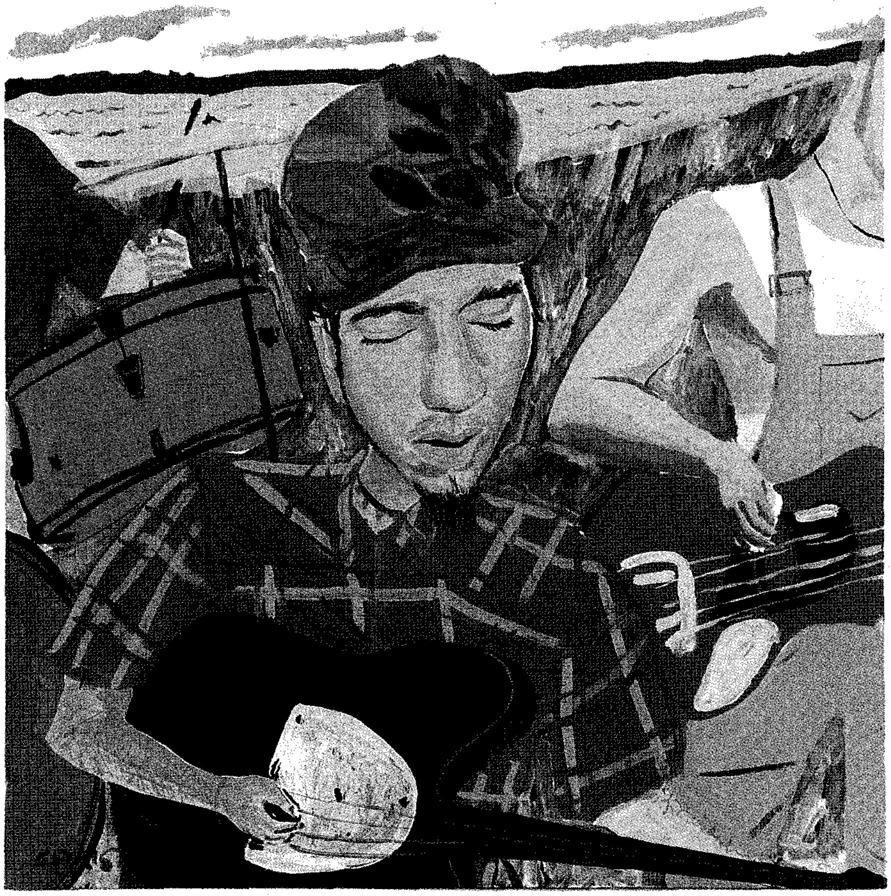
TERE O'CONNOR DANCE
In "Lawn," a commentary on human interaction with the environment, O'Connor's five dancers use dramatic facial expressions and sharp hand gestures to tell a tale about craven human attitudes toward nature. Using a rich language of movement, they string symbols together like poetry, writing a rebus in motion. With an eclectic, filmic score by James Baker and a video montage by Ben Speth of cautionary images of urban decay, cultivation, and embattled wilderness. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 212-691-6500. Oct. 8-11 at 7. Through Oct. 18.)

DANSPACE PROJECT
Eun Jung Gonzalez and Catey Ott present an evening of dance on linked conceptual themes, called "Locus," part of the "City/Dans" series. The concert includes three premières: "Muted Narrative," "Stained Glass," and "Through and Through." Samantha Harvey, Toni Melaas, and Dusan Tynek dance, accompanied by the Robin Cox Ensemble. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at Tenth St. 212-674-8194. Oct. 10-12 at 8:30.)

DANZAS ESPAÑOLAS
Barbara Romero and Isabel Soler's popular five-year-old dance company brings traditional Spanish flamenco to Brooklyn. (Brooklyn Lyceum, 227 Fourth Ave. To reserve tickets, go to www.gowanus.com. Oct. 10-11 at 8 and Oct. 12 at 3.)

URBAN BALLET THEATRE
Daniel Catanach's downtown company grew out of outreach programs the choreographer initiated a little over a decade ago. Even when his mix of ballet and urban dance forms doesn't quite click, the dancers—mostly trained by Catanach—exhibit the solid training and love of dance he's instilled in them. This season, in addition to the world première of "Disillusioned," which features a solo by the Catanach alum Danny Tidwell (now with American Ballet Theatre), the group presents last year's "Trouble," a menacing work performed by veiled women, and "El Hambre" ("Hunger," from 1996), a tortured duet involving a man, a woman, and an armchair, performed by guest stars from New York City Ballet, Carla Korbes and Amar Ramasar—the latter yet another Catanach student who's made good. (Harry De Jur Playhouse, Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. 212-598-0400. Oct. 9 at 7:30, Oct. 10-11 at 8, and Oct. 12 at 3. Through Oct. 18.)

"TUSCAN DANCE IN MOVEMENT"
Five contemporary dance companies from Tuscany make their American début in a week of performances at John Jay College Theatre. (899 Tenth Ave. 212-279-4200. Oct. 10-14 at 7:30. Through Oct. 17.)



Florida's Mofro brings its swamp funk to the Bowery Ballroom on October 10.

R. GREGORY CHRISTIE

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

"SINATRA: HIS VOICE. HIS WORLD. HIS WAY."
Ol' Blue Eyes returns, via a forty-piece orchestra, the Rockettes, and never-before-seen concert footage. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 212-247-4777. Oct. 8-10 at 8, Oct. 11 at 2 and 8, and Oct. 12 at 2 and 7. Through Oct. 19.)

MICHELLE BRANCH
Touted upon her 2001 début as the teen popstress who actually wrote and played her own music, Branch plied a more folksy, earnest vibe than that of most of her contemporaries. After a cameo on Santana's 2002 release, "Shaman," Branch is back with a sophomore record, "Hotel Paper," and a sound that is slightly harder edged. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 212-307-7171. Oct. 9 at 7:30.)

A lot of stocks go unnoticed
by many analysts. Which means
a lot of opportunities do, too.

charles SCHWAB EQUITY SNAPSHOT REPORT™

Free Schwab Equity Ratings

Call today for a better way to help find stocks that are right for you with Schwab Equity Ratings.™

Many analysts focus mainly on the largest companies or specific industry sectors, overlooking some small and medium-sized companies that may possess sound fundamentals. At Charles Schwab, we believe investment opportunities exist in many companies of all shapes and sizes. That's why our **Schwab Equity Ratings evaluates over 3,000 U.S. stocks — more than any other major brokerage firm.** And our easy-to-understand rating system will help you decide what to buy, sell and hold. Just because some analysts miss out on investment opportunities doesn't mean you have to.

TO RECEIVE A **FREE** SAMPLE OF **SCHWAB EQUITY RATINGS** FOR **THREE** STOCKS OF YOUR CHOICE,
CALL **1-800-790-3801.**
Visit www.schwab.com or an Investor Center near you.

charles SCHWAB

Generally, Schwab Equity Ratings may only be available to certain account holders. Access to SER may be contingent on the payment of a service fee or the amount of assets you hold in your Schwab accounts. Schwab Equity Ratings are generally updated weekly, so you should review and consider any recent market or company news before investing. Schwab Equity Ratings are general information; they do not take into account your individual circumstances, financial situation or needs, nor do they represent a personalized recommendation of a particular stock or stocks to you. Stocks can be volatile and entail risk, and individual stocks may not be suitable for you. ©2003 Charles Schwab & Co., Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC/NYSE. (1003-12417). ADS26036FUL.

The Tiffany Mark™ Regulator

TIFFANY & Co.
SWISS MADE

THE TIFFANY MARK™ REGULATOR COUPE, $6,250. FOR A COPY OF OUR BROCHURE, PLEASE CALL OR VISIT A TIFFANY STORE OR OUR WEBSITE | 800 526 0649 | TIFFANY.COM

©T&CO. 2003. US Pat. No. D470422

TIFFANY & CO.
TIFFANY & CO.
SWISS MADE
SWISS MADE
18K 750 WATER RESISTANT

TIFFANY & CO.

STEVE WINWOOD
The beloved singer who lent his golden voice and keyboard chops to such hallowed classic-rock acts as Traffic, the Spencer Davis Group, and Blind Faith went on to become a staple of adult-contemporary radio during the eighties, courtesy of the massive success of his 1986 album, "Back in the High Life." Winwood's pared down his sound and lowered his profile considerably since then. His latest effort, "About Time," is an independently released album that owes more to his jazzier days in Traffic. With the **North Mississippi Allstars.** (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 212-307-7171. Oct. 9 at 8.)

RADIOHEAD
"Hail to the Thief," the recently released sixth studio album by the kingpins of experimental rock, promised a joyous reconciliation with the guitar-laden hooks of the band's celebrated early work. The question is, however, now that the lead vocalist Thom Yorke has steered his maverick ensemble across the Rubicon of convention and into the realm of post-rock, can it ever go home again? (Madison Square Garden. 212-307-7171. Oct. 9-10 at 8.)

WORLD MUSIC INSTITUTE
Oct. 10 at 8: A rare evening of classical Indian duets with the violinists **T. N. Krishnan** and **N. Rajam.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St.) Oct. 11 at 8: The compelling Spanish flamenco singer **Carmen Linares,** accompanied by the guitarist **Gerardo Nuñez.** (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St.) Oct. 14 at 7:30 and 9:30: The brothers **Johnny** and **Phil Cunningham,** founding members of the seminal Scottish revival band Silly Wizard, unite on fiddle and accordion for the first time in twelve years. (Thalia Theatre, Symphony Space.) (For more information about all shows, call 212-545-7536.)

BETH GIBBONS AND RUSTIN MAN
Over the course of two stripped-down albums during the nineties with the band Portishead, the enigmatic vocalist Gibbons came to embody chilling grief with her intimate and emotionally raw delivery. Her new enterprise with Rustin Man (a.k.a Paul Webb, the bassist from the underrated British synth-popsters Talk Talk) abandons the sparse trip-hop trappings of Portishead for lusher instrumentation and jazz and folk touches. Though lacking the ominous beats and Portishead's spy-movie guitars, the results are no less moving. (St. Ann's Warehouse, 38 Water St., Dumbo, Brooklyn. 718-254-8779. Oct. 10-11 at 8.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

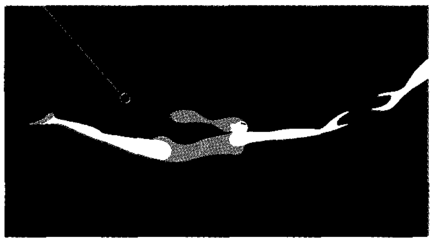
BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111)—Oct. 10: Folks who think Florida is home only to slow-moving senior citizens, dubious elections, and tacky seaside retreats might be shocked by the swamp funk of **Mofro.** Fronted by the Jacksonville native John (JJ) Grey, this woolly fivesome uses fuzzy bass lines, thumping drums, and a wailing organ to evoke everything from the intimate spaces of a humid bedroom with red velvet curtains to the wide-open back-road adventures of an imaginary mid-sixties moonshiner. Grey's only contemporary touch is the lyrics, which occasionally address the environmental issues of the past half century. Oct. 11: The **Handsome Family** traffics in eerie gothic country, and their live shows are full of intimate banter between the husband and wife Brett and Rennie Sparks. The pair recorded their latest album, "Singing Bones," in the garage of their New Mexico home, and you can practically hear the desert wind blowing through the walking bass and the guitar picking. Oct. 12: The Hoboken trio **Yo La Tengo's** latest album, "Summer Sun," is as quietly compelling as its title.

FEZ
380 Lafayette St. (212-533-7000)—Oct. 8 and Oct. 10-11: The **Loser's Lounge** continues its tribute to George Harrison. Oct. 14: **Rhett Miller,** who is perhaps best known for his work as the front man of the alt-country outfit Old 97's. The **Mingus Big Band** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

BOOK CURRENTS

Under the Big Top

The circus has long been a refuge for society's misfits; for some, it is the inherent danger of the acts that offers a welcome escape from reality. Faith—the heroine of the first novel by the late Amanda Davis, **WONDER WHEN YOU'LL MISS ME** (William Morrow)—runs away from her high school, her mother, and the police and remakes herself as Annabelle, the elephant-dung mucker for a travelling circus troupe. Psychologically disjointed (she is trailed at all times by her imaginary alter ego), Annabelle seeks solace in acrobatics. "I wanted to tell her about the woman on the trapeze. How I'd held my breath and how my heart had pounded," Davis writes. "How I'd seen a whole world up there in the air, and the one down here had disappeared."



RICHARD MCGUIRE

ASCENSION (Carroll & Graf), a novel by Steve Galloway, focusses on the travails of a wire walker named Salvo Ursari. As a child, his parents were killed by Transylvanian villagers; forty-five years later, during the family act on the high wire, his twin daughters plunge to their death. But while Ursari is on the wire, all that matters is the next step. "Immediately everything receded. All his fears, all his memories, all he loved and all he loathed," Galloway writes.

The eponymous heroine (based on a real-life tiger trainer) of Robert Hough's **THE FINAL CONFESSION OF MABEL STARK** (Atlantic Monthly) joins the circus after escaping from a psychiatric ward, where she was committed for refusing to fulfill her wifely duties. For Mabel, life with her big cats reminds her that happiness always has its dark side: "No matter how well things're going, you always know it's only a matter of time before a claw catches, or a tooth snags, or a forepaw lashes, and your contentment feels bearable again."

—*Andrea Thompson*

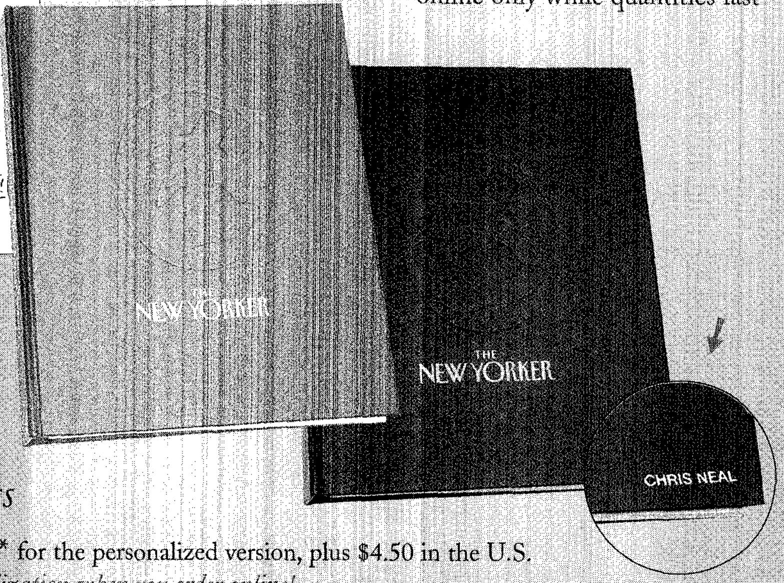
©2003 Intel Corporation. Intel, Intel Inside and the Intel Inside Centrino logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries.

GET ORGANIZED
with
THE 2004 NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

BADA-BING!
BADA-BOOM!
MANKOFF

FREE personalization when you order online at:
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM

CLASSIC DARK BLUE with silver personalization
PLUS NEW RUBY RED with gold personalization, available
online only while quantities last



FEATURING:

- OVER 60 CARTOONS, COVER ART AND ILLUSTRATIONS
- TRAVEL-RELATED TOLL-FREE NUMBERS
- NEW YORK CITY LISTINGS AND MAPS
- REINFORCED POCKET FOR NOTES AND RECEIPTS

Yours for only $29.95* for the standard diary or $32.50* for the personalized version, plus $4.50 in the U.S. ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. **Free personalization when you order online!*

TO ORDER BY PHONE, CALL 1-888-494-6153

---

intel inside
centrino

intel inside
centrino
MOBILE
TECHNOLOGY

The sky is no longer the limit.

High-powered laptops — so your apps don't have to be killers.
More info at intel.com/unwire.

intel®

IRVING PLAZA
17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (212-777-6800)—Oct. 8-9: **Cracker.** David Lowery and company turn this downtown venue into a honky-tonk with songs from their forthcoming release, "Countrysides," a collection of roadhouse rockers.

MERCURY LOUNGE
217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700)—Oct. 8-9: The refreshing and nerve-rattling blues-rock of the **Black Keys**, a drums-and-guitar duo out of Akron, Ohio. Oct. 10: He plays the organ and the Drum Buddy, his patented, analog, nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine-dollar light-activated oscillating percussion machine (sales of which took off last year after its forty-nine-minute infomercial featuring a performance by the late R. & B. legend Ernie K-Doe aired in Germany). She plays the maracas, sings backup, and handles the puppets. Together they are **Quintron and Miss Pussycat,** a husband-and-wife performance duo on leave from the steamy precincts of New Orleans. Their music is a joy-inspiring mix of funky grooves and electric boogie-woogie, and the eccentric stage show belongs in the D.I.Y. wing of the Smithsonian.

NORTHSIX
66 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-5103)—Oct. 9: **Quintron and Miss Pussycat** (see the Mercury Lounge). Oct. 10: **Barbez,** a local ensemble that includes a brilliant theremin player and a full-throated Russian singer, covers everything from Bertolt Brecht to Black Sabbath, but the real attraction is its melodically haunting originals. With **Guignol,** a hard-hitting klezmer quartet of tuba, accordion, clarinet, and killer drumming, and **Gutbucket,** a rock-influenced avant-jazz combo.

PIANOS
158 Ludlow St. (212-505-3733)—Oct. 13: The seductive actress turned L.A. hep-cat **Gina Gershon,** backed by the band **Girls Against Boys,** slips her lithe figure through the fourth wall and brings to life her character from the forthcoming film "Prey for Rock & Roll."

WARSAW
261 Driggs Ave., Brooklyn (718-387-0505)—Oct. 8: The high-octane power pop of **Supergrass.** Oct. 10: **Yo La Tengo** (see the Bowery Ballroom).

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

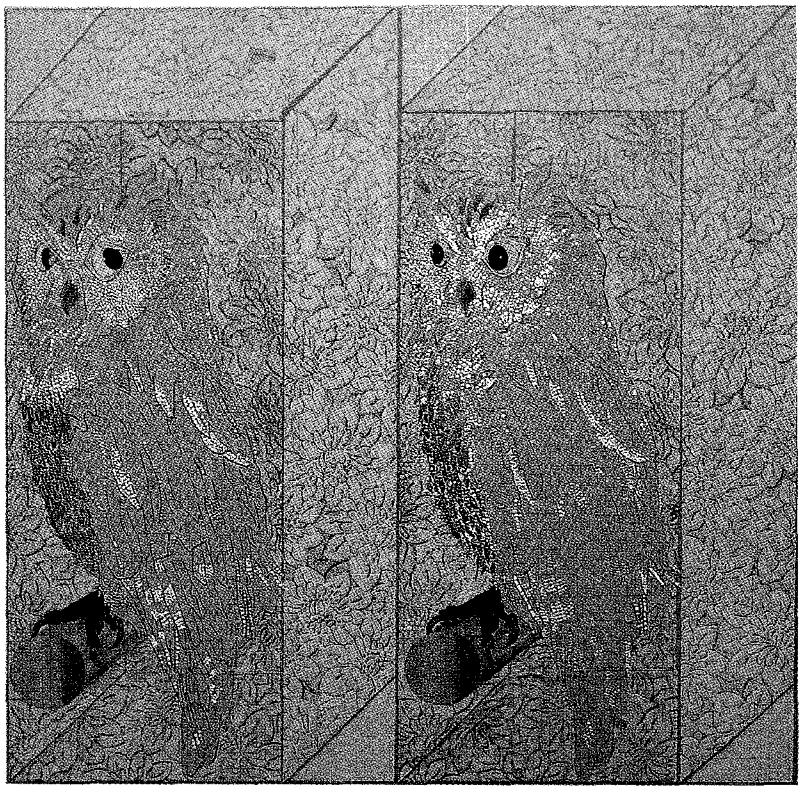
BARBÈS
376 9th St., Park Slope, Brooklyn (718-965-9177)—Oct. 9: The accordionist **Will Holshouser,** the guitarist **Matt Munisteri,** the violinist **Jenny Scheinman,** and others explore the musette music of the nineteen-thirties and forties.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (212-475-8592)—Through Oct. 12: On her delicious 2002 album, "This Is New," the veteran singer **Dee Dee Bridgewater** revitalized the work of Kurt Weill, bringing her rhythmic moxie and warm spirit to everything from "Alabama Song" to "September Song." Her undervalued status is becoming a jazz crime.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (212-228-6300)—Oct. 11: Smart, sexy, and so in control of an audience that resistance to her icy charms is next to impossible, **Ute Lemper** displays the kind of vocal strength and interpretive imagination that just aren't found in the vast majority of cabaret artists.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600)—It takes guts to slip Randy Newman's "Short People" and Suzanne Vega's "Tom's Diner" alongside classics by Cole Porter and Stephen Sondheim, but the British sensation **Maria Friedman** (here through Oct. 11) has the theatrical flair and the sumptuous voice to pull off both hearty standards and well-chosen left-of-center material.

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (212-582-2121)—Through Oct. 12: **Richard Bona** is a technical virtuoso who, fortunately, hasn't forgotten his roots. The skilled electric bassist and singer, who first gained attention in the touring bands of Joe Zawinul and Pat Metheney, brings the earthy sounds of his native Cameroon to his own material. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**



"Owl," a painting by the Japanese-born Chie Fueki, at Maynes.

JAZZ STANDARD
116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232)—Oct. 9-12: **Danilo Perez.** If his new album ". . . Til Then" falls short of the expectations raised by his recent peppery work with Wayne Shorter, the pianist Perez remains a juggernaut of harmonic acuity and rhythmic zest; the current upsurge of Latin-jazz fusion owes him much.

SMOKE
2751 Broadway, between 105th and 106th Sts. (212-864-6662)—The pianist **Monty Alexander** (here with his trio Oct. 10-11) has a conceptual reach that matches his outsized technique. Folding elements of blues, classical, Caribbean styles, and a world of other disparate influences into his playing, this Jamaican-born mainstay qualifies as a populist Oscar Peterson.

SWEET RHYTHM
88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (212-255-3626)—Oct. 10-11: The pianist **Vijay Iyer's** latest release, "Blood Sutra," cements his bond with **Rudresh Mahanthappa,** a tart-toned alto saxophonist who shares Iyer's commitment to edgy new jazz.

UP OVER JAZZ CAFÉ
351 Flatbush Ave., at Seventh Ave., Brooklyn (718-398-5413)—Oct. 10-11: Somewhere between his hyped-up, late-eighties breakout with the Harper Brothers and his now-decade-long freelance career, **Winard Harper** became a master drummer. Lighting up a bandstand with a smile that rivals that of the late Billy Higgins, Harper can also effortlessly lift a band much like that wizard of the skins.

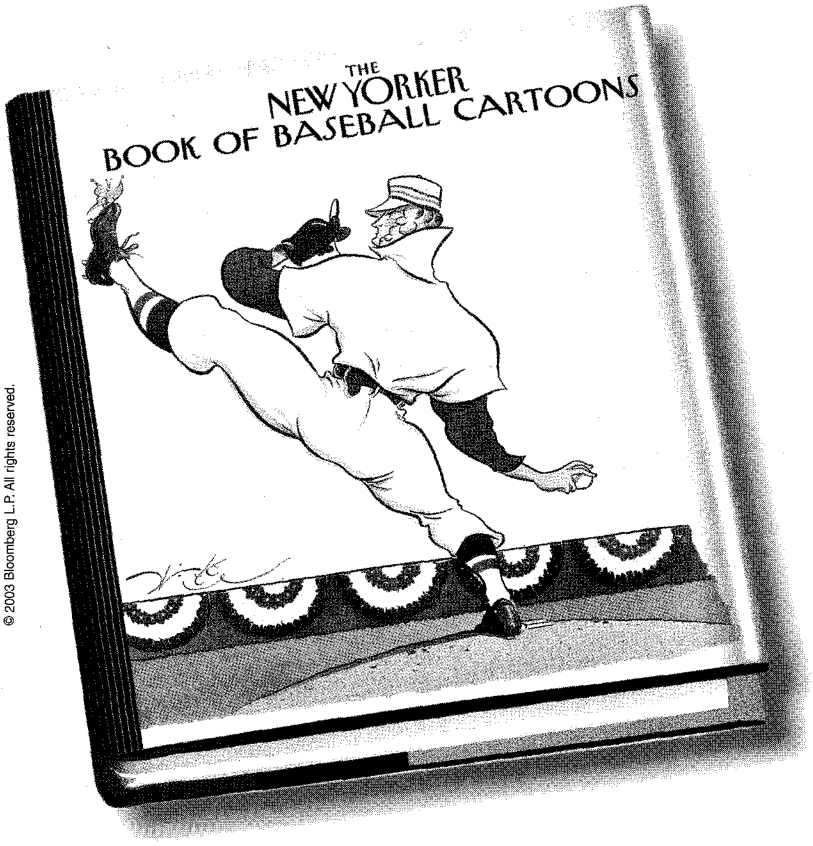
VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (212-255-4037)—Jason Moran having left the nest, **Greg Osby** (here with his quartet through Oct. 12) will be introducing a new pianist, **Megumi Yonezawa.** In addition to being an alto saxophonist of invention and distinction, Osby's also an instinctive talent scout; his latest discoveries are always worth listening to. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

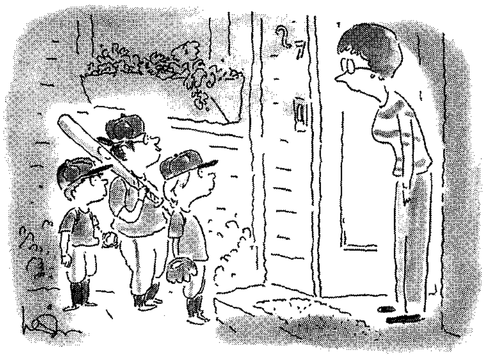
ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (212-879-5500)—**"Dreams of Yellow Mountain"** is an extensive show of landscape paintings by Chinese artists who remained loyal to the Ming dynasty after it was overthrown by the Manchus, in 1644. Their subject was the landscape around the dynasty's symbolic capital, Nanjing; craggy cliffs dotted with pine trees dominate. The occasional figure is provided more for perspective than as subject matter. One exception is a dazzling hand scroll by Shitao, a panoramic epic depicting sixteen Buddhist saints dwelling in the mountains with various auspicious beasts, including a tiger and a dragon. Another Shitao, this one a hanging scroll, shows a mountain misted in drops of splattered ink, a technique the artist referred to elsewhere as the "ten thousand ugly ink dots," beating Pollock by a few hundred years. Through Jan. 25. ♦ **"The Responsive Eye"** surveys Native American art from 3000 B.C. forward; the earliest museum endorsements came somewhere in the early nineteen-hundreds, when items began appearing in natural-history and anthropology displays. By the middle of the twentieth century, pieces were making their way into art museums, and curators and collectors like Ralph T. Coe (who was both) took serious interest. Coe amassed the tremendous inventory here, promised to the museum. A surprising amount of it was made for the tourist trade, including a card case, a doll-house chair, and a pair of very pointy little moccasins. Among the pieces that are free of this sort of influence are a pair of headdress frontlets from the Pacific Northwest and several carved masks, including an arrestingly long-beaked ceremonial number whose large, caricatured features look like they could have had some influence on the colonizers—their cartoonists in particular. Through Dec. 14. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART (MOMA QNS)
33rd St. at Queens Blvd., Long Island City (212-708-9400)—Liam Gillick's wall painted with intertwining bands of ochre, brown, and orange transforms the museum's entrance into a cross between a Scandinavian design center and a corporate lobby. The image suggests a magnified diagram of fibre-optic cable, which is fitting since the project was originally conceived for a Norwegian telecommunications company. Near the ticket counter a painted aluminum cube is suspended from the ceiling, lined with text from B. F. Skinner's "Walden Two." If the connection between the two works seems tangential, that's the point: distraction and diversion are central to Gillick's project, which sneaks in his complex and subversive theories of post-utopian social space (you can find his articulate explanation of this in a

Major League Laughs!

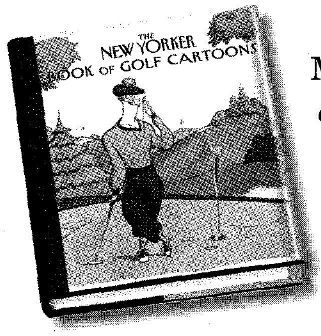

THE NEW YORKER
BOOK OF BASEBALL CARTOONS



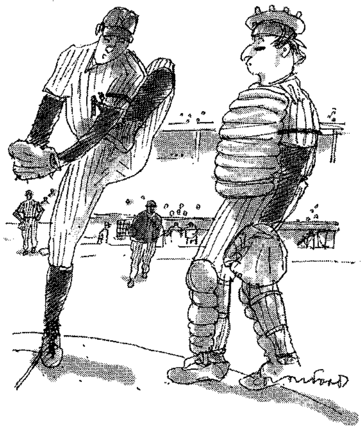
"We're offering twenty million plus incentives over a four-year period, Mrs. Morton. Can Timmy come out and play?"

100 classic *New Yorker* cartoons take swing at the national pastime —from the little and big leagues to their zealous players, zany managers, and that necessary evil, the umpires. Sure to hit a grand slam with every baseball fan!

And don't forget...


THE NEW YORKER
BOOK OF GOLF CARTOONS

More great collections on Golf, Kids, Money, Technology, Politics, and Business



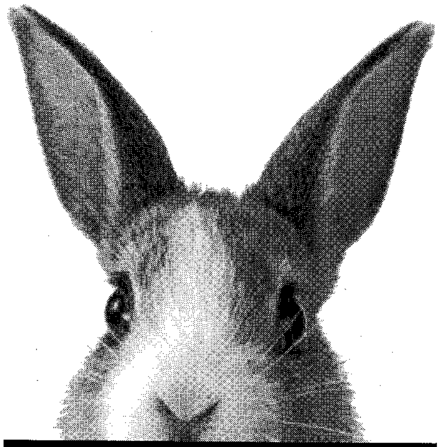
"Gimme a hand—I'm stuck."

AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

Bloomberg PRESS

also at www.bloomberg.com/books or call 1-800-869-1231

© 2003 Bloomberg L.P. All rights reserved.



"Go along with Brown for this bumpy, horny, hilarious, twangy, rollicking ride...."*

The
RABBIT
FACTORY
a novel

LARRY BROWN
author of FAY

"A gassed-up and engine-revving comic novel set in the scrubby hills of north Mississippi."
—Men's Journal*

"This sexy novel goes down as easy as a six-pack in the dog days of summer."
—Austin American-Statesman

Celebrate
National Book Month
www.nationalbook.org

fp FREE PRESS
A Division of Simon & Schuster
A VIACOM COMPANY

www.simonsays.com

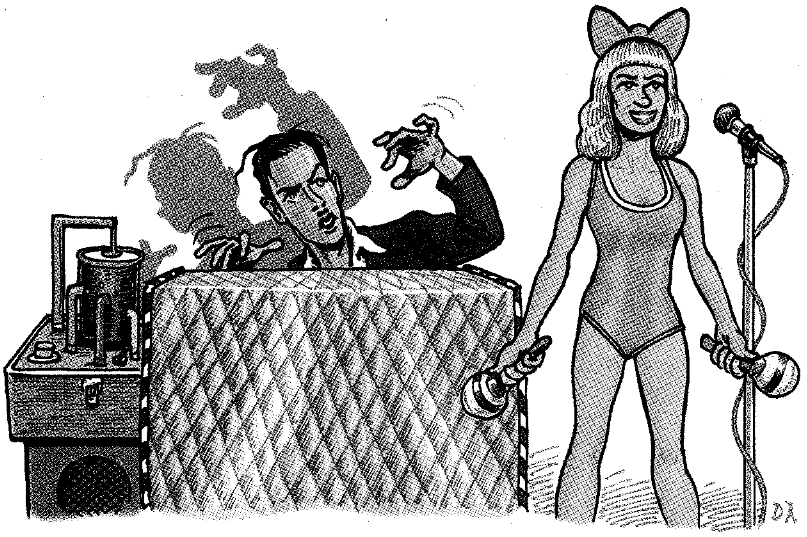
museum brochure) into objects that have the polish and appeal of mass-produced design. Through Dec. 1. (Open Thursdays through Mondays, 10 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:45.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (212-423-3500)—While we wait for the big James Rosenquist show (which opens Oct. 17), the museum offers a mini-retrospective of watercolors by Wassily Kandinsky. Ranging from his early scrambled seascapes to late biomorphic abstractions, the show neatly encapsulates a great, eccentric career. To visitors from Chelsea, Kandinsky's trippy, spin-cycle compositions may suggest links to contemporary talents like Julie Mehretu and Steve Di Benedetto. Through Oct. 22. (Open Saturdays through Wednesdays, 10 to 5:45, and Fridays, 10 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (212-570-3676)—We've seen a lot of him lately, but **"Ellsworth Kelly: Red Green Blue"** is the kind of spare, smart show that can perk up even satiated appetites. Organized by Toby Kamps at the Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego, the exhibition focusses on a group of eight large paintings made between 1958 and 1965. The continuity of color choices (it's the same red, the same green, the same blue every time) puts the focus on simple changes in scale and shape and offers a kind of Rothko Chapel-like immersion in Kelly's elemental hedonism. There are a few rooms of supplementary material—sketches, prints, and a new canvas in the same palette—but at its heart the show really boils down to just two rooms, three colors, and one sleek vibe. Through Nov. 2. (Open Wednesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, and Fridays, 1 to 9.)

GROLIER CLUB
47 E. 60th St. (212-838-6690)—James McNeill Whistler's career was floundering when he arrived in Venice in 1879, bankrupt, to accept a much needed commission. He was supposed to stay for only three months, but he wound up working there for more than a year, making over fifty prints and about a hundred pastel drawings. Approximately eighty examples are on display in **"Whistler and His Circle in Venice,"** by Whistler himself and by those who were influenced by his atmospheric etchings of everyday Venice. Sensibly, Whistler stayed away from the Grand Canal and the Piazza San Marco and instead focussed on capturing unsentimental images (artisans around a glass furnace, a fish store). A couple of photographs by Alfred Steiglitz echo Whistler's concerns with both Venice's vertical lines and its laundry. Through Nov. 22. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. (212-869-8089)—The exhaustive and often enchanting **"Russia Engages the World: 1453-1825"** is gorgeously situated: liturgical chants and classical music softly pipe in as illuminated manuscripts, silk imperial scrolls, burnished coins, and decorative engravings gleam in low-lit, marble-walled rooms. The artifacts of Russia's confrontation with the world testify to a peculiar destiny: to crush Western Europe's armies only to fall victim to Western Europe's ideas. Even after defeating the Swedes, in 1709, Peter the Great raised a glass to his foes and military "teachers," and by 1720, as decreed by the General Regulation on display, Swedes supervised Russia's nascent bureaucracy. The Russians marched into Paris in 1815 as victors as well, but it was French notions of liberty and justice that convulsed Russia and brought down the monarchy a hundred years later. Through Jan. 31. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 7:30, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)



Quintron and Miss Pussycat, at the Mercury Lounge and Northsix (see Night Life).

DOUG ALLEN

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

VINCENT SMITH
A sampling of paintings and prints created between 1952 and 1972 shows Smith moving from Jacob Lawrence-style social tableaux to a self-consciously raw, Black Arts aesthetic. Most of the later paintings are ghetto scenes in sulfurous oranges, reds, and blacks. Stricken figures glare from barred windows, while a smiling Porky Pig figure suggests the tyrannical benevolence of the establishment. It all seems pretty overwrought until you get to "The Soul Brothers," a scene of sexual intrigue painted with a sinister, comic, and perhaps uncharacteristic delicacy. Through Oct. 11. (Alexandre, 41 E. 57th St. 212-755-2828.)

Short List

THERESA CHONG
Danese, 41 E. 57th St. 212-223-2227.
Through Oct. 11.

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER
Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.
212-838-0333. Through Oct. 11.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

CHAKAIA BOOKER
From a distance, Booker's tire sculptures look imposingly formal, with jagged shapes and arches all the pure black of a silhouette. Up close, the surfaces in the exhibition she calls "No More Milk and Cookies" are softly feathered with rubber scales, the tires and inner tubes sliced, diced, julienned, and arranged into a thick diamond-patterned skin that might look at home on a dragon's wing. The work suggests the upbeat recycling of tire swing and playground, with the occasional sinister sparkle from a frayed steel-belted radial. Through Oct. 18. (Marlborough, 211 W. 19th St. 212-463-8762.)

CHIE FUEKI
The young Japanese-born painter floods your eye with decorative effects: her images aren't painted, they're built up with thousands of little raised bumps of candy-fluorescent color and glitter. Underneath these sweet-tooth surfaces, a surprisingly sombre and tradition-conscious temperament emerges. Giotto-esque touches inflect her depiction of a Zen monk scowling beside his cave; chrysanthemums (the traditional Japanese symbol of spring) sprout from cairns of skulls. Fueki's mix of new surfaces and old subjects, of solemnity and trippiness, looks fresh. Through Oct. 11. (Maynes, 529 W. 20th St. 212-741-3318.)

RICHARD SERRA
Four new sculptures from the Euclid of milled steel. "Wake," the most spectacular, is a veritable fleet of sinuous, battleship-like toroid forms, forty-six feet long and fourteen feet high. "Blindspot," the most playful, is a six-walled maze, culminating in a central chamber whose sheltered stillness may strike claustrophobes as pharaonic. All are surprisingly colorful, with grand, Kieferish splashes and striations of red-orange offsetting the blue-gray of their original "mill scale" surface. Enjoy those oxidation effects now. Over the next six or seven years, the steel will darken to a uniform blackish amber, paralleling the works' inevitable metamorphosis from fresh wonders to twenty-first-century classics. Through Oct. 25. (Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 212-741-1111.)

JIM SHAW
Twenty-five years' worth of drawings by a California artist whose irreverence (his version of "The Last Supper" is set in a beach dive) is matched only by his virtuosity. Shaw has never been one for a signature style, and the drawings range from pulp-fiction covers ("Arrows," a hilarious showdown between corporate suits and dart-wielding natives) to comic strips (the best satirize the artist's sixties boyhood) to recent calligraphic squiggles that suggest both a tidier and a more dazed Brice Marden. Through Oct. 18. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 212-206-7100.)

"MICROWAVE, FOUR"
Minimalism and magic realism intersect in this intelligent, eclectic group show which emphasizes intimacy of detail and scale and the subtle tricks memory plays on perception. Façades disappear behind grids of scaffolding (Richard Galpin's meticulous peeled photographs), years pass in repetitive blinks of an eye (Ken Solomon's haunting videotape of himself aging three years in three minutes), and architectural interiors assume the jagged topography of mountain and rivers (Katrin Sigurdardottir's enchanting maquettes). Through Oct. 18. (Cristinerose/Bienvenue, 529 W. 20th St. 212-206-0297.)

Short List

RICHARD PRINCE
Barbara Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St.
212-206-9300. Through Oct. 18.

GALLERIES–DOWNTOWN

"PLAYING WITH A LOADED GUN: CONTEMPORARY ART IN PAKISTAN"
If this small gallery holds the work of ten artists comfortably, it's because half of them are miniaturists, using that ancient art to allegorize modern troubles. Saira Wasim's "Mullahs" series shows a holy man with the legs of a goat folded under him, smiling wickedly beside a flock of heavily armed animal-faced cherubim. Ambreen Butt's "I Must Utter What Comes to My Lips" considers the everyday immigrant experience through a protagonist in jeans and a rusty-red T-shirt, walking a tightrope strung with American and Pakistani flags. Other work includes photography, sculpture, and sweets—Alia Hasan-Khan has created an airdrop ration that includes a tasty bomb-shaped rice treat with a wick in it. Through Oct. 4. (Apex, 291 Church St. 212-431-5270.)

Short List

ALEX KATZ
Blum, 99 Wooster St. 212-343-0441.
Through Nov. 15.

GALLERIES–BROOKLYN

"ARTS AND LETTERS"
As Michael Jordan took up the baseball bat, so the authors Dave Eggers and Susan Minot, among others, take up the paintbrush. Eggers is characteristically hard to read: the subject of his acrylic portrait appears to be a man gleefully pulling his lips back with his index fingers; the artist's description considers it a "version of oral surgery." Minot, who is known to send her editors illustrated letters, offers watercolors, and her postcard-size landscapes with curlicued captions are stories in themselves. Through Oct. 13. (Plus Ultra, 235 S. 1st St., Williamsburg. 718-387-3844.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

JEFF BROUWS
Something like the German photographer August Sanders' "Man of the Twentieth Century," Brouws' "American Typologies" catalogues a national identity. Instead of using people, though, Brouws uses icons—the work is a series of visual alphabets. Here, signage, houses, trucks, strip malls, farmland, and gas stations, are all unpeopled, richly colored, and arranged in discrete grids. The effect is surprisingly heartening. The individual prints—of an aggressively lavender stucco house, an expectant parking lot, a neon sign reading "Terrible" against a purplish, swirled-ink sky—are beautiful, but one also admires the ambition, sociological inquisitiveness, and organization of the project itself. One of the show's most memorable groupings is a grid of nine photos of

TABLES FOR TWO

PYLOS
128 E. 7th St. (212-473-0220)—In August, Christos Valtzoglou decided to let New Yorkers in on contemporary Greek dining habits. "Greek restaurants in this city are all the same: expensive Greek, mid-range Greek, or inexpensive Greek," Valtzoglou says. "I wanted to do home cooking from different regions of Greece." So he stocked his menu with pork medallions baked in a clay pot, a recipe from Epirus, feta-and-hot-pepper *htipiti* from Macedonia, and puréed yellow split peas topped with capers, from Santorini.

Pylos is the collaboration of the bespectacled Valtzoglou; the designer Tony Chi, who has been gussying up Athenian nightspots for the Olympics; and the cookbook author Diane Kochilas, who consulted on the menu. Kochilas's meze-centric sensibility shows up in the phyllo pastries stuffed with *pastourma* and *kefalograviera* cheese, feta and herbs, or wild mushrooms. She's also responsible for the greenmarket flourishes among the classic Greek ingredients: the baby octopus comes seared with fennel and drizzled with orange and cracked olives. Chi has given the restaurant an Aegean color scheme; the cream-and-brick walls are inlaid with the sort of sky-blue shutters you see in Greek hill towns.

To a Greek, home cooking can have the flavors of almost any outpost of the Ottoman empire: Macedonia, Albania, Bulgaria, Turkey. The lamb braised in a clay pot is spiced with cinnamon, a recipe of Valtzoglou's Greek grandmother, who grew up in Turkish İzmir; the octopus appetizer comes from Crete; and the *pastourma* comes from what Valtzoglou calls Asia Minor. Some émigrés at Pylos, chasing their dessert with a muscat wine from Samos, knew better. "It's just typical Athenian," one of them said. (Open daily for dinner and Wednesdays through Sundays for lunch. Entrées $13-$20.)

—*Liesl Schillinger*

intel inside
centrino™
MOBILE TECHNOLOGY

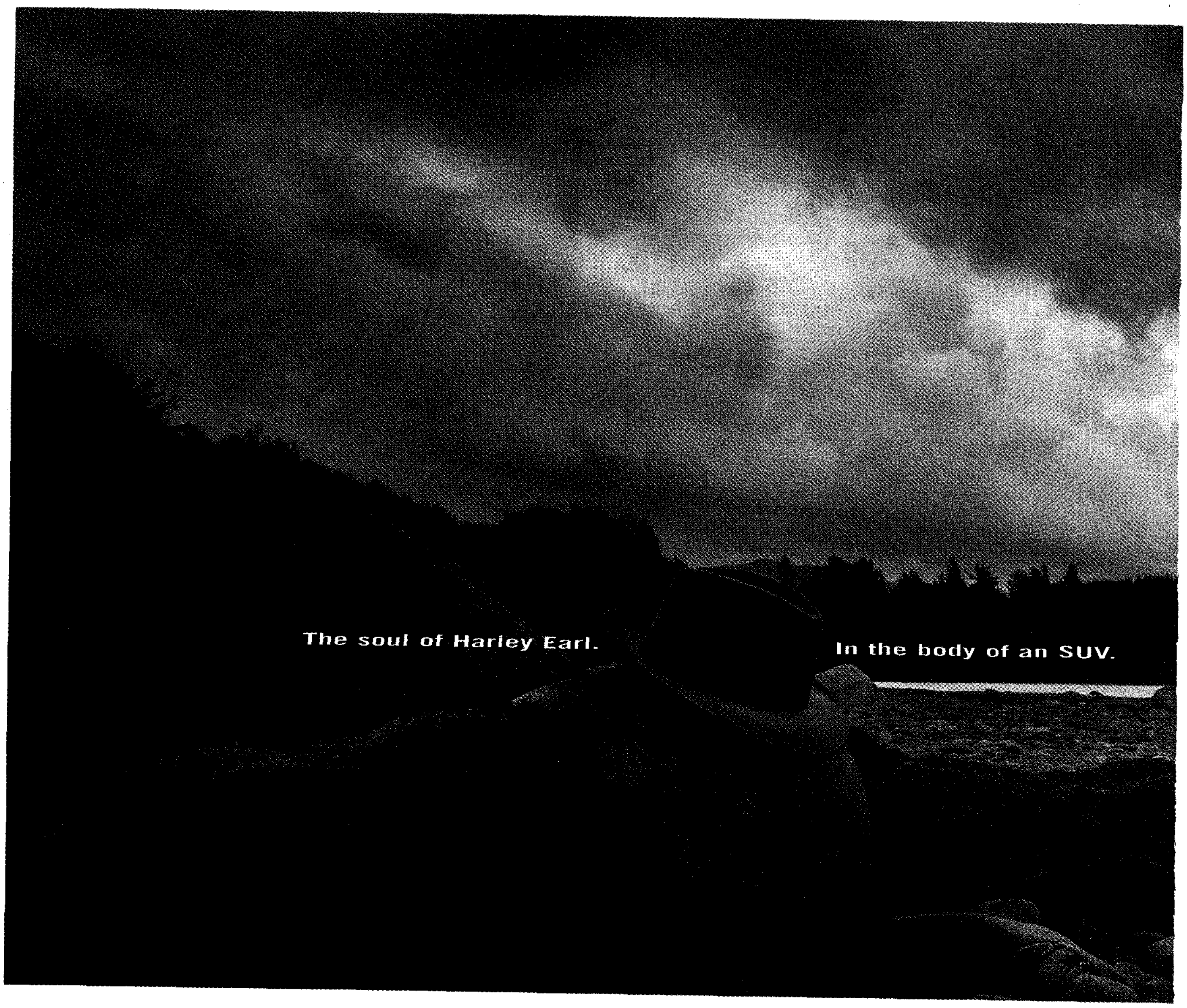
Unwire your home.

To connect a laptop anywhere in your house, go to intel.com/unwire.

intel.

©2003 Intel Corporation. Intel, Intel Inside and the Intel Inside Centrino logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries.

ARTGALLERY ASPEN.COM
AN ALTERNATIVE:
LIFE, BEAUTY, AND
POSSIBILITY-
INSTEAD OF DEATH
CONFUSION AND
ENDLESS PROBLEMS.
WHY NOT TRY IT?
T.T.
WE SHOW A NEW PIECE
OF ART 365 DAYS A YEAR
THAT YOU HAVE NEVER
SEEN, AND IT COSTS YOU
NOTHING TO LOOK.



The soul of Harley Earl.
In the body of an SUV.

Powerful enough to make your heart race. Quiet enough to hear the beat. Introducing Rainier.™ Offering an available 290-horsepower V8. The comfort of standard leather appointments. The serenity of Buick's exclusive QuietTuning.™ All styled by the studio where the world's greatest car designer hung his hat.

Peaceful. Powerful. Rainier. It's a brand-new Buick.

BUICK®

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN STYLE℠

Visit www.onstar.com for system information and details.
Find out more at **buick.com.** ©2003 GM Corp. All rights reserved.

OnStar

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Fort Lauderdale, Florida, 2001," by Constantine Manos, at the Leica gallery.

street signs and billboards that collectively form a found poem about the commandments and bylaws of American life: "We Have," "Try," "Money," "We Can Help You," and "Temptation." Through Oct. 11. (Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. 212-989-7600.)

ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE

Curated by the mistress of disguise, Cindy Sherman, this show presents fifty-five pictures by photography's most infamous bad boy. Still-lifes and images of statues, flowers, and, of course, stupendous examples of the male anatomy all mingle in a salon-style hanging. It's a privilege to see so much of Mapplethorpe's work, especially the lesser-known images; the subjects seem more masked than ever, aggressively styled into submission. A hauntingly beautiful Grace Jones, for example, peeks out from under a black hood, her eyes empty and vacant, reflecting the perfect lighting of Mapplethorpe's studio. Ask to see the final image in the show: a portrait of Sherman hanging in the back office. It offers the one vulnerable and unpredictable expression amid all the beautiful emptiness. Through Oct. 18. (Kelly, 528 W. 29th St. 212-239-1181.)

PATRICK VOIGT

The work of Voigt, a German photographer making his American gallery début with this show, has appeared most often in the pages of design magazines such as *Wallpaper*. In these thirteen pictures, the technical perfection and saturated color of commercial photography forge uneasy partnerships with real life. Voigt has said he is too impatient for actual documentary photography, which is another way of saying that his photos are a bit more than real. Seemingly random events and everyday vistas get the equivalent of star treatment: superb lighting, supercrisp focus, large prints. Voigt's best images are dramatic: a plane nose-diving toward a lake, a raging fire seen above a tangle of small houses. The fun of the exhibition lies in searching for clues as to where his world departs from the one we live in. Through Oct. 11. (Perimeter, 511 W. 25th St. 212-675-1585.)

MANABU YAMANAKA

It's difficult to decide how to react to Yamanaka's elegant black-and-white portraits of deformed and diseased people. Yamanaka has photographed his subjects—whom he met in hospitals and institutions across South America, against a white, fashion-shoot-ready backdrop, and for a while, all you see is disfigurement: the smiling child with no ears or hands or feet, his skin flaking off in serrated, filmy sheets; the man with an enormous, misshapen left hand but no right arm at all. But Yamanaka, a Buddhist whose previous shows have explored death and enlightenment, doesn't exploit or romanticize his subjects. Instead, he pulls off the trickiest feat of all: he does them the courtesy of taking them at face value. The result is a surprisingly tender group of photos that challenge you to gaze at them and make it impossible to turn away. They achieve, in the simplest terms, a sort of grace. Through Oct. 11. (Stux, 529 W. 20th St. 212-352-1600.)

Short List

PHILIP-LORCA DI CORCIA

Pace Wildenstein, 543 W. 25th St.
212-929-7000. Through Oct. 11.

CONSTANTINE MANOS

Leica, 670 Broadway. 212-777-3051.
Through Oct. 11.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

CHRISTIE'S

Oct. 9 at 10 A.M.: American paintings, sculptures, bronzes, and drawings. ♦ Oct. 9 at 2: A hundred and ninety-four violins, violas, guitars, mandolins, and bows, including a violin made in 1733 by the "mighty Venetian," Domenico Montagnana. ♦ Oct. 14 at 3: Natural-history books from the collections of Anita Peek Gilger, M.D., and the legendary financier Jay Gould, among others, including a copy of the "Erucarum Ortus, Alimentum et Paradoxa Metamorphosis," a 1718 compendium of the insects of Europe with some hundred and fifty plates colored by hand. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 212-636-2000.)

MANHATTAN VINTAGE CLOTHING SHOW

Those searching for such exotica as a pair of Elizabethan gloves, a sequinned flapper dress made for Faye Dunaway, or a silver-fox-fur jacket worn by a Pittsburgh gangster's moll will find them at this show, in which fifty vintage-clothing dealers present their wares. (Metropolitan Pavilion, 125 W. 18th St. 518-434-4312. Oct. 10-11.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

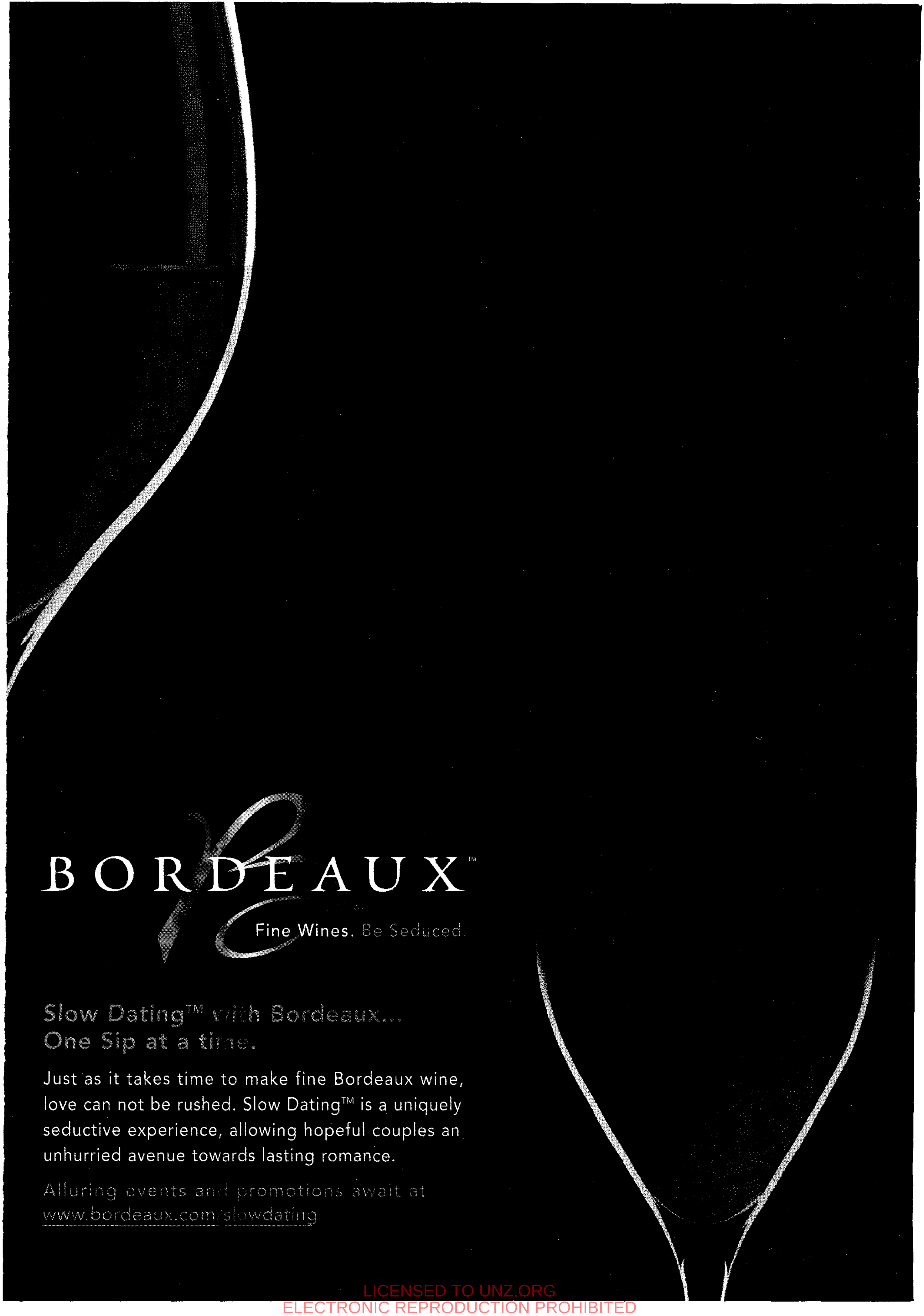
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA

How strange that Renée Fleming is just now singing her first Violetta at the Met; the rare opulence of her voice finally gives Franco Zeffirelli's calorific production of **"La Traviata"** the musical luxuries it demands. Valery Gergiev conducts his first Met take on Verdi's score, drawing out lush yet fevered lines of disquiet; Ramón Vargas's début Alfredo is attractively workmanlike (if vocally average); and Dmitri Hvorostovsky's seasoned Germont bleeds with dark, fatherly dignity. (Oct. 8 at 8 and Oct. 11 at 8:30.) ♦ The house brings back John Dexter's singing-dancing triple bill **"Stravinsky"** (comprising "Le Sacre du Printemps," "Le Rossignol," and "Oedipus Rex"), which features, in various roles, the singers Stephanie Blythe, Olga Trifonova, Barry Banks, Robert Gambill, Evgenij Nikitin, and Eric Halfvarson, the dancers Julie Kent and Damian Woetzel, the actor Philip Bosco, and many others; Gergiev conducts. (Oct. 9 at 7:30 and Oct. 13 at 8.) ♦ **"Le Nozze di Figaro,"** with Dorothea Röschmann, Anja Harteros, Katarina Karnéus, John Relyea, and Dwayne Croft; James Levine. (Oct. 10 at 8.) ♦ **"Tristan und Isolde,"** with Jane Eaglen, Ben Heppner, Katarina Dalayman, and René Pape; Levine. (Oct. 11 at 12 and Oct. 14 at 7. These are the final performances.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 212-362-6000.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA

Mozart's **"La Finta Giardiniera,"** featuring Lisa Saffer, Brenda Harris, Sandra Piques Eddy, Brian Anderson,



BORDEAUX™

Fine Wines. Be Seduced.

Slow Dating™ with Bordeaux...
One Sip at a time.

Just as it takes time to make fine Bordeaux wine, love can not be rushed. Slow Dating™ is a uniquely seductive experience, allowing hopeful couples an unhurried avenue towards lasting romance.

Alluring events and promotions await at
www.bordeaux.com/slowdating

and Matthew Chellis; George Manahan conducts. (Oct. 8 at 7:30 and Oct. 12 at 1:30.) ♦ **"The Magic Flute,"** sung in English by a cast featuring Jennifer Aylmer, Amanda Pabyan, Tonna Miller, John McVeigh, Dean Anthony, Philip Cutlip, and Gustav Andreassen; Steven Mosteller. (Oct. 9 at 7:30 and Oct. 11 at 1:30.) ♦ **"Carmen,"** with Hadar Halevy and Michael Hendrick as Carmen and Don José, Angela Fout as Micaëla, and Kelly Anderson as Escamillo; Steven White. (Oct. 10 at 8.) ♦ The final performance of **"Madama Butterfly,"** featuring Chen Sue Panariello, Mika Shigematsu, Brandon Jovanovich, and Michael Corvino; Atsushi Yamada. (Oct. 11 at 8.) ♦ With his ample physique, clarion voice, and guileless stage manner, the tenor Anthony Dean Griffey seems perfect for the part of Lennie in **"Of Mice and Men,"** one of the most durable of Carlisle Floyd's folksy operatic ventures. Also with Joel Sorensen as Curley, Nancy Allen Lundy as Curley's tempting wife, and Rod Nelman as George; Willie Anthony Waters. (Oct. 14 at 7:30.) (New York State Theatre. 212-870-5570.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Zoltán Kocsis returns to the Philharmonic to play the work with which he made his début some twenty-five years ago: Bartók's Piano Concerto No. 3, the composer's last and most lyrical essay in the genre. Lorin Maazel conducts the program, which also includes Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel," Debussy's "Ibéria," and Bartók's early, Debussy-tinged "Two Pictures." (Oct. 9 at 7:30 and Oct. 10-11 at 8.) ♦ **Note:** Maazel conducts the orchestral works (without the Concerto) in a rush-hour concert on Oct. 8 at 6:45 and the Debussy and Strauss works in a Saturday-matinée concert (which will include chamber works by Mozart and Ireland) on Oct. 11 at 2. (Avery Fisher Hall. 212-875-5656.)

AMERICAN COMPOSERS ORCHESTRA

The A.C.O. gives the New York première of the string-orchestra version of Steve Reich's "Different Trains" in a program that also features an early John Adams work ("Christian Zeal and Activity," also for orchestra and electronic tape) and pieces by Charles Wuorinen, Anna Weesner, Irving Fine, and Alan Hovhaness; Steven Sloane conducts. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Oct. 8 at 8.)

THE MET ORCHESTRA

James Levine, still on his Berlioz tear, conducts the crackling "Le Corsaire" Overture and the turbulent tone poem/concerto "Harold in Italy" (with the violist Michael Ouzounian), all a prelude for Evgeny Kissin's traversal of Brahms's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B-Flat Major. (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Oct. 12 at 3.)

PHILHARMONIA OF RUSSIA: KHACHATURIAN CENTENNIAL CONCERT

Constantine Orbelian leads the orchestra in a concert tribute to the underrated Soviet composer that includes not only some of the hit numbers from the ballet "Spartacus" but also the Piano Concerto (with Dora Serviarian-Kuhn) and an "Ode to Joy" (with the mezzo-soprano Marina Domashenko and the Yale Alumni Chorus). (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Oct. 10 at 8.)

NEW YORK COLLEGIUM

A performance of Monteverdi's Vespers of 1610—the summit of seventeenth-century church music—begins the Collegium's new season; Andrew Parrott conducts. (Church of St. Ignatius Loyola, Park Ave. at 84th St. 212-717-9246. Oct. 10 at 8.)

A tribute to Kenneth Koch, at Miller Theatre on October 10, features musical settings of his poems (see Above and Beyond).

SEYMOUR CHWAST

ACADEMY OF ST. MARTIN IN THE FIELDS

The quick and elegant London chamber orchestra comes to Avery Fisher Hall to open the new season of Great Performers at Lincoln Center. They are led by Murray Perahia, who will play and conduct music by Mozart (the "Jupiter" Symphony) and Beethoven (the First Piano Concerto). (212-721-6500. Oct. 14 at 8.)

RECITALS

DA CAPO CHAMBER PLAYERS

"Da Capo New York," a program highlighted by a performance of Elliott Carter's "Triple Duo" (in honor of his ninety-fifth birthday) and filled out with music by George Perle, Eleanor Cory, Francis Thorne, and Brian Fennelly. (Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. 212-501-3330. Oct. 8 at 8.)

JACKIE LECLAIR

Greenwich House's next concert is a recital of modern oboe works performed by one of the instrument's contemporary-music specialists. Leclair has a special purchase on Luciano Berio's frenetic and oddly plaintive "Sequenza VII," for solo oboe: finding herself frustrated by the vagueness of its rhythmic indications, she rewrote the piece with traditional notation, which the composer liked so much that he approved it for publication. The program also includes music by Wuorinen, Knussen, and Allen Shawn. (Renee Weiler Concert Hall, 46 Barrow St. 212-242-4770. Oct. 9 at 8.)

THOMAS QUASTHOFF

Justus Zeyen accompanies the vividly dramatic German baritone for an evening of Schumann ("Dichteliebe" and the Heine "Liederkreis") and Schubert (including "Erlkönig"). (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Oct. 11 at 8.)

WAVE HILL CONCERT SERIES

Those seeking a brief vacation from New York's bustle and grime can find some respite within the city's bounds at this lovely garden estate overlooking the Hudson, which offers concerts as part of its many cultural activities. The pianist Todd Crow and the cellist Mark Shuman begin the season with the first of two Beethoven recitals (including the composer's first and final sonatas for their instruments). (Independence Ave. at W. 249th St., the Bronx. 718-549-3200. Oct. 12 at 2.)

ANDREW MANZE

This smart and daring violinist, a paragon of the early-music movement, offers a program of unaccompanied works by Bach, Telemann, and Tartini (the "Devil's Sonata"). (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Oct. 12 at 5. Tickets, which are free, are distributed one hour before the performance.)

ANDRÁS SCHIFF

A typically overstuffed program from the dynamic and consummately elegant pianist, including music by Bach (the French Suite No. 4, the English Suite No. 6, and the Partita No. 2), Bartók ("Out of Doors"), and Beethoven (the Sonata No. 31 in A-Flat Major). (Carnegie Hall. 212-247-7800. Oct. 13 at 8.)

OUT OF TOWN

BORROMEO STRING QUARTET

The end of summer comes a little late to the Tannery Pond series, which closes with a performance by this polished and commanding young ensemble, who along with two good friends (the pianist Jeremy Denk and the clarinettist Todd Palmer) play music by Mozart and Brahms. (Darrow School, Route 20, New Lebanon, N.Y. 888-820-1696. Oct. 11 at 6.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"OPEN HOUSE NEW YORK"

This weekend festival promises free tours of more than eighty architectural wonders in all five boroughs. Highlights include the opportunity to climb the Neo-Gothic High Bridge Water Tower, in northern Manhattan, view the ornate interior of the Grand Lodge of Masons, in Chelsea, and marvel at the late-nineteenth-century steam engines of the Pratt Institute power plant, in Brooklyn. (For more information, call 917-583-2398 or visit www.ohny.org. Oct. 11-12.)

READINGS

Oct. 10 at 8: The conductor Michael Barrett, the playwright Ken Rus Schmoll, and others celebrate the many endeavors of the late poet Kenneth Koch; the program includes selections from "1000 Avant-Garde Plays," screenings of his films with Rudy Burckhardt, and musical settings of his poetry by the likes of Ned Rorem, William Bolcom, and Virgil Thomson. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 212-854-7799.) ♦ Oct. 13 at 8: Sandra Cisneros reads from her novel "Caramelo," and Maxine Hong Kingston reads from her new book, "The Fifth Book of Peace." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 212-415-5500.)

TALKS

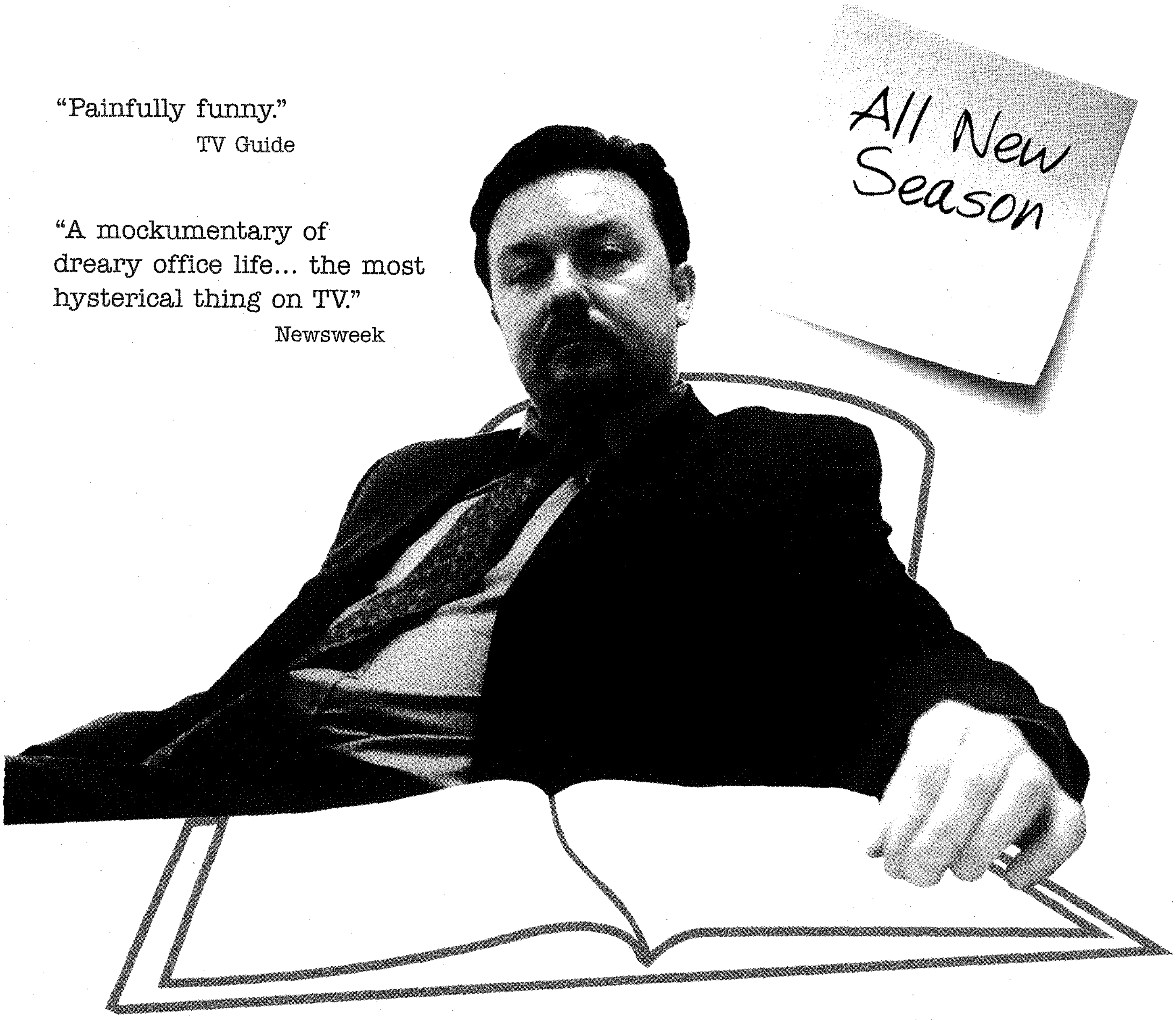
Oct. 8 at 6:30: Loren Schoenberg, a saxophonist, a conductor, and the executive director of the Jazz Museum in Harlem, talks with the singer, pianist, and cabaret legend Bobby Short about his memories of Harlem musicians. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. For reservations, which are required, call 212-534-1672, ext. 207.) ♦ Oct. 8 at 7: Ben Katchor offers an illustrated lecture titled "The Great Museum Cafeterias of the Western World." (Museum of Jewish Heritage, 36 Battery Pl. 212-968-1800.) ♦ Oct. 9 at 7:30: Contributors to *The Onion*, the cartoonists Tom Tomorrow and Ward Sutton, musicians from the Loser's Lounge, and many others gather for "Breaking News," a multimedia, tongue-in-cheek look at contemporary mass media. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S., at Thompson St. For more information, call 212-477-0351.)

the office

“The funniest thing you're likely to see all year.
It's also funnier than anything you saw last year.”
San Francisco Chronicle

“Painfully funny.”
TV Guide

“A mockumentary of
dreary office life... the most
hysterical thing on TV.”
Newsweek



new season premieres Sundays 9pm et/pt, starting October 12th

BBC AMERICA
bbcamerica.com

Get BBC America on digital cable or satellite today.
© BBC America 2003

MOVIES OPENING

BUS 174

A documentary about the hijacking of a commuter bus in Rio de Janeiro in the summer of 2000, directed by José Padilha. In Portuguese. Opening Oct. 8. (Film Forum.)

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

Richard Day wrote and directed this comedy about aspiring actresses in Hollywood, in which the three female leads are played by men. Opening Oct. 10. (Chelsea Cinemas.)

GOOD BOY!

A live-action family comedy about a boy (Liam Aiken) whose dog is actually an alien investigating why Earth canines have not fulfilled their mission of taking over the planet. Voices by Matthew Broderick and Brittany Murphy. Opening Oct. 10.

INTOLERABLE CRUELTY

A comedy written and directed by the Coen brothers, in which George Clooney plays a Los Angeles divorce lawyer who spars with a serial divorcée (Catherine Zeta-Jones.) Also with Cedric the Entertainer and Julia Duffy. Opening Oct. 10.

KILL BILL—VOL. 1

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Oct. 10.

MYSTIC RIVER

Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Oct. 8.

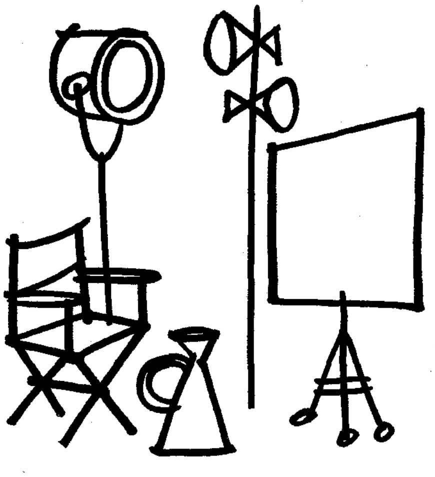
FILM NOTES

AMERICAN SPLENDOR

Well, it's different. Shari Springer Berman and Robert Pulcini, directing together, have made a drama-documentary in which the drama and the documentary look at each other but don't touch. The movie is about Harvey Pekar, a real and rusted-up gentleman from Cleveland. He works as a filing clerk, and his experiences have long been the subject of a comic strip, illustrated by—among others—Robert Crumb. So we get a good dose of Harvey. But we get an even better and funnier dose of Paul Giamatti, who plays an alternative Harvey, and who is framed, or sometimes drawn, in fond imitation of a comic book—the implication being that even the cruddiest lives can, in sympathetic hands, acquire shape and grace. The story, such as it is, moves from Harvey the record collector to Harvey the cancer sufferer to Harvey the chat-show guest. There is terrific supporting work from Hope Davis as Mrs. Pekar and from Judah Friedlander as Harvey's profoundly unusual friend Toby. Mild fame may have patronized these folks, but the movie pays them a comic homage that feels flattering, fast-witted, and true.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 8/18 & 25/03.) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, Empire 25, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Sunshine Cinema.)

ANYTHING ELSE

Better than the last two Woody Allen films, but still not very interesting. Falk (Jason Biggs), a young New York comedy writer, is saddled with a couple of draining relationships: his agent (Danny DeVito) doesn't find him much work yet makes him feel horribly guilty, and his girlfriend, Amanda (Christina Ricci), is a hapless liar and narcissist. When he's not fencing miserably with these two, Falk takes long walks in Central Park with Dobel (Allen), another aspiring comedy writer who's as full of advice as Nestor and Polonius combined. The two men natter on, and the camera moves fluently through the park. The rest of the movie, however, feels like a rather nagging play: people barge in and out of Falk's apartment, crowding against each other in a statically photographed set. We keep waiting for some sort of fiction to take hold, or a character to develop, but young Falk is so bland and accommodating that he hardly seems worth putting at the center of a movie, and Ricci's duplicitous Amanda never changes from one lying moment to another.—*David Denby* (9/29/03) (Battery Park 16, Empire 25, First & 62nd Street Cinema, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)



DIRTY PRETTY THINGS

Okwe (Chiwetel Ejiofor), the African-in-exile hero of Stephen Frears's extraordinary London thriller, drives a cab during the day and works as a desk clerk in a good hotel at night; he keeps himself awake by chewing on some sort of African root. Like Travis Bickle, Robert De Niro's overstimulated psycho in "Taxi Driver," Okwe never really sleeps; unlike Bickle, Okwe is a good man, even a fanatically good man. In four or five frantic days, he tries to save another illegal immigrant, Senay (Audrey Tautou), from the clutches of the cheerfully sinister manager of the hotel in which they both work. Señor Juan (Sergi Lopez), as he's known, offers forged passports to illegals in return for a kidney or some other organ that he can sell on the black market. There are a few grisly scenes in the elegant upper rooms of the hotel, but "Dirty Pretty Things" is not a violent thriller. It might be called a social thriller—a tightly knit suspense film that reveals more of the lives of immigrants in London than the most scrupulously earnest documentaries. The great cinematographer Chris Menges keeps the images cool and crisp. There's no murk, no "atmosphere." However harried, Okwe, a great chess player, has to see every move in advance as he defends himself and his friends from the treachery on all sides.—*D.D.* (9/15/03) (Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Sunshine Cinema, and Sutton 1 and 2.)

IN THIS WORLD

Is it a documentary? Is it a feature film? No, it's a supersensitive short story, long on pain and patience, from the British director Michael Winterbottom. He starts in a Pakistani refugee camp, picks out an Afghan boy named Jamal, seemingly at random, and tracks him to London. Jamal and an older acquaintance, Enayatullah, are smuggled out by road and boat, for a fat fee, in search of a hopeful life. That sounds plotless, but the movie is weirdly taut and harried, as the two Afghans are tracked through ancient, looming landscapes, treated like cargo by the unscrupulous, and, more rarely, honored as welcome strangers. The result is neither a plea nor a lecture, but afterward you will find it hard to view the travails of mass migration with a cold eye. In Pashto, Farsi, and English.—*A.L.* (9/22/03) (34th Street Theatre.)

LA JETÉE

The documentary essayist Chris Marker made this seminal science-fiction short in 1962. It hasn't lost its potency, even for audiences familiar with coiling time-jump narratives or with nonfiction films made up almost entirely of stills. Marker's use of photographs to tell his story transcends purely informational moviemaking: his images suggest unfathomable mysteries of fate and desire. Living in subterranean quarters after a nuclear war, Marker's hero has fixated on the prewar memory of a woman at Orly Airport and a man shot while running toward her. The ruthless scientists of the postapocalyptic future believe that memory can serve as a gateway to time travel. The protagonist proves them correct, first by connecting with the woman at the airport, then by jumping ahead to the future in order to secure a civilization-saving energy device. What complicates the outcome is that he falls in love. The performances within the stills, and Marker's uncanny compositional sense, provide nuances and implications that overflow from each frame. This film is about yearning in all its forms, from the primal urge for survival to the desire for emotional completeness. (Terry Gilliam expanded on Marker's plot in his 1996 feature, "12 Monkeys.") In French.—*Michael Sragow* (Film Forum; Oct. 10-14.)

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Nothing much happens in the new film by the writer-director Sofia Coppola, but she has first-rate abilities as an observer and as a rueful comedian, and much of the movie is sweetly funny and satisfying. In Tokyo, a burned-out American movie star named Bob Harris (Bill Murray) shows up to appear in a whiskey ad. Stranded in a sleekly pompous modern hotel, he can't connect with anything or even sleep, but he does hook up (chastely) with a very young woman, Charlotte (Scarlett Johansson), whose fashion-photographer husband (Giovanni Ribisi) is rapidly slipping away from her. Both Bob and Charlotte are in emotional limbo, and they become an odd, inappropriate couple. Murray has never been this quiet, this wary, this subtly acid before—or this warm, either. The drama of the movie, such as it is, lies in seeing just how much he will respond and when.—*D.D.* (9/15/03) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Twin, 72nd Street East, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE MAGDALENE SISTERS

A scalding picture from Peter Mullan, set in Ireland in the nineteen-sixties. Three girls are sent to a Magdalene Asylum—one of a network of institutions to which wayward young women were consigned by their disapproving families. The asylums were run by Roman Catholic nuns; in this case, the presiding spirit is Sister Bridget (Geraldine McEwan), who counts her money in secret and speaks to her charges with a forked tongue. Finally, the trio of friends—played by Anne-Marie Duff, Dorothy Duffy, and Nora-Jane Noone—make their escape, as if from a prisoner-of-war camp. The system was certainly crushing, but it has inspired Mullan—a fine actor, whose previous film as director, "Orphans," was a scabrous Glaswegian comedy—to deliver his most intemperate work, which lashes out at the Catholic Church with the same hardness of heart that Sister Bridget and her colleagues display in their running of the asylum. You come away from the movie not just convinced but cowed.—*A.L.* (8/11/03) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Sutton 1 and 2.)

MATCHSTICK MEN

Nicolas Cage plays a man called Roy, who is both a head case—paranoid, agoraphobic, eaten up by nervous tics—and a smooth professional con artist. How these two sides mesh is never made clear; the director, Ridley Scott, is perhaps too busy making beautiful patterns out of Southern California sunlight to notice that his hero doesn't add up. Roy and his partner Frank (Sam Rockwell) rip off the unsuspecting, and the entire movie depends on the extent to which they may or may not choose to practice their skills on each other. The scams feel small, however, beside the big news in Roy's life—the reappearance of his daughter, Angela (Alison Lohman), fourteen years old and as tolerantly disposed toward the world as her father is petrified by it. The film, in fact, belongs to Lohman, who is so easy and unaffected that she makes the surrounding players look like freaks. Scott, normally so adept at leaping from one genre to the next, seems torn between the suspense of the con and the gentler demands of a parental love story; Lohman alone is bold enough not to notice the difference.—*A.L.* (9/22/03) (Battery Park 16, Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 2, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

NOBODY'S FOOL

In this 1994 tale of a sixty-year-old upstate New York semi-slacker (Paul Newman), the writer-

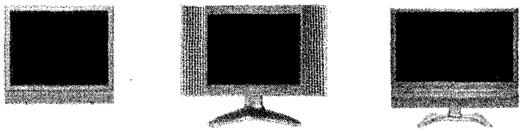
SHARP.

37" Liquid Crystal Television AQUOS™

be provocative

Screen image simulated. *Screen size measured diagonally. ©2003 Sharp Corporation.

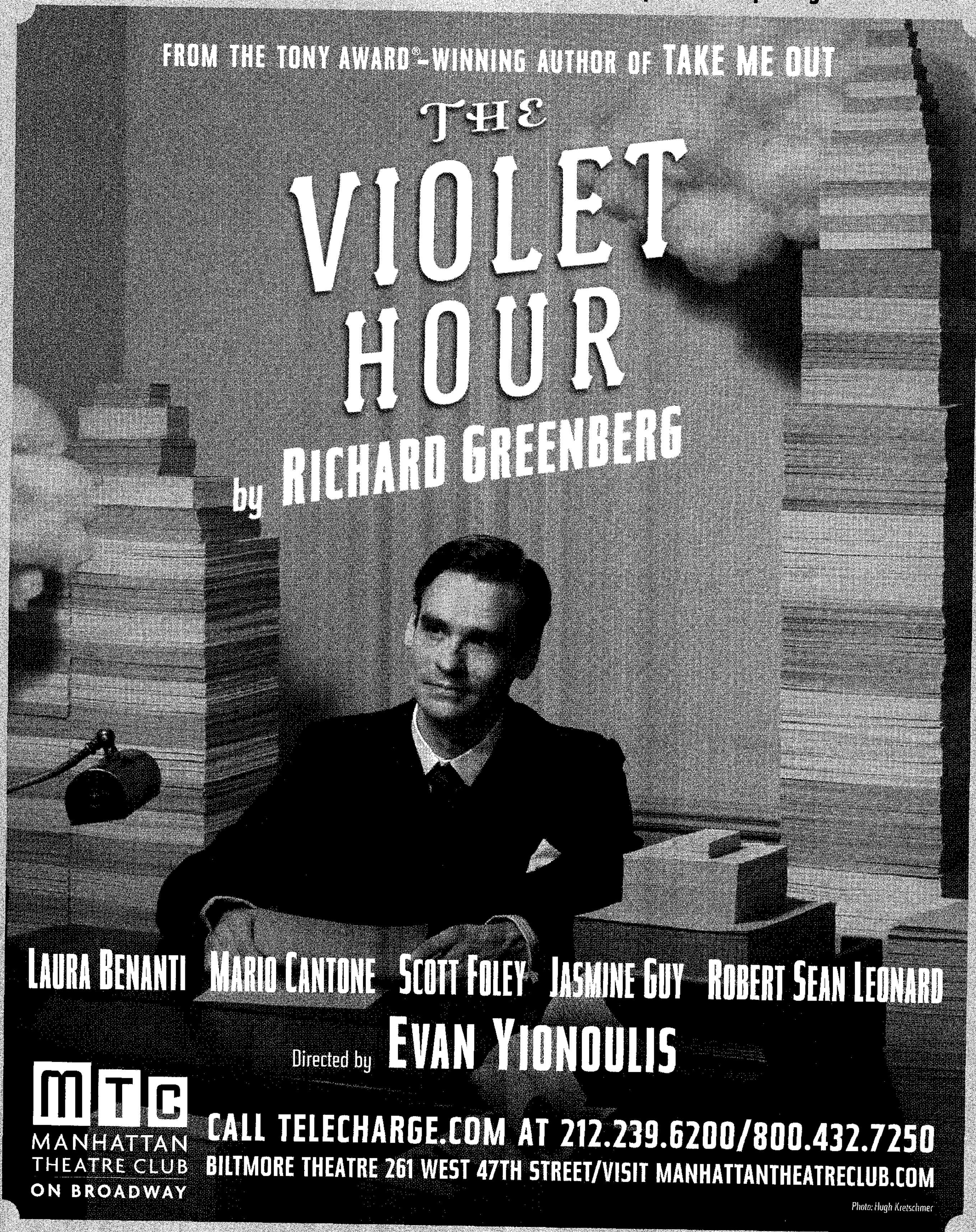
Introducing a television experience like no other. The AQUOS 37" high definition Liquid Crystal TV.* Its high brightness, low reflection screen gives you a vivid picture, even in strong light, while an included AVC unit minimizes cable clutter. Sharp's leadership in liquid crystal technology delivers extraordinary picture quality with the environmental benefits of low watt consumption and a longer product life. AQUOS by Sharp—inspired design for the way you live. To see the full range of sizes and styles visit **sharpusa.com**



be sharp™

SHARP

is proud to be the official Consumer Electronics sponsor of the Manhattan Theatre Club. Stop by MTC's newly renovated Broadway home – The Biltmore Theatre – to see the Sharp AQUOS™ Liquid Crystal Television.



FROM THE TONY AWARD®-WINNING AUTHOR OF TAKE ME OUT

THE VIOLET HOUR

by RICHARD GREENBERG

LAURA BENANTI MARIO CANTONE SCOTT FOLEY JASMINE GUY ROBERT SEAN LEONARD

Directed by EVAN YIONOULIS

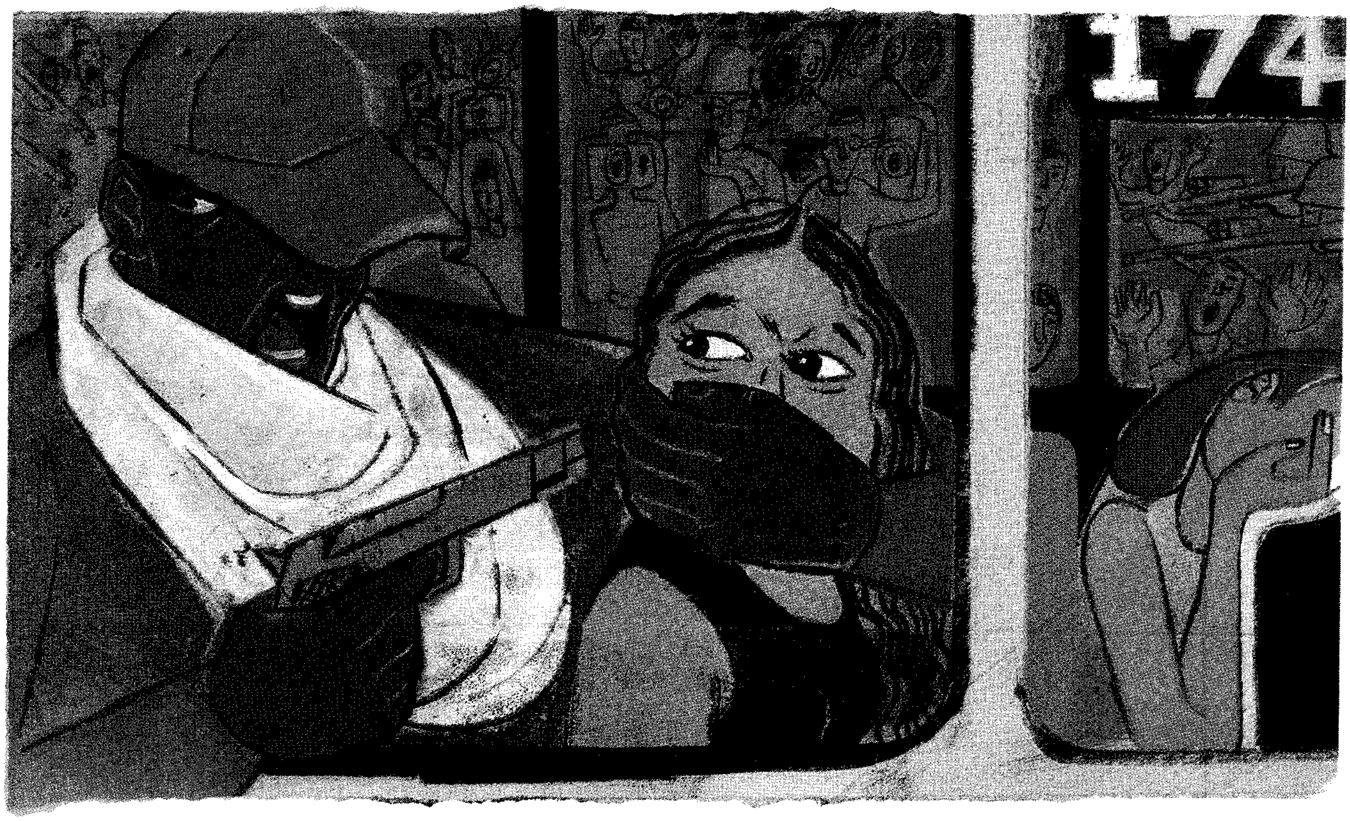
MTC
MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB
ON BROADWAY

CALL TELECHARGE.COM AT 212.239.6200/800.432.7250
BILTMORE THEATRE 261 WEST 47TH STREET/VISIT MANHATTANTHEATRECLUB.COM

Photo: Hugh Kretschmer

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT • OCTOBER 16 TO DECEMBER 21 • 10 WEEKS ONLY!

director Robert Benton, working from Richard Russo's novel, captures a snowy small-town ambience with excruciating exactness and affection. Newman proves to be an unassuming spellbinder as a sometime construction worker who lives so in the moment that he's become a minor master of delay. He must finally confront some past mistakes when his son (Peter Walsh), on the rebound from his own broken marriage, barges back into his life, grandchild in tow. What makes the movie memorable is its feeling for how familiarity breeds warmth—most touchingly in the relationship between Newman's character and his eighth-grade teacher and current landlord (the incandescent Jessica Tandy). The movie is both a star vehicle and an ensemble piece; the other actors revolve around Newman yet give off more than just his reflected light. Benton melds Pruitt Taylor Vince (as Newman's mentally challenged work buddy), Gene Saks (as his lawyer), Bruce Willis (as his sometime boss), and Melanie Griffith (as Willis's wife) into a troupe that wins laughs of recognition with bittersweet bouts of honesty.—*M.S.* (Moving Image; Oct. 12.)



"Bus 174," a documentary about a Rio de Janeiro bus hijacking that was captured on television, opens at Film Forum on October 8.

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

SCHOOL OF ROCK

If you're a fan of Jack Black, your cup runneth over. He's Dewey Finn, a mediocre but enthusiastic guitarist who "serves society by rocking!" In need of cash, Dewey bluffs his way into a substitute-teaching position at an exclusive, private elementary school. At first the job is purgatory, but then it's paradise: some of the fifth graders turn out to be skilled classical musicians, and soon Black begins instructing them in the finer points of power chords. The movie nostalgically celebrates the liberating power of "rock!"—the way it could impart coolness to all true believers. The kids (mostly non-actors) top the charts in adorability, and their acting, for better or worse, belongs to the amateurish tradition of "The Bad News Bears." Mike White's somewhat generic script (for him) sets the stage for Black to cut loose. The actor has a knack for moving his body in funny ways—watch for the double arm wave he does after putting a Stevie Nicks song in the jukebox—and he sings and prances for the camera in a risky and aerobic performance. Joan Cusack offers fine support as the tightly wound principal. Richard Linklater directed, with his trademark touch of conveying milieu: the rocker's van, the school lunchroom, and backstage at the battle of the bands.—*Michael Agger* (Battery Park 16, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, and 19th Street East 6.)

THE STATION AGENT

The writer and director Tom McCarthy has turned his attention to a New Jersey backwater and come up with something lyrical, taciturn, and stripped of sentimentality. Peter Dinklage plays Fin, a dwarf who inherits a cabinlike home beside a railroad track in Morris County, Newfoundland. Fin loves trains and not much else—hardly surprising, given that the world has shown him little more than a laugh and a sneer—and he is none too thrilled when his quiet space is invaded. Over time, though, he warms to the invaders: Joe (Bobby Cannavale), loud and lonely, who sells coffee and hot dogs from a neighboring van, and Olivia (Patricia Clarkson), a painter, still mourning the loss of a young son. The three of them fall in with one another, then fall out, then gradually fall back in; like some of the best short stories, the picture evades grandeur, mature enough to linger on what nearly happens. None of the central performers put a foot wrong, and McCarthy takes care not to insist that small is beautiful; rather, he and Dinklage leave us reflecting that small can be angry, tired, and tough.—*A.L.* (10/6/03) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

THIRTEEN

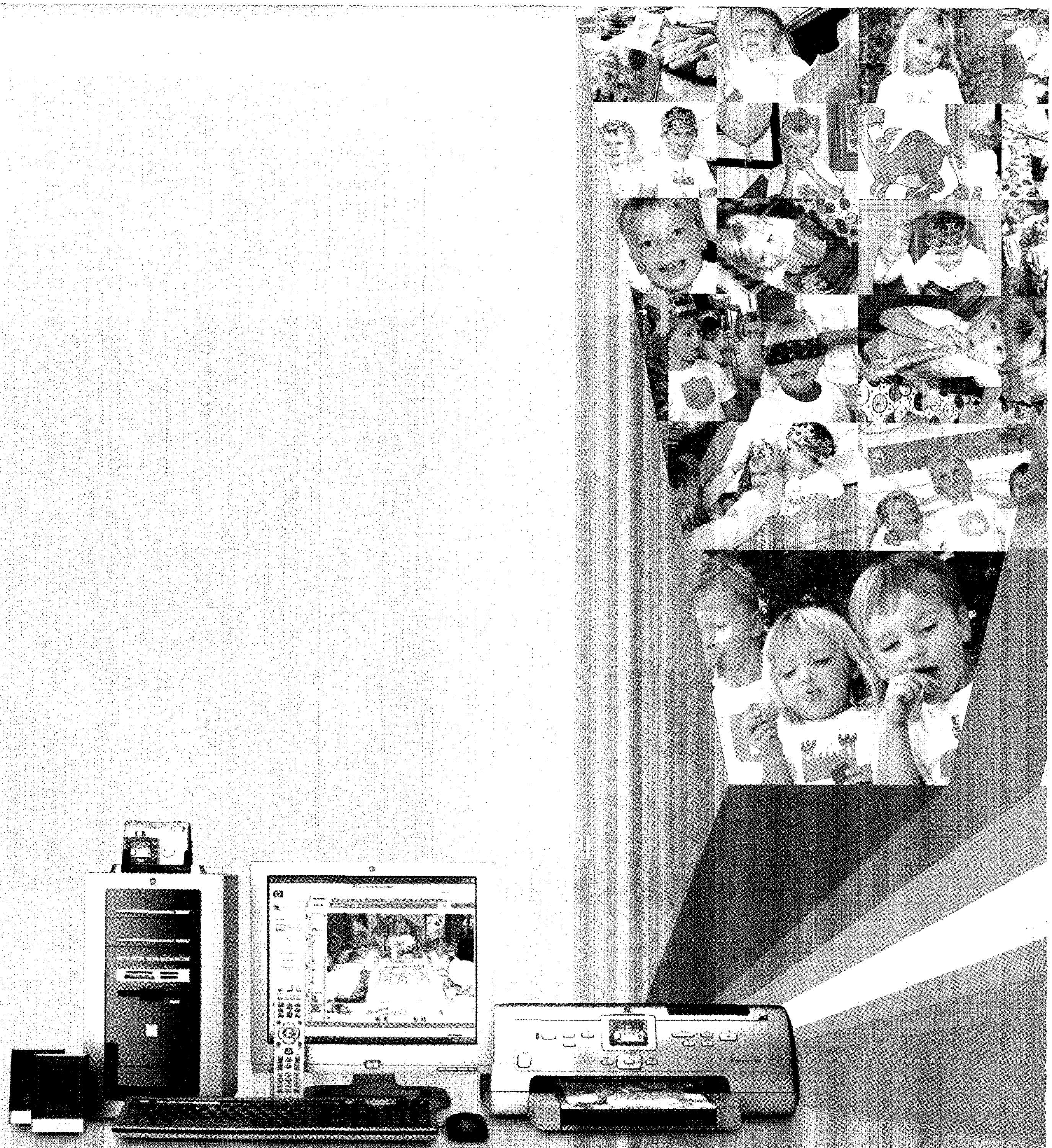
Evan Rachel Wood is Trace, a Los Angeles junior-high-schooler going nuts from being thirteen. Nikki Reed is Evie, the fast, knowing, cat-eyed girl Trace develops a crush on. The two cruise the shops on Melrose Avenue, buying or stealing what they need, and they dress for school like baby whores. This sensational (in both senses) independent feature, directed by the former set designer Catherine Hardwicke and shot by the ace cameraman Elliot Davis, is an emotionally coherent work about incoherent longing—the girls abuse themselves and others and run from one extreme emotion to another. The movie is so absorbing and intelligent that you don't feel repelled by the destructiveness of what they do. With Holly Hunter in a brave performance as Mel, Trace's forty-fiveish mother, who is herself a kind of teen-ager. Nikki Reed poured a lot of her own disasters into the script, which was written in collaboration with Hardwicke.—*D.D.* (9/1/03) (Empire 25, 19th Street East 6, 62nd & Broadway, and Sunshine Cinema.)

TO BE AND TO HAVE

Lean, quick, and devastatingly adroit at the age of fifty-five, the teacher Georges Lopez presides over a one-room schoolhouse in this marvellous documentary shot in the Auvergne region of France. Monsieur Lopez divides the children, ages three to eleven, into three groups, and enforces strict discipline. No one could call his methods progressive; no one could call them ineffective, either. Watching the intensity of his work from moment to moment, child by child, is a demonstration of craft exercised on a level at which skill and love have become indistinguishable. The filmmaker Nicolas Philibert brings the same kind of dedication to his own work. The children are great, unwary camera subjects, and Philibert gives us beautifully composed views of them, granting us enough time to observe each child closely, imagine his circumstances, and see what he does or doesn't learn. The documentary is a deeply satisfying aesthetic and pedagogic experience, though Americans may wonder how such terrific children can become such irritating adults. In French.—*D.D.* (9/29/03) (Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

UNDER THE TUSCAN SUN

A soft-core renovation fantasy for educated women. Frances (Diane Lane), a San Francisco writer and teacher dumped by her adulterous husband, goes on a bus tour of Tuscany and falls in love with a crumbling old villa. After many blissfully undramatic episodes—an ancient wall falls down, a toilet mysteriously emits boiling water—the house gets scraped, plastered, painted, and gardened back into shape. It's Frances's life, of course, that really needs work. Luckily, in Rome, she finds Marcello (Raoul Bova)—yard-wide shoulders, blue eyes, all of Italian manhood in a white suit—and drives off with him in his Alfa Romeo convertible. There's a lot more of this sort of harmless, pleasant, inconsequential stuff, with much of it redeemed by the good humor of the writer-director Audrey Wells, who serves up clichés and makes fun of them at the same time. With Sandra Oh as a sharp-tongued Bay

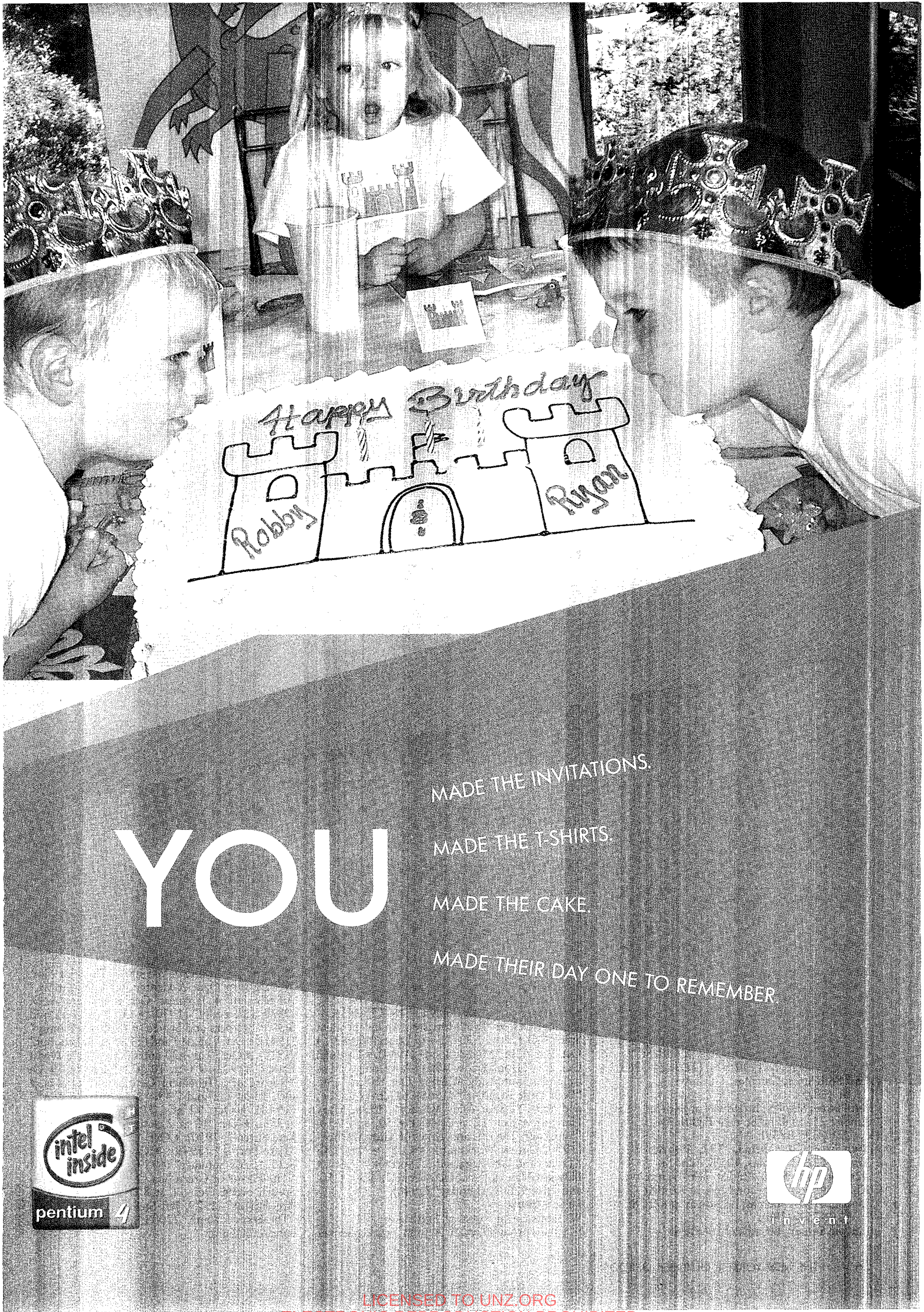


[illegible] CENTER PHOTOSMART [illegible]
[illegible] DIGITAL CAMERA AND HP PHOTOSMART 7960 PHOTO PRINTER

[illegible] share them [illegible] after shooting pictures with the HP Photosmart 935 [illegible] Media Center Photosmart [illegible] powered by the Intel® Pentium® 4 Processor with HT Technology [illegible] automatically organizes your photos [illegible] can also e-mail them to friends and family. And with the [illegible] you can put those photos [illegible] from T-shirts to calendars. Be Photosmart.

[illegible] or visit your local retailer or go to www.hp.com/go/bephotosmart.

[illegible] is required. Monitor and speakers not included [illegible] sold separately. The hyper-threading feature is new technology designed to improve [illegible] please contact your software provider to determine [illegible] compatibility. Not all customers or software applications will benefit from the use of [illegible] Internet service [illegible] required. Please purchase separately. Photosmart is a trademark of the Hewlett-Packard [illegible] Intel Inside Logo and Pentium are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. [illegible] of Microsoft Corporation in the [illegible] © 2003 Hewlett-Packard Development Company, L.P.


Happy Birthday
Robby
Ryan
YOU
MADE THE INVITATIONS.
MADE THE T-SHIRTS.
MADE THE CAKE.
MADE THEIR DAY ONE TO REMEMBER.
intel inside
pentium 4
hp
invent

Area lesbian friend of Frances's who arrives in Tuscany to have a baby.—*D.D.* (9/29/03) (Battery Park 16, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Village East Cinemas.)

WONDERLAND

This is not the story of John Holmes, the pasha of porno, who bestrode the world of the skin flick with an ease and authority that made life pretty interesting for anybody lying underneath. Instead, it is the story of what Holmes did next—his greasy twilight, in the early nineteen-eighties, when his demeanor and daily routine became no more savory than that of any other cokehead. He was mixed up in a multiple murder, the savagery of which is pressed upon us, and the moral consequence of which appears to be "Stick to blue movies and stay off drugs." Why the director, James Cox, should expect us to leap on this sorry saga with enthusiasm is a mystery, and, as if worried by the grind of his narrative, he tries to chop and chivvy it into a state of high excitement. Holmes is played by Val Kilmer, so thoroughly spaced out that he could slip without noticing into another movie, or, for that matter, another galaxy.—*A.L.* (10/6/03) (Lincoln Square and Union Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

CASA DE LOS BABYS

BAM Rose Cinemas, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Union Square.

DUPLEX

Battery Park 16, Cinema 1, East 86th Street Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.

OUT OF TIME

Battery Park 16, Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.

SCARFACE

Empire 25.

TIBET: CRY OF THE SNOW LION

Village East Cinemas.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 212-777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Battery Park 16, West St. at Vesey St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363).
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (212-398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (212-757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 66th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
Sunshine Cinema, 139-143 E. Houston St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

Catherine Zeta-Jones and George Clooney in "Intolerable Cruelty."

JOHN RITTER

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE

35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Oct. 12: A Robert Benton retrospective. Oct. 11 at 2: "Places in the Heart" (1984). ♦ Oct. 11 at 4:30: "Still of the Night" (1982). ♦ Oct. 12 at 2: "Nobody's Fool" (†). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4:30: "Twilight" (1998). ♦ Repertory nights. Oct. 11-12 at 6:30: "Orpheus" (1949, Jean Cocteau; in French).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS

30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Through Oct. 9: "Paul Morrissey: An Independent Spirit." Oct. 8 at 7:30: "Forty Deuce" (1982). ♦ Oct. 9 at 7:30: "Mixed Blood" (1984). ♦ Through Oct. 28: "I Don't Know What I Am Doing," films by and about Andy Warhol. Oct. 10 at 7:30: "Poor Little Rich Girl" (1965). ♦ Oct. 11 at 3, 6, and 9:10: "I Shot Andy Warhol" (1996, Mary Harron). ♦ Oct. 12 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Superstar: The Life and Times of Andy Warhol" (1990, Chuck Workman). ♦ Oct. 14 at 7:30: "Tarzan and Jane Regained . . . Sort Of" (1963). ♦ Howard Hawks films. Oct. 13 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "His Girl Friday" (1940).

FILM FORUM

W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (212-727-8110)—Through Oct. 9: A John Frankenheimer retrospective. Oct. 8 at 2 and 7: "The Iceman Cometh" (1973). ♦ Oct. 9 at 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:40, and 9:50: "French Connection II" (1975). ♦ Two films by Chris Marker. Oct. 10-14 at 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30: "La Jetée" (†) and "Sans Soleil" (1982).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL

55 E. 59th St. (212-355-6160)—The films of the actress Jane Birkin. Oct. 14 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "The Same Old Song" (1998, Alain Resnais; in French).

GRAMERCY THEATRE

127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900)—Through Oct. 17: "John Mills: Forever English." Oct. 9 at 3:30: "The Rocking Horse Winner" (1949, Anthony Pelissier). ♦ Oct. 9 at 6: "Tiger Bay" (1959, J. Lee Thompson). ♦ Oct. 10 at 2: "The History of Mr. Polly" (1949, Pelissier). ♦ Oct. 12 at 7: "The Colditz Story" (1955, Guy Hamilton). ♦ Oct. 13 at 8:15: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969, Richard Attenborough). ♦ Through Oct. 13: "Dark Lover: Screening Rudolph Valentino." Oct. 11 at 8:15: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921, Rex Ingram). ♦ Oct. 12 at 2: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924, Sidney Olcott). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4: "Cobra" (1925, Joseph Henabery). ♦ Oct. 13 at 4: "The Son of the Sheik" (1926, George Fitzmaurice).

THE NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL

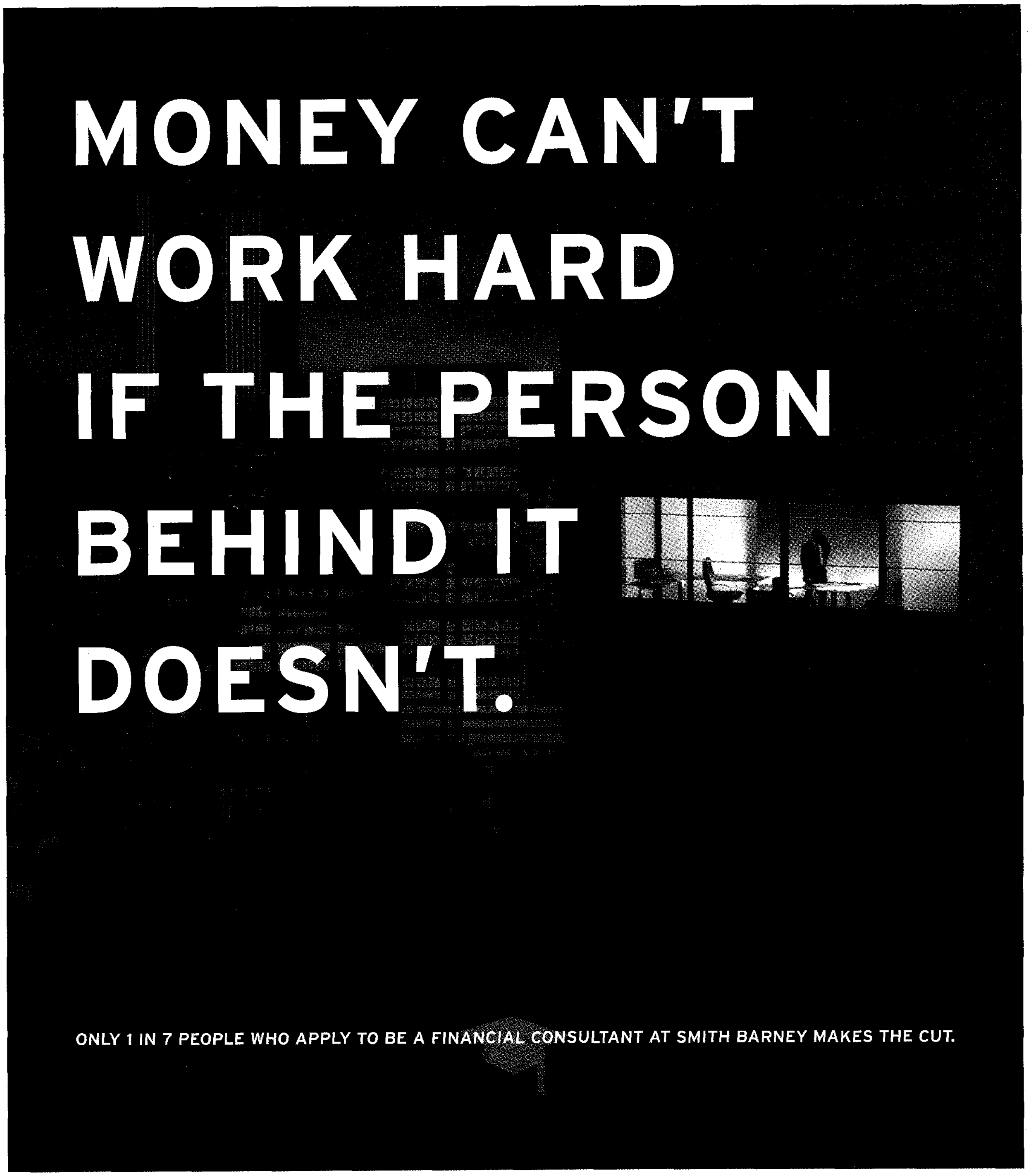
Lincoln Center (212-875-5050)—Through Oct. 19: The forty-first year of the festival; most screenings take place at Alice Tully Hall. Oct. 8 at 6 and Oct. 9 at 9:15: "Young Adam" (2003, David Mackenzie). ♦ Oct. 8 at 9 and Oct. 9 at 6: "The Flower of Evil" (2003, Claude Chabrol; in French). ♦ Oct. 10 at 6 and Oct. 11 at 3:30: "Good Morning, Night" (2003, Marco Bellocchio; in Italian). ♦ Oct. 10 at 9:15 and Oct. 11 at 12:30: "Elephant" (2003, Gus Van Sant). ♦ Oct. 11 at 6:30 and Oct. 12 at 2: "The Fog of War" (2003, Errol Morris). ♦ Oct. 11 at 9:15 and Oct. 12 at 5: "Free Radicals" (2003, Barbara Albert). ♦ Oct. 12 at 8:15: "Bright Leaves" (2003, Ross McElwee). ♦ Oct. 13 at 6 and Oct. 14 at 9: "Since Otar Left" (2003, Julie Bertuccelli; in French). ♦ Oct. 13 at 9 and Oct. 14 at 6: "Crimson Gold" (2003, Jafar Panahi; in Farsi).

SUNSHINE CINEMA

139-143 E. Houston St. (212-358-0573)—Midnight movies. Oct. 10-11: "The Lost Boys" (1987, Joel Schumacher).

WALTER READE THEATRE

Lincoln Center (212-875-5600)—Through Nov. 5: "Yasujiro Ozu: A Centennial Celebration." All films are in Japanese. Oct. 8 at 2 and 6:30: "Walk Cheerfully" (1930). ♦ Oct. 8 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941). ♦ Oct. 9 at 2:15 and 6:30: "I Flunked, But" (1930). ♦ Oct. 9 at 4:30 and 8:45: "There Was a Father" (1942). ♦ Oct. 10 at 2:30, 6, and 9:30: "Record of a Tenement Gentleman" (1947). ♦ Oct. 10 at 4:15 and 7:45: "A Hen in the Wind" (1948). ♦ Oct. 12 at 1:30: "The Only Son" (1936). ♦ Oct. 13 at 2 and 6:30: "The Munekata Sisters" (1950). ♦ Oct. 13 at 4:15 and 8:50: "Late Spring" (1949). ♦ Oct. 14 at 3:45 and 8:30: "Early Summer" (1951). ♦ Oct. 14 at 6:15: "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952). ♦ Special event. Oct. 11 at 8 and 11: "The Kids Are Alright" (1979, Jeff Stein). ♦ Oct. 12 at 4: "The Best of Youth" (2003, Marco Tullio Giordana; in Italian).


MONEY CAN'T WORK HARD IF THE PERSON BEHIND IT DOESN'T.
ONLY 1 IN 7 PEOPLE WHO APPLY TO BE A FINANCIAL CONSULTANT AT SMITH BARNEY MAKES THE CUT.

Get up earlier. Move faster. Think harder. Effectively managing wealth takes mettle. Sheer will and determination. These are the qualities that separate a good Financial Consultant from a great one, and the substance we look for in every FC we hire. Our Financial Consultants are required to go through one of the most rigorous training programs in the industry. Call it hard work. Call it sweat equity. Call it what you want. Real money cannot be earned, or managed, without it. www.smithbarney.com **THIS IS WHO WE ARE. THIS IS HOW WE EARN IT.℠**

SMITH BARNEY
citigroup

© 2003 Citigroup Global Markets Inc. All rights reserved. Member SIPC. Smith Barney is a division and service mark of Citigroup Global Markets Inc. and its affiliates and is used and registered throughout the world. CITIGROUP and the Umbrella Device are trademarks and service marks of Citicorp or its affiliates and are used and registered throughout the world. THIS IS WHO WE ARE. THIS IS HOW WE EARN IT. is a service mark of Citigroup Global Markets Inc.

Advertisement

"I'd have to come alone – the eighteenth is his Porsche's fortieth."

Join us at your authorized dealer October 18 to celebrate 40 years of the Porsche 911.

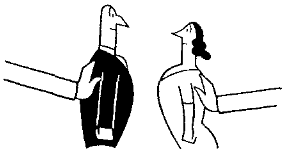
PORSCHE

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

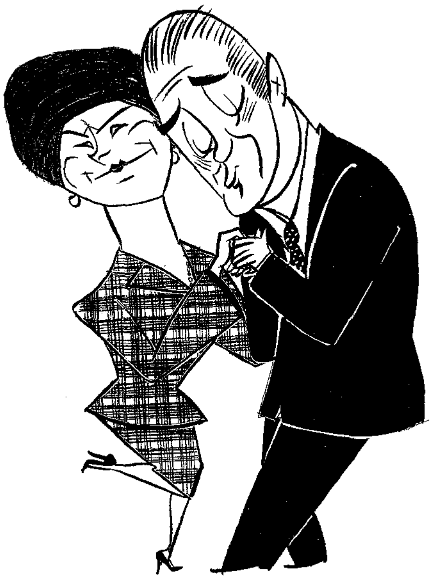
COMMENT
FRENCH KISSING



The other morning dawned for the bleary-eyed average New York newspaper reader with a somewhat startling pair of stop-motion photographs. The front page of the *Post* showed Laura Bush having her hand bussed by Jacques Chirac, the President of France, during her trip to Paris, and the look on her face—or, rather, the absence of any look on her face—was, as they used to say, a study. "LAURA BRAVES WEASEL KISS!" ran the headline. On the front page of the *Times* was a photo taken just seconds later. Mrs. Bush's face was still a study, but this time it conveyed a certain goofy and winning bafflement, as if she were thinking, What's he doing down there? rather than, How dare he?

The weird thing about this is that hand kissing isn't really much of a French manner or affectation. A woman who has lived in France off and on for a decade says that she is sure that the only two men who ever kissed her hand were a radically pro-American philosopher and Oscar de la Renta, and he isn't even French. (The Italians are the hand kissers, if anyone is, while "kissing of hands" is the British term of art for becoming Prime Minister.) What the French actually go in for, in a big, confusing way, is double-cheek kissing—this one, then that one—a practice that has, over the years, left many a Texan woman turning awkwardly away from a welcoming Frenchman and his kiss just when she ought to have been readying her left cheek for the *retour*. A photograph of Mrs. Bush ducking the double or even triple peck (this one, that one, this one again), like Sugar Ray Robinson ducking a combination punch, would have been infinitely more characteristic.

It was evident to any veteran of French kissing that Chirac had been so eager to bridge the gap between the two countries that he was acting like a French guy for Mrs. Bush's benefit. That is, he was acting like what he imagined her idea of a French guy was—trying to play down the perfidy by acting gallant, not knowing that this kind of gallantry is exactly what we mean by perfidy. The essential sadness of the moment was doubled for anyone who knows that, of all the Presidents in the history of the French Republic, Chirac is by nature and nurture the most American—a man who boasts endlessly about the summer he spent when he was twenty years old studying at Harvard and working as a soda jerk at Howard Johnson and courting a Southern sweetheart who called him "honey chile." He gave Laura Bush the full Charles Boyer treatment because he thought that it might suit the part and lift the occasion.


Laura Bush and Jacques Chirac

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM BACHTELL

After all, for the past few months or so Chirac and his foreign minister, Dominique de Villepin, have been trying to make it plain that their role model is not Marshal Pétain in 1940 but President de Gaulle in 1961, when he warned President Kennedy that a war in Indochina was going to be harder than it looked. Chirac, too, wants to be the one who tried to tell the Americans that they were about to make a military blunder. In this, he was not being particularly French. He was being diplomatic. In the most recent event, Chirac, like Jackie Kennedy—who went to Paris with her husband in 1961—

only in reverse, was using charm and personal appeal and strategically applied smooches to try to turn a foe into a friend.

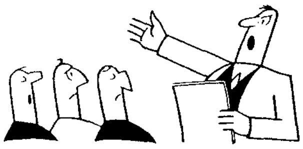
The Bush Administration has been conducting a kind of long-term experiment in what it would be like to have a foreign policy without any diplomacy at all. Even the President, in his recent appearance before the United Nations General Assembly, seemed to sense the dead end implicit in this approach: it's hard to tell the rest of the world that, if it doesn't do what you want it to, you'll just take your ball and go home when you've already done that. The art of diplomacy isn't forcing people to do what you like. It's persuading people to do what they don't like. It is organized hypocrisy for the sake of the common good. The Kennedys didn't go to Paris to reward the French for being sympathetic and accommodating. They went because the French were being balky and difficult, and after their trip de Gaulle was marginally but crucially less so.

The real question isn't why the French are the way they are but, rather, why so many other people are now like the French. A good piece of advice for the weasel-bashers would be that, every time France makes their blood boil, they should substitute the magically pacifying word "Canada." For the truth is that the Canadians—who, last time we checked, kissed a woman's hand only when they couldn't get at her face through all the winter wear—have virtually the same policy of emphatic non-participation in the war on Iraq. (The Canadian foreign minister, Bill Graham, in a meeting with Colin Powell, had made the same points that Chirac made at the U.N., but no one seems to have noticed.) The great majority of countries and people in what used to be called the "free world" don't oppose us because they are weasels or because they come from Venus or because they have read too much Kant. They have their own interests, but they oppose us because they think that we are wrong. If we're going to get anywhere with the rest of the world, we might try shaking fewer fists and kissing some more hands ourselves, even at the price of sometimes looking silly in the papers.

—*Adam Gopnik*

THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL

THE "D" WORD



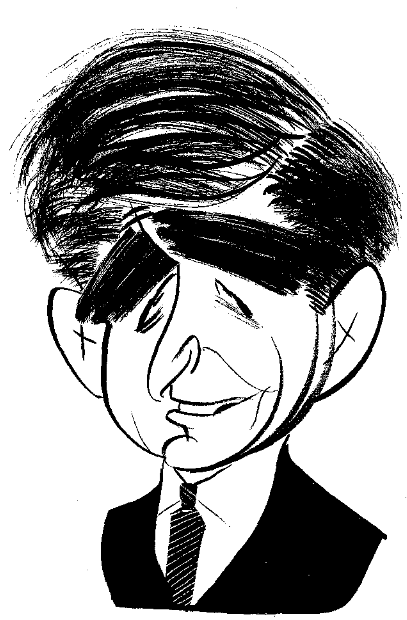
Howard Dean, the putative Democratic front-runner, may be gathering strength around the country, but in Washington, D.C., political professionals have tended to see him as a sure loser, a reincarnation of the Democrats' disastrous 1988 nominee, Michael Dukakis. Many commentators have suggested that Dean bears the markings of a Dukakis liberal. Certainly, Republicans would like to think so. One Republican operative has even coined a political verb, promising to "Dukakisize" the Democratic candidate, whoever it turns out to be.

One Democrat who has not found these comparisons particularly amusing is the former standard-bearer himself, the original Michael Dukakis. Reached by phone at home, in Brookline, Massachusetts, on a recent Sunday afternoon, Dukakis, the former governor of Massachusetts, who now teaches political science at Northeastern, took a moment to clarify the record. It would appear that Howard Dean should not be called a Dukakis liberal, for one simple reason: Dean was among those who declined to endorse Dukakis's Presidential bid when it mattered most, back in the early spring of 1988, and the reason, Dukakis said, was that Dean, who was then lieutenant governor of Vermont, "thought I was too liberal for him."

"Hell no, it doesn't bother me," Dukakis said, with a touch of forced jollity, when he was asked about the irony of this. "But no one then thought of Howard Dean as a liberal. He was a moderate Democrat. I'm a progressive Democrat." Although Dukakis said that he has got over the slight, he still sounded a bit prickly when it came to judging Dean's record. "He was a pretty good governor," Dukakis said. At the time, he added, Dean's endorsement wouldn't have made much difference; the governor of Vermont, Madeleine Kunin, a Democrat, had endorsed Dukakis. But Dean chose instead to head up the Vermont committee for Richard Gephardt, who was also seeking the nomination that year.

Bill Carrick, Gephardt's campaign manager in 1988 and a media consultant for him now, recalls seeking Dean's support fifteen years ago, during a visit to Vermont. "I met him in his office, the doctor's office. We went from there over to his house. He had his brain trust gathered there. We had a conversation in which Howard said he thought that Dick was a little too liberal for him, but he *knew* that Dukakis was *way* too liberal for him. So he was more comfortable endorsing Dick."

Up in Burlington, members of the Dean for America campaign declined to discuss Dean's reasons for opposing Dukakis in the past. Kathy Hoyt, Dean's former chief of staff, noted that after the Vermont primary in 1988, which Dukakis won, Lieutenant Governor Dean did support Dukakis, who was by then the presumptive nominee.



Michael Dukakis

This year, Dukakis has decided to support not Dean but his own former lieutenant governor, Senator John Kerry. "We've worked together a long time," Dukakis said. "He was a terrific lieutenant governor. I think we need someone absolutely solid on the foreign-policy and national-security side. He has a special strength there."

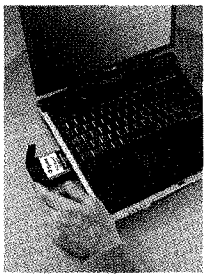
But if Howard Dean is no Michael Dukakis, John Kerry is apparently not

AT&T Wireless works.

average
20–40 Kbps

Sprint works nearly twice as fast.

average
50–70 Kbps

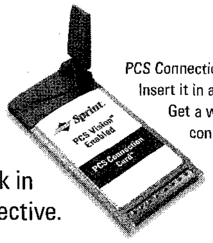


Your business can get more done, faster, in more places nationwide with the Sprint advanced wireless network.

Compared with the AT&T Wireless Next Generation network, **Sprint** gives you:

- Laptop connections nearly twice as fast
- *30% larger coverage area*
- Over 30 million more people covered

All of this and, of course, clear calls on the most complete, all-digital wireless network in the nation to make your business more effective.



PCS Connection Card.™
Insert it in a laptop.
Get a wireless connection.

Get the facts at www.sprintpcs.com or call 877-459-8144 for a PCS Business Representative.

Sprint®

One Sprint. Many Solutions.℠

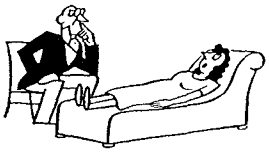
Voice/Data | PCS Wireless | Internet Services | E-Business Solutions | Managed Services

Speed claims based on published averages from each carrier and other information. Realized speeds will vary based on devices, tasks and other factors. Coverage claims based on the enhanced Sprint Nationwide PCS Network (reaching 240 million people) and the AT&T Wireless National Next Generation (GPRS) network and coverage included with available service plans excluding roaming areas. Copyright ©2003 Sprint Spectrum L.P. All rights reserved. Sprint and the diamond logo are trademarks of Sprint Communications Company L.P.

anxious to be seen as one, either. Last year, almost as soon as he announced his intention to run for the White House, Kerry made one thing clear. "I am not Michael Dukakis," he said, "and Michael Dukakis is not me, and the first person who would tell you that is Michael Dukakis."

—*Jane Mayer*

THE HUMAN CONDITION
AGELESS, GUILTLESS



The second-most-influential psychotherapist of the twentieth century, by the reckoning of the American Psychological Association, turned ninety last month. His name is Albert Ellis, and, in case you didn't know, he is the founder of Rational-Emotive Behavior Therapy, or REBT, and the author of more than seventy books, including "Sex Without Guilt," "Sex and the Liberated Man," "The Case for Promiscuity," and "How to Stubbornly Refuse to Make Yourself Miserable About Anything—Yes, Anything!" Ellis started out as a psychoanalyst, in 1947, but soon decided that exploring his patients' childhood traumas had "nothing to do with the price of spinach." By the mid-fifties, he had devised his own method, based on the premise, set forth by the Stoic philosopher Epictetus, that people are disturbed not by what happens to them but by their view of what happens to them, and also on his personal observation that, as he said the other day, "all humans are out of their fucking minds—every single one of them."

About two hundred humans turned up at the Albert Ellis Institute, whose headquarters are in a six-story town house on East Sixty-fifth Street, to celebrate the founder's birth with a day of workshops and symposiums, followed by a catered shindig. Ellis is thin and birdlike, with a prominent nose, and he wears large, black-framed glasses. His voice is high and nasal, and when he gets excited it swoops from a goosey honk to a gullish screech. A gastrointestinal infection almost killed him last year, but now he seemed in fine form. Throughout the day, he held forth on a range of topics, from tolerance ("I don't damn any person, including Stalin, Hitler, and President Bush") to self-esteem ("the worst sickness known to man or woman, because it says, 'I did well, therefore I am good,' which means that when I do badly—back to shithood for me") and aging ("None of us can change the fact that we're going to get older and die—too fucking bad").

Ellis spoke about the "bad things" that happened to him during his childhood, in the Bronx, and about how they led to his early experiments in rational thinking. During a ten-month hospitalization for nephritis, which he got when he was four and a half, he eased his anxiety and loneliness by telling himself, "If I die, I die—fuck it—it's not the end of the world." When he was five, his parents found him naked with their neighbors' five-year-old daughter, playing a clever game with a funnel and a bottle of milk. "That was my first great heterosexual love—a little beauty, a blond bombshell," Ellis said. "But then her parents moved away and wouldn't even tell us where they were moving. So, for a while, I was a very depressed child. But I was still able to use the coping statement 'There will be other women, and I can always have good times with them.' " At nineteen, Ellis tried an experiment to conquer his fear of rejection: he hung around the Bronx Botanical Garden, and, whenever he saw a girl on her own, forced himself to start a conversation. "I got to be one of the best picker-uppers of women in the United States, and finally started making it with them, a lot," he said.

That evening, shrinks drank white wine, talked shop, and spoke about Ellis's contributions to the profession. The consensus was that his ideas, and his technique of confronting clients with their irrational thoughts, gave birth to the cognitive-behavioral approach that dominates psychotherapy today. "He recognized that we're all fallible, which is something I try to communicate to my clients," a psychologist named Marjy Ehmer said. "Though I don't think it's necessary to tell them that they're 'fucking' fallible."

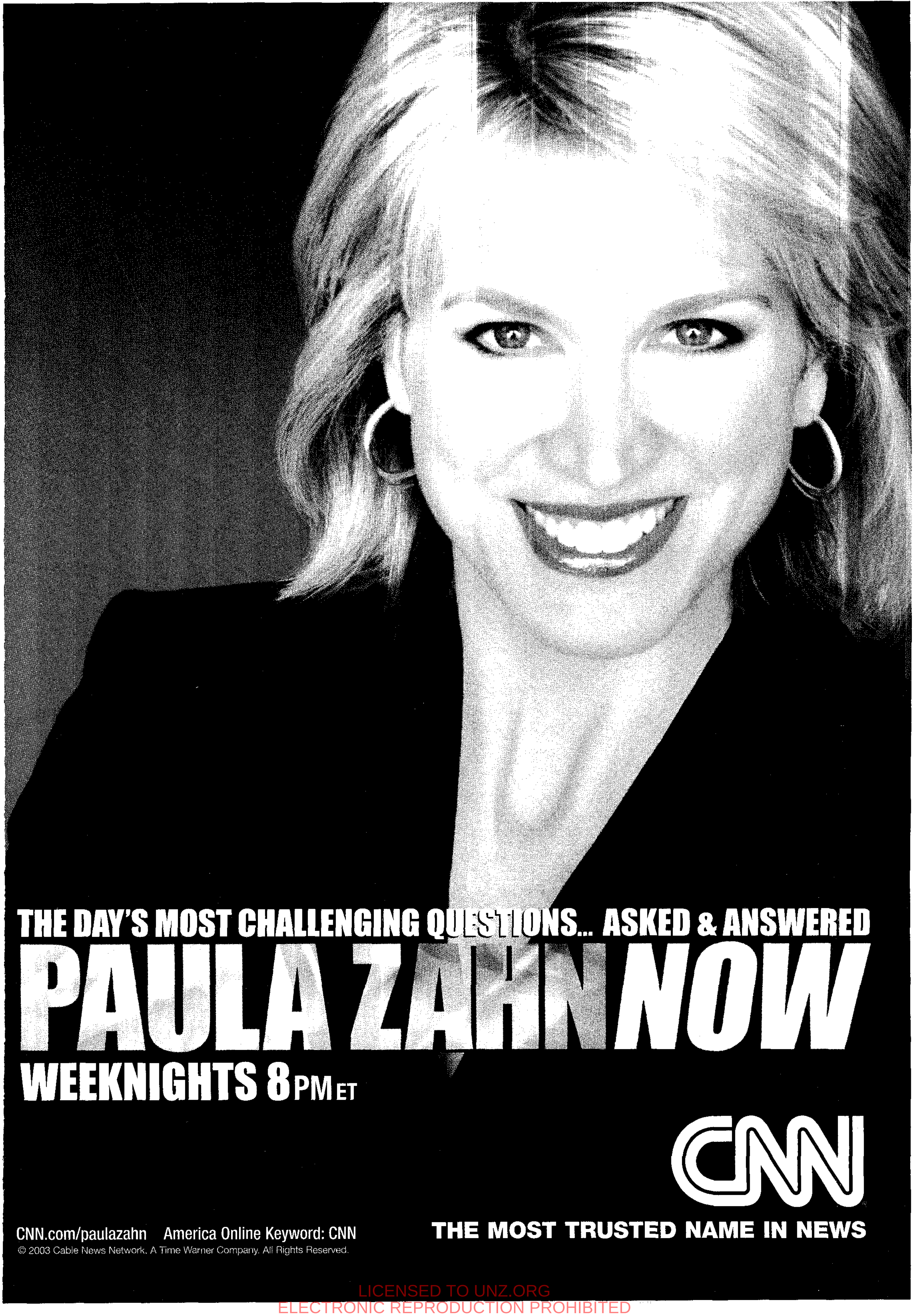
Up in his office, Ellis, dressed in a burgundy silk shirt, gray pants, and thin black socks, took his ease, pashalike, in a leather recliner, and received well-wishers. His assistant, Debbie Joffe, an energetic blond research fellow from Australia, repeated whatever anyone said into a wireless amplifier that beamed directly to Ellis's hearing aid. One woman told him that he should learn how to read lips. Someone else mentioned that, in the Off Broadway play "Trumbo," he is referred to as "the greatest humanitarian since Gandhi." In both cases, Ellis smiled and said, "Could be." Nicole Kidman was there, of course, in a low-cut black number and sling-back heels. She had come with her father, Tony, who is an Ellis disciple. "You look wonderful," Kidman said.

"She says you look wonderful, Al," Debbie said slowly, in a loud voice.

"Thanks—you look O.K., too," Ellis said.

Later, with a white scarf that had been blessed by the Dalai Lama draped around his neck, Ellis listened to congratulatory messages from Michael Bloomberg, Chuck Schumer, and the Clintons, among others. Someone read an e-mail from President Bush, then handed the printout to Ellis, who glanced at it and let it drop to the floor. There were toasts, too. Janet Wolfe, who lived with Ellis in an open relationship for thirty-seven years (she moved out last year), called him a "closet mensch."

Since nearly dying last year, Ellis has written two books, and he has been collecting "thousands of articles about how stupid people are" as research for a third, tentatively titled "A History of the Dark Ages: The Twenty-first Century." He continues to refuse to make himself miserable about anything—yes, anything. He would like to have a romantic partner, and would prefer that other therapists not pass off his ideas as their own, but, he said, "I don't get angry or upset or depressed about it. That's the human condition—too damn bad." Ellis bears no grudge toward the man who beat him out for the top spot on the A.P.A.'s influential-psychotherapist list (that would be Carl Rogers), but he had no kind words for the "bigot" who came



THE DAY'S MOST CHALLENGING QUESTIONS... ASKED & ANSWERED

PAULA ZAHN NOW

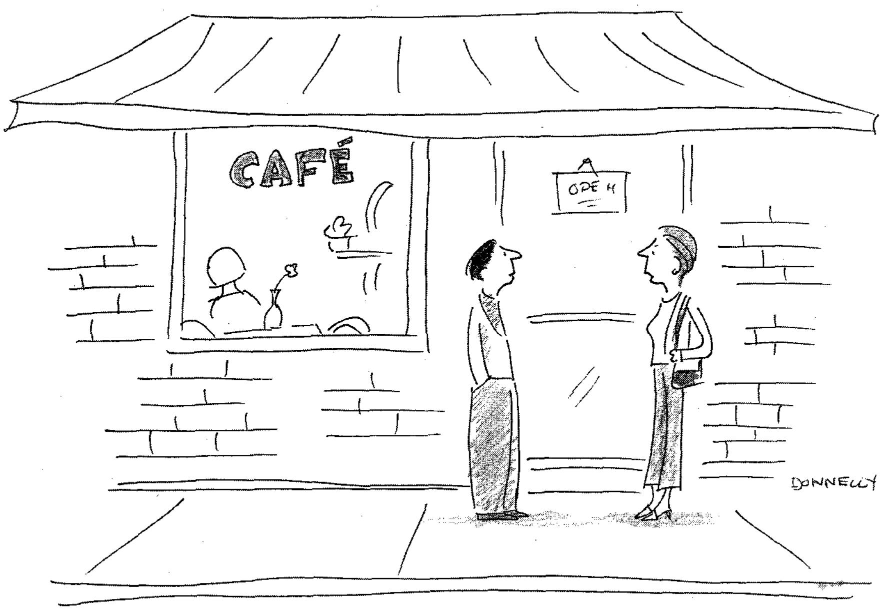
WEEKNIGHTS 8 PM ET

CNN

THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN NEWS

CNN.com/paulazahn America Online Keyword: CNN

© 2003 Cable News Network. A Time Warner Company. All Rights Reserved.



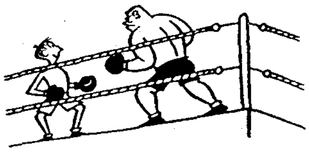
"Put me on your do-not-call list."

• •

in third. "Freud was out of his fucking mind," Ellis said. "He was as nutty as could be."

—*Adam Green*

MAIN EVENT
AND IN THIS CORNER



In the annals of great New York prizefights, last week's bout between Bernard (Berzerk) McGuirk and Sid (the Hebrew Hammer) Rosenberg will likely rank a cut or two below Dempsey-Firpo and Ali-Frazier I, but let's give credit where it's due: for two middle-aged amateurs settling a score in a health-club gym, they drew a pretty professional crowd. There was Teddy Atlas, the legendary trainer, shouting last-minute pointers at Rosenberg, and Rock Newman, the promoter, talking shop at ringside. Mike Lupica, Marv Albert, and Mike and the Mad Dog had all assumed their positions in front of the microphones and cameras, as the swells, such as there were, made their entrances: former Mayor David Dinkins, former Police Commissioner Bernard Kerik (just back from Iraq), former Merrill Lynch chief David Komansky. It was only 8 A.M., a little early for pageantry, let alone fisticuffs, but so it goes in the rough-and-tumble world of boxing's Talk Radio Division.

The background: Rosenberg, the well-pestered sports reporter on Don Imus's morning show, joined a gym in June and, thus emboldened, decided to challenge McGuirk, the show's executive producer and darkest wit, to a scrap. Imus, recognizing the parallels between talk radio and boxing—jabs, cornermen, well-wrought bravado—duly incorporated the grudge match into his show, and converted it into an on-air gala charity event, held at dawn, at Chelsea Piers, where a table went for ten grand and self-parody came free.

Like any good fight, "Fear at the Pier," as it was billed, offered easy contrasts: blue trunks, red trunks; Bronx, Brooklyn; management, labor; four-pack abs, love handles. (Rosenberg, by all accounts, stopped training in July.) Minutes before the opening bell, Dr. Cliff Stark visited the contestants' dressing rooms for pre-fight examinations. He took out his stethoscope and placed it on Rosenberg's chest. "Does he have a heart?" one of Rosenberg's cornermen asked.

Rosenberg had a heart, but he didn't have hands or feet. This became apparent almost immediately after Imus's mother-in-law, Mary Ann Coleman, finished singing the national anthem. McGuirk connected early and often, and, at the end of the first round, Atlas had to jump into the ring to steer Rosenberg to his corner. Midway through the second round, Dr. Stark was called on again, this time to examine the leak that had sprung from Rosenberg's nose: blood before breakfast.

The spectators, plied with free coffee, shouted encouragement, but Rosenberg was flagging; the month of gymwork was no match for a lifetime of schlubbery. Fifty-one seconds into the third (and final) round, the referee stopped the fight. Berzerk by T.K.O.

"I got my ass kicked," Rosenberg said during the post-fight jumble. "I'm supposed to take solace in the fact that I didn't die in the ring." Then, following prizefight protocol, he announced his next bout: "Coming up in two months, right here, same time, same place, Sid Rosenberg taking on Mike Francesa." This was news to Francesa, the sports maven, whose training regimen evidently compares unfavorably even with the Hebrew Hammer's. "Happy Yom Kippur," Rosenberg concluded.

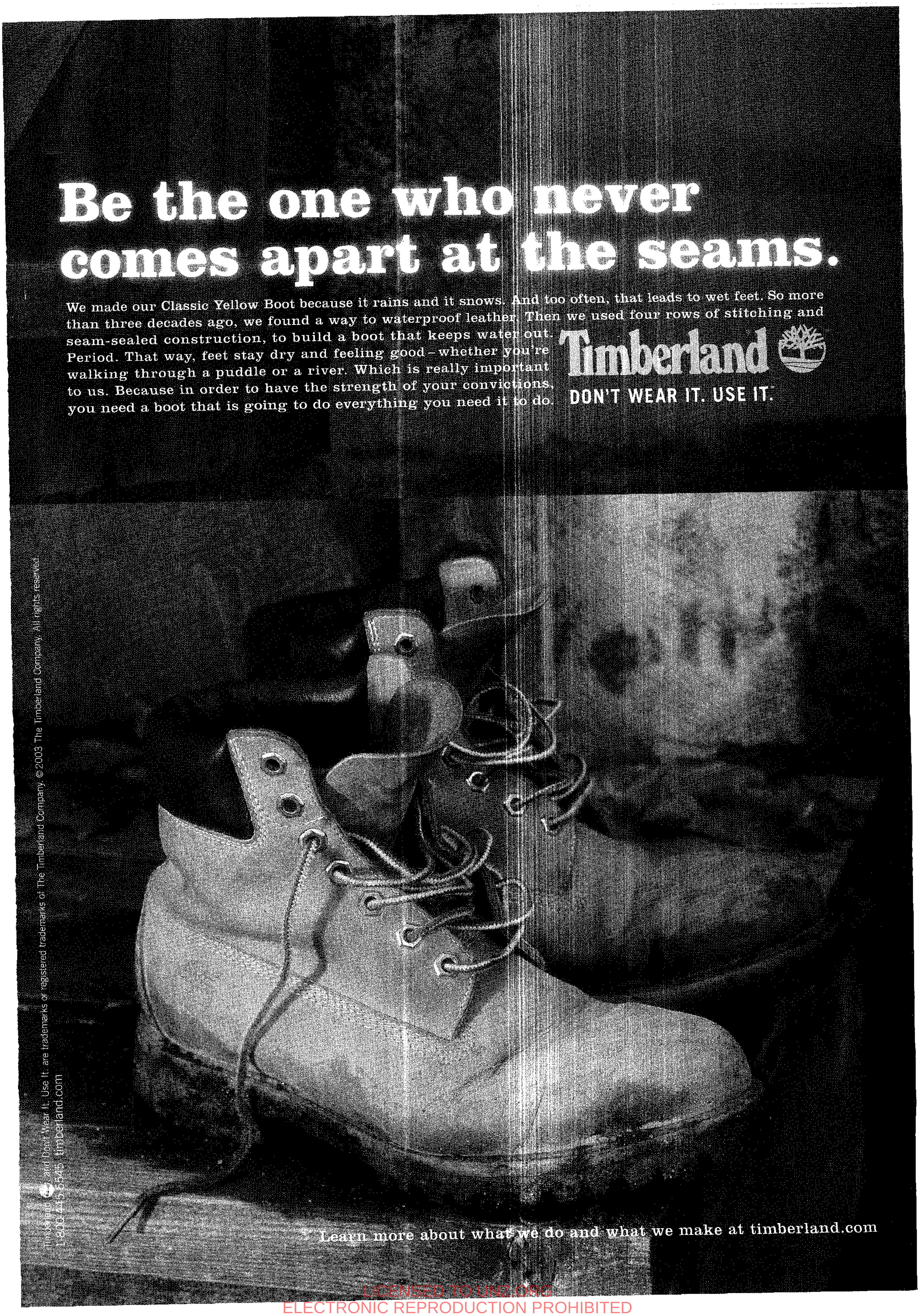
The winner's corner was also thinking ahead. "There's another guy we got our eyes on," Sam Liebman, McGuirk's sparring partner, said. "He tuh-tuh-tuh-talks k-kind of f-f-funny." Liebman was referring to "Stuttering" John Melendez, from the Howard Stern show. Last year, Melendez defeated "Crazy Cabbie," a Stern-show drifter, in another Talk Radio Division showdown, "The Brawl at the Taj Mahal," featuring Don King, a midget, and a singing Siamese twin. (It was Stern who founded the division, in 1992, by pitting Geraldo Rivera against Frank Stallone in "The Scrapple in the Apple.")

Beyond Melendez, other circuits await. "I've watched a lot of celebrity boxing," Liebman said. "The best one I've seen, of all the celebrities out there, was Danny Bonaduce. And I think Bernie's better."

McGuirk's trainer, Randy Gordon, agreed. "Ask Sugar Ray Leonard," he said. "I doubt if after just three weeks of training he had a jab like that."

Atlas wasn't playing along. "Let's not get carried away," he said. "He trounced someone who was very inept. It's like going in front of one of those fun mirrors. They make you look taller, but you're not."

—*Ben McGrath*



Be the one who never comes apart at the seams.

We made our Classic Yellow Boot because it rains and it snows. And too often, that leads to wet feet. So more than three decades ago, we found a way to waterproof leather. Then we used four rows of stitching and seam-sealed construction, to build a boot that keeps water out. Period. That way, feet stay dry and feeling good – whether you're walking through a puddle or a river. Which is really important to us. Because in order to have the strength of your convictions, you need a boot that is going to do everything you need it to do.

Timberland

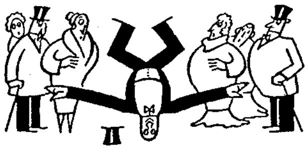
DON'T WEAR IT. USE IT.

Learn more about what we do and what we make at timberland.com

Timberland, and Don't Wear It. Use It. are trademarks or registered trademarks of The Timberland Company. © 2003 The Timberland Company. All rights reserved.
1.800.445.5545 timberland.com

DEPT. OF DIGESTION

A MAALOX MOMENT



No one asked if there was a doctor in the house, but during a recent performance of the show "Carnival Knowledge," whose star, Todd Robbins, swallows swords and eats glass, a doctor by the name of Jonathan Cohen was in the audience. The doctor brought a certain connoisseurship to a stage act built around the alimentary tract: in the 2003 edition of "Top Doctors: New York Metro Area," he's listed under "Gastroenterologists." But, despite his specialized learning, he was filled with wonder at the goings on. When Robbins took a full bow from the waist with a two-foot-long blade jammed down his gullet, the doctor had the same reaction as everyone else: he gasped with delight and burst into applause.

Although Dr. Cohen and Robbins had never met, arrangements had been made for the two men to get together after the show to discuss the performance from a medical standpoint. The meeting took place in Robbins's dressing room. For someone who had recently dined on a light bulb and afterward hammered a nail into his nostril, he looked rather fit. The doctor praised the performer for his knowledge of anatomy: "I'm sure you could go to a medical school and do a very interesting lecture as a correlate to the gross-anatomy course."

"Exactly!" Robbins exclaimed. "The act is based on principles of physics and anatomy, and since most people sleep through Physics and Anatomy, the secrets are safe."

He duly elucidated the Human Blockhead, that routine involving hammer, nail, and nostril (the nail, by the way, is four and a half inches long). "People think it goes in the sinus," he said. "I correct them. It goes in the back of the throat. As a matter of fact, when I have the thing in and I'm talking, the vibration has a tendency to push it out a little bit."

Dr. Cohen asked a question about the typical sword-swallower's learning curve: "One of the things that was interesting to me is how you would go about conceptualizing what you're going to do in terms of desensitizing the gag reflex and controlling the cricopharyngeus, which means, basically, controlling the skeletal muscle of the upper esophagus. Obviously, you have to start by practicing on something other than a sword."

Robbins's reply: "A wire coat hanger, stretched out into the shape of a sword, rounded at the end, and thin and flexible. Clean it with Listerine. I used to do a whole thing—it's called Seven by Seven. It means you get up in the morning and before you have anything to eat you prepare the coat hanger and you tilt your head back and you put the hanger down your throat and trigger the gag reflex. And then you take it out and relax and you do it again. And again and again. You do it seven times. And then you come back the next day and the next day, and do it for a week. It could take months before the thing actually opens up, and when it does it scares the daylights out of you. You think you're gonna die."

The shop talk turned to glass-eating. "I don't use clear bulbs because people are a little more suspicious of clear bulbs," Robbins said. "I want something they can relate to."

Dr. Cohen asked who had taught Robbins how to swallow things.

"A guy named Red Garland"—no relation to the jazz pianist—"who did the act for years. He was known as the Human Garbage Disposal or the Human Ostrich, depending on which show he was with. He would take razor blades and chow on them."

The doctor didn't flinch. In the tone of one who knows, he said, "The stomach's a great repository."

—Howard Kaplan

GEORGE W. BUSH, NEWS JUNKIE

> Bush said he insulates himself from the "opinions" that seep into news coverage by getting his news from his own aides. He said he scans headlines, but rarely reads news stories. "I appreciate people's opinions, but I'm more interested in news," the president said. "And the best way to get the news is from objective sources, and the most objective sources I have are people on my staff who tell me what's happening in the world."—*The Associated Press, September 22.*

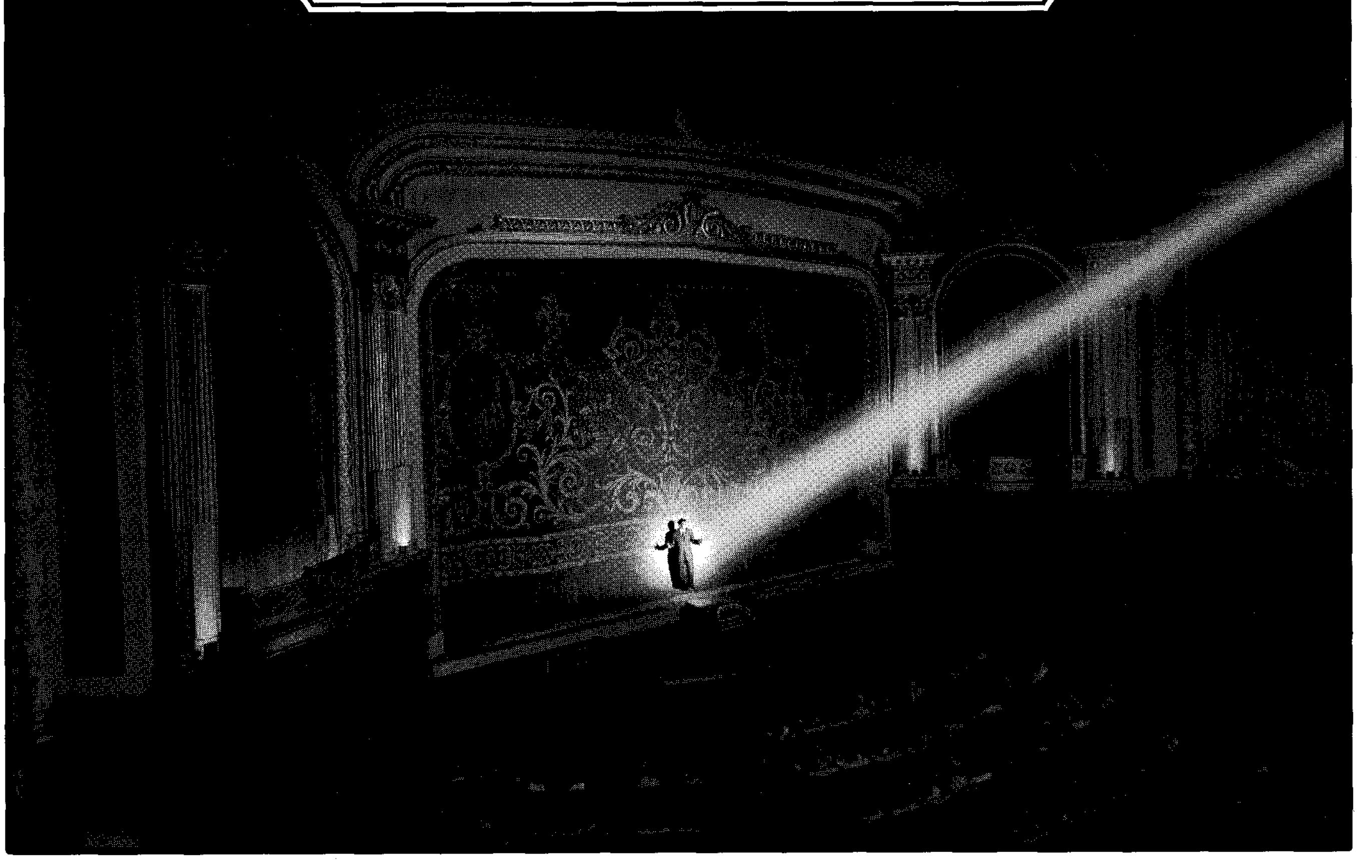
8:10 A.M.: During a breakfast briefing in the Oval Office, Secretary of Defense Donald H. Rumsfeld informed the President that, according to the Cibola County, New Mexico, *Beacon*, members of the Cibola County 4-H performed well during junior week at the New Mexico State Fair. After the President pressed him for more details, Mr. Rumsfeld revealed that Cody Mirabal was named "reserve grand champion" in the over-all swine category, besting four hundred and eighty of the top hogs in the state. Mr. Rumsfeld agreed with Mr. Bush that Mr. Mirabal's hog must have been some hog.

3:49 P.M.: Joining the President on his afternoon jog, Secretary of Homeland Security Tom Ridge briefed him on an article that appeared in the Chattanooga, Tennessee, *Times Free Press*, reporting that a mustachioed man wearing a flowered dress and a floppy hat attempted to rob a bank in Rome, Georgia, but was apprehended soon afterward. Mr. Ridge agreed with the President that robbing a bank with a mustache and a flowery dress on is a pretty stupid thing to do, because it only makes you stand out. The President decided that no action from the White House was necessary because the man had been caught.

9:57 P.M.: Shortly before the President's bedtime, Vice-President Dick Cheney arrived at the White House to read him the day's installment of "Beetle Bailey," in the Washington *Post*. The Vice-President said that in the first panel of the strip the character Sarge is dining at a fancy restaurant. A snooty waiter is holding a wine bottle and asks Sarge, "Would you like to sniff the cork, sir?," to which Sarge replies, "Let me have it." In the next (and last) panel, Sarge offers the cork to his dog, Otto, and says, "I brought my professional sniffer." The President said that this was not a particularly good one, and asked the Vice- President what happened in "Marmaduke."

—Andy Borowitz

AMERICAN FOCUS



The intensity of our concentration cannot be overstated.

At American Century, we're focused on one thing: managing investments. Any way you work with us, you benefit from our active approach to investment management. Which means you can be assured that we are always striving to maximize your returns. Whether you're a large institution in need of separate accounts, an advisor looking for multiclass pricing or an individual investor wanting mutual funds. Which brings us to what we don't do: We don't stray from our mission by lending money or underwriting securities. To learn more, please ask your financial advisor or call 1-877-44-AMCEN. Because your performance has our complete and undivided attention.

Please call 1-877-44-AMCEN or visit www.americancentury.com to obtain a prospectus with more complete information, including charges, expenses and minimums. Be sure to read it carefully before you invest or send money.

American Century Investment Services, Inc. ©2003 American Century Services Corporation

AMERICAN CENTURY®

Investment Managers

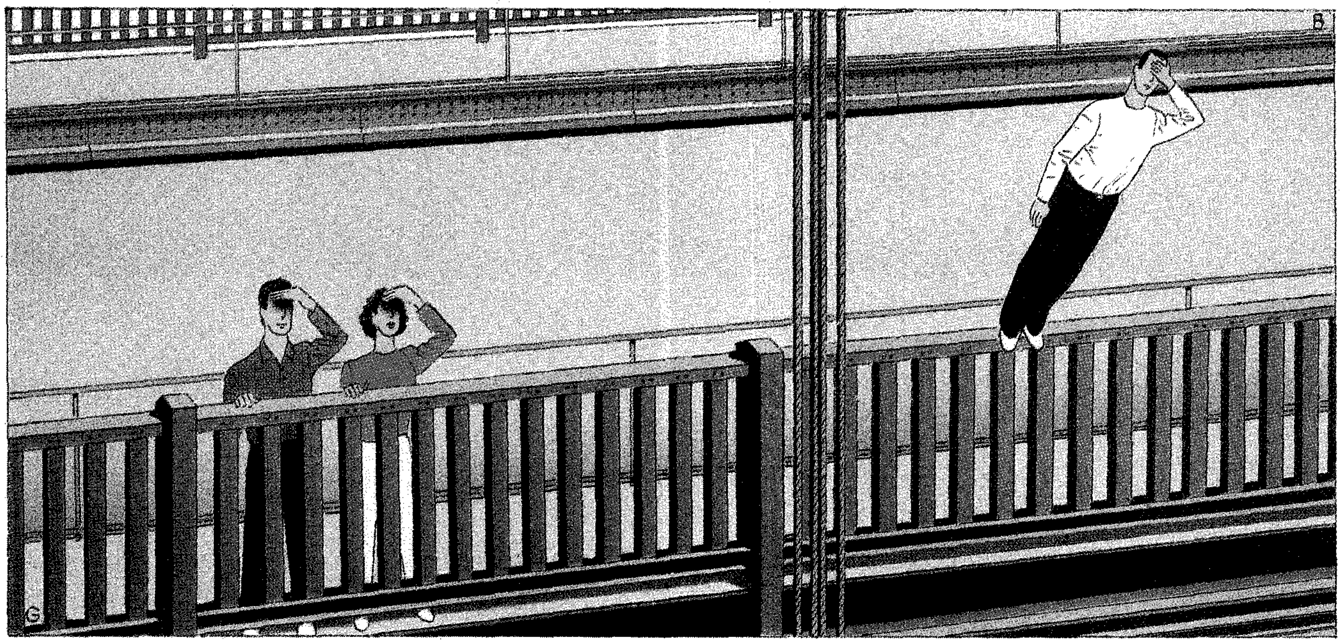
LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

JUMPERS

The fatal grandeur of the Golden Gate Bridge.

BY TAD FRIEND

Shortly after ten-thirty in the morning on Wednesday, March 19th, a real-estate agent named Paul Alarab began hiking across the Golden Gate Bridge. Midway along the walkway, which carries pedestrians and cyclists between San Francisco and Marin County, he stopped and climbed the four-foot safety railing. Then he lowered himself carefully onto the bridge's outermost reach, a thirty-two-inch-wide beam known as "the chord." It is on the chord, two hundred and twenty feet above San Francisco Bay, that people intending to kill themselves often pause. On a sunny day, as this day was, the view is glorious: Angel Island to the left, Alcatraz straight ahead, Treasure Island farther off, bisecting the long gray tangent of the Bay Bridge, and, layered across the hills to the south, San Francisco.



"I wanted to disappear," one man said. "So the Golden Gate was the spot. I'd heard that the water just sweeps you under."

GUY BILLOUT

Alarab turned and looped a thick rope over the railing, then wound it around his right wrist five times and grabbed it with his gloved right hand. His weekday attire usually consisted of a business suit with a "Peace" T-shirt underneath, but today he wore black gloves, black shoes, black pants, a black T-shirt, and black sunglasses. Through the palings of the bridge rail and the rush of traffic, he could see the mouth of the Bay to the west and the Pacific beyond. Clasping a typed statement to his chest with his left hand, he leaned backward, away from the railing, and waited for help to arrive.

Alarab, a forty-four-year-old Iraqi-American, was a large, balding, friendly man who kept a "No Hate" sign in his office at Century 21 Heritage Real Estate in Lafayette, across the Bay. The day before, he'd told a co-worker that the prospect of civilian deaths in Iraq made him sick to his stomach. Alarab had chosen this day, the first of America's war against Saddam Hussein, to make a statement of opposition.

Responding to a "10-31," bridge code for a jumper, four uniformed California Highway Patrol officers soon arrived at the rail, joined by three ironworkers who had been repairing the bridge. Alarab told them that he wanted to speak to the media. As it happened, a number of TV crews were at the south end of the bridge, filming standups about heightened terrorism precautions. A Telemundo crew came out, and Alarab began to read a declaration about Iraq's defenseless women, children, and elderly. "Wake up, America!" he said. "This war will be known as 'the war of cowards and oil' across the world!"

As a Coast Guard cutter idled in the fifty-five-degree water below, the bridge's guardians tried to talk Alarab into coming up. "When CNN gets here, I'm back over the other side of the railing," he promised. One Highway Patrol officer said, "Hey, don't I know you?" Alarab squinted, and said, "Oh, sure!" They had met during Alarab's previous adventure on the bridge: in 1988, seeking to publicize the plight of the handicapped and the elderly, Alarab had climbed down a sixty-foot nylon cord into a large plastic garbage can he'd suspended beneath the bridge. His weight proved too much for the apparatus, and the can broke free with him inside. "It seemed like the fall lasted forever," Alarab said afterward. "I was praying for God to give me another chance." The fall broke both of Alarab's ankles and three of his ribs and collapsed his lungs, but he lived—becoming one of only twenty-six people to survive the plunge from the Golden Gate. "I'll never put my life

INTRODUCING

THE NEW YORKER

MARKETPLACE

newyorkermarketplace.com

The New Yorker's unique advertisers are now online. With one stop, you can learn more about all your favorites—and discover something new. From Tuscan villas to Tucson artisans, new spa treatments to antiquarian books—New Yorker Marketplace offers a world of uncommon and original items for you and the ones you love.

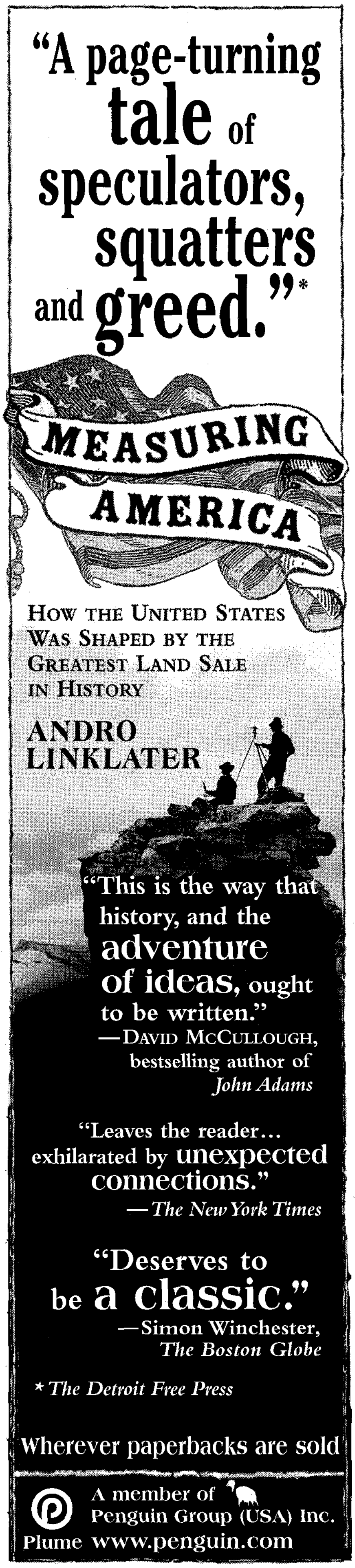
Visit The New Yorker Marketplace today.

Apparel
Arts & Collectibles
Books & Music
Doctors & Health
Gifts
Home
Jewelry
Kids
Personal Enhancement
Real Estate
Travel

newyorkermarketplace.com

Where good ideas click.

©2003 by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.



"A page-turning tale of speculators, squatters and greed."*

MEASURING AMERICA

HOW THE UNITED STATES WAS SHAPED BY THE GREATEST LAND SALE IN HISTORY

ANDRO LINKLATER

"This is the way that history, and the adventure of ideas, ought to be written."
—DAVID MCCULLOUGH, bestselling author of *John Adams*

"Leaves the reader... exhilarated by unexpected connections."
—*The New York Times*

"Deserves to be a classic."
—Simon Winchester, *The Boston Globe*

* *The Detroit Free Press*

Wherever paperbacks are sold

A member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
Plume www.penguin.com

on the line again," he said at the time.

Survivors often regret their decision in midair, if not before. Ken Baldwin and Kevin Hines both say they hurdled over the railing, afraid that if they stood on the chord they might lose their courage. Baldwin was twenty-eight and severely depressed on the August day in 1985 when he told his wife not to expect him home till late. "I wanted to disappear," he said. "So the Golden Gate was *the* spot. I'd heard that the water just sweeps you under." On the bridge, Baldwin counted to ten and stayed frozen. He counted to ten again, then vaulted over. "I still see my hands coming off the railing," he said. As he crossed the chord in flight, Baldwin recalls, "I instantly realized that everything in my life that I'd thought was unfixable was totally fixable—except for having just jumped."

Kevin Hines was eighteen when he took a municipal bus to the bridge one day in September, 2000. After treating himself to a last meal of Starbursts and Skittles, he paced back and forth and sobbed on the bridge walkway for half an hour. No one asked him what was wrong. A beautiful German tourist approached, handed him her camera, and asked him to take her picture, which he did. "I was like, 'Fuck this, nobody cares,'" he told me. "So I jumped." But after he crossed the chord, he recalls, "My first thought was What the hell did I just do? I don't want to die."

Paul Alarab never told his colleagues about his first experience on the bridge. He didn't even tell his wife, whom he married in 1990 and divorced in 1995. The only hint of his fascination was his business card, which he resisted changing despite his boss's complaint that it looked unprofessional. The card featured a photo of Alarab on the shore of the Bay; behind him lurked the Golden Gate.

On that March morning, facing the camera, Alarab read an ambiguous handwritten addendum to his statement: "I would sacrifice myself as a symbol of children that will die. If you are antiwar, e-mail me at alarabpaul@hotmail.com." After forty minutes, CNN had not arrived and it seemed that Alarab had done all he could. It was 11:33 A.M. He bent to put his statement on the bridge, then placed his cell phone on it. He then unwound his wrist from the securing rope and stepped off the chord. The officers on the walkway craned their necks in a horrified line, watching him fall.

At a 1977 rally on the Golden Gate supporting the building of an anti-suicide barrier above the railing, a minister, speaking to six hundred of his followers, tried to explain the bridge's power. Matchless in its Art Deco splendor, the Golden Gate is also unrivalled as a symbol: it is a threshold that presides over the end of the continent and a gangway to the void beyond. Just being there, the minister said, his words growing increasingly incoherent, left him in a rather suicidal mood. The Golden Gate, he said, is "a symbol of human ingenuity, technological genius, but social failure."

Eighteen months later, that minister, the Reverend Jim Jones, who had decamped with his People's Temple to Jonestown, Guyana, ordered his adherents to kill themselves by drinking grape Kool-Aid mixed with potassium cyanide. Nine hundred and twelve of them did.

Every two weeks, on average, someone jumps off the Golden Gate Bridge. It is the world's leading suicide location. In the eighties, workers at a local lumberyard formed "the Golden Gate Leapers Association"—a sports pool in which bets were placed on which day of the week someone would jump. At least twelve hundred people have been seen jumping or have been found in the water since the bridge opened, in 1937, including Roy Raymond, the founder of Victoria's Secret, in 1993, and Duane Garrett, a Democratic fund-raiser and a friend of Al Gore's, in 1995. The actual toll is probably considerably higher, swelled by legions of the stealthy, who sneak onto the bridge after the walkway closes at sundown and are carried to sea with the neap tide. Many jumpers wrap suicide notes in plastic and tuck them into their pockets. "Survival of the fittest. Adios—unfit," one seventy-year-old man said in his valedictory; another wrote, "Absolutely no reason except I have a toothache."

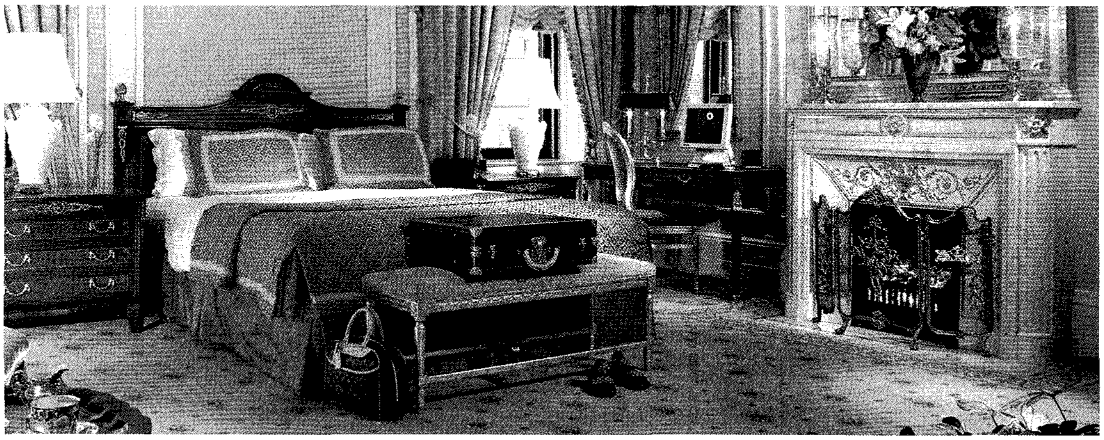
There is a fatal grandeur to the place. Like Paul Alarab, who lived and worked in the East Bay, several people have crossed the Bay Bridge to jump from the Golden Gate; there is no record of anyone traversing the Golden Gate to leap from its unlovely sister bridge. Dr. Richard Seiden, a professor emeritus at

A ROOM WITH

THE VIEW.

The Plaza

A FAIRMONT MANAGED HOTEL



EXPERIENCE NEW YORK THE WAY IT SHOULD BE,
AT THE PLAZA.

FROM THE OPULENT LUXURY OF THE PLAZA SUITES,
TO THE STUNNING OUTLOOKS OF THE PARK VIEW ROOMS – THE PLAZA
IS THE IDEAL DESTINATION FOR THE DISCERNING TRAVELER.

FIFTH AVENUE AT CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK
1-800-441-1414 • WWW.FAIRMONT.COM

A MEMBER OF *The Leading Hotels of the World*

the University of California at Berkeley's School of Public Health and the leading researcher on suicide at the bridge, has written that studies reveal "a commonly held attitude that romanticizes suicide from the Golden Gate Bridge in such terms as aesthetically pleasing and beautiful, while regarding a Bay Bridge suicide as tacky."

Unlike the Bay Bridge—or most bridges, for that matter—the Golden Gate has a footpath adjacent to a low exterior railing. "Jumping from the bridge is seen as sure, quick, clean, and available—which is the most potent factor," Dr. Jerome Motto, a local psychiatrist and suicide expert, says. "It's like having a loaded gun on your kitchen table."

Almost everyone in the Bay Area knows someone who has jumped, and it is perhaps not surprising that the most common fear among San Franciscans is gephyrophobia, the fear of crossing bridges. Yet the locals take a peculiar pride in the bridge's notoriety. "What makes the bridge so popular," Gladys Hansen, the city's unofficial historian, says, citing the ten million tourists who visit the bridge each year, "is that it's a monument, a monument to death." In 1993, a man named Steve Page threw his three-year-old daughter, Kellie, over the side of the bridge and followed her down; even after this widely publicized atrocity, an *Examiner* poll that year found that fifty-four per cent of the respondents opposed building a suicide barrier.

The idea of building a barrier was first proposed in the nineteen-fifties, and it has provoked controversy ever since. "The battle over a barrier is actually a battle of ideas," Eve Meyer, the executive director of San Francisco Suicide Prevention, told me. "And some of the ideas are very old, ideas about whether suicidal people are people to fear and hate." In centuries past, suicides were buried at night at a crossroads, under piles of stones, or had stakes driven through their hearts to prevent their unquiet spirits from troubling the rest of us. In the United States today, someone takes his own life every eighteen minutes, and suicide is much more common than homicide. Still, the issue is rarely examined. In the Bay Area, the topic is virtually taboo. One Golden Gate official told me repeatedly, "I hate that you're writing about this."

In 1976, an engineer named Roger Grimes began agitating for a barrier on the Golden Gate. He walked up and down the bridge wearing a sandwich board that said "Please Care. Support a Suicide Barrier." He gave up a few years ago, stunned that in an area as famously liberal as San Francisco, where you can always find a constituency for the view that pets should be citizens or that poison oak has a right to exist, there was so little empathy for the depressed. "People were very hostile," Grimes told me. "They would throw soda cans at me, or yell, 'Jump!' "

When Paul Alarab was pulled from the Bay at 11:34 A.M., he was unconscious and badly bruised. The impact had ripped off his left glove and his right shoe. The Coast Guard crew, wearing their standard jumper-retrieval garb to protect against leaking body fluids—Tyvex biohazard suits, masks, gloves, and safety goggles—began C.P.R. Half an hour later, Alarab was pronounced dead. Gary Tindel, the assistant coroner of Marin County, who examined the body on the dock at Fort Baker, at the north end of the bridge, observed that "massive bleeding had occurred in both ears, along with apparent grayish brain matter in and around the right ear." Tindel brought Alarab's antiwar statement and his cell phone back to the coroner's office in San Rafael. Soon afterward, the cell phone rang. It was Alarab's ex-wife, Rubina Coton: their nine-year-old son had been waiting more than two hours at school for his father to pick him up.

"May I speak with Paul?" Coton asked.

"I'm sorry," Tindel said. "You can't." Tindel explained that he was with the coroner's office and suggested that Coton call back on his office phone. When she did, he told her that her ex-husband had jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge.

"Please don't joke," Coton said.

Tindel described Alarab's outfit, but Coton didn't recognize the clothes. Then he told her that the corpse wore a yarn necklace. And she recalled, suddenly, that their daughter had made such a necklace for Paul.

Jumpers tend to idealize what will happen after they step off the bridge. "Suicidal people have transformation fantasies and are prone to magical thinking, like children and psychotics," Dr. Lanny

advertisement

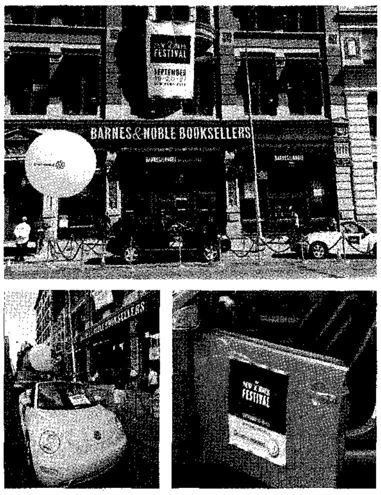
ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events, promotions, and special offers from New Yorker advertisers.

THE NEW YORKER FESTIVAL

presented by

Drivers wanted.®



Volkswagen was a presenting sponsor of the fourth annual New Yorker Festival, a weekend celebration of arts and ideas, September 19th through 21st.

To celebrate its involvement, Volkswagen hosted a party for those who attended the Friday-night fiction readings, sponsored the Humor Revue on Sunday at Town Hall, and had automotive displays at numerous events all over town, including Festival Headquarters, in Union Square.

For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker ReaderLink.

Berman, the executive director of the American Association of Suicidology, says. “Jumpers are drawn to the Golden Gate because they believe it’s a gateway to another place. They think that life will slow down in those final seconds, and then they’ll hit the water cleanly, like a high diver.”

In the four-second fall from the bridge, survivors say, time does seem to slow. On her way down in 1979, Ann McGuire said to herself, “I must be about to hit,” three times. But the impact is not clean: the coroner’s usual verdict, suicide caused by “multiple blunt-force injuries,” euphemizes the devastation. Many people don’t look down first, and so those who jump from the north end of the bridge hit the land instead of the water they saw farther out. Jumpers who hit the water do so at about seventy-five miles an hour and with a force of fifteen thousand pounds per square inch. Eighty-five per cent of them suffer broken ribs, which rip inward and tear through the spleen, the lungs, and the heart. Vertebrae snap, and the liver often ruptures. “It’s as if someone took an eggbeater to the organs of the body and ground everything up,” Ron Wilton, a Coast Guard officer, once observed.

Those who survive the impact usually die soon afterward. If they go straight in, they plunge so deeply into the water—which reaches a depth of three hundred and fifty feet—that they drown. (The rare survivors always hit feet first, and at a slight angle.) A number of bodies become trapped in the eddies stirred by the bridge’s massive stone piers, and sometimes wash up as far away as the Farallon Islands, about thirty miles off. These corpses suffer from “severe marine depredation”—shark attacks and, particularly, the attentions of crabs, which feed on the eyeballs first, then the loose flesh of the cheeks. Already this year, two bodies have vanished entirely.

On December 17, 2001, fourteen-year-old Marissa Imrie, a petite and attractive straight-A student who had planned to become a psychiatrist, left her second-period class at Santa Rosa High School, took a hundred-and-fifty-dollar taxi ride to the Golden Gate, and jumped to her death. Though Marissa was always very hard on herself and had lately complained of severe headaches and insomnia, her mother, Renée Milligan, had no inkling of her plans. “She called us ‘the glue girls,’ we were so close,” Milligan told me. “She’d never spoken about the bridge, and we’d never even visited it.”

When Milligan examined her daughter’s computer afterward, she discovered that Marissa had been visiting a how-to Web site about suicide that featured grisly autopsy photos. The site notes that many suicide methods are ineffective (poison is fatal only fifteen per cent of the time, drug overdose twelve per cent, and wrist cutting a mere five per cent) and therefore recommends bridges, noting that “jumps from higher than . . . 250 feet over water are almost always fatal.” Milligan bought the proprietor of the site’s book, “Suicide and Attempted Suicide,” and read the following sentence: “The Golden Gate Bridge is to suicides what Niagara Falls is to honeymooners.” She returned the book and gave the computer away.

Every year, Marissa had written her mother a Christmas letter reflecting on the year’s events. On Christmas Day that year, Milligan, going through her daughter’s things, found her suicide note. It was tucked into “The Chronicles of Narnia,” which sat beside a copy of “Seven Habits of Highly Effective Teenagers.” The note ended with a plea: “Please forgive me. Don’t shut yourselves off from the world. Everyone is better off without this fat, disgusting, boring girl. Move on.”

RAPUNZEL: STARBUCKS

Acquaintance’s
acquaintance.

Once: young, tousled
blonde at a window.

Divorced, I heard.

Ex’s third:
half her age.

First: an actual princess.

Any contract’s:
cash, clout, position.

Shrink, M.D.—
grown kids, clients.

No ring—
coffee, a sandwich.

Giggles, like a girl,
at the register.

“I can’t add.”

Bites cake; flips
a psych journal.

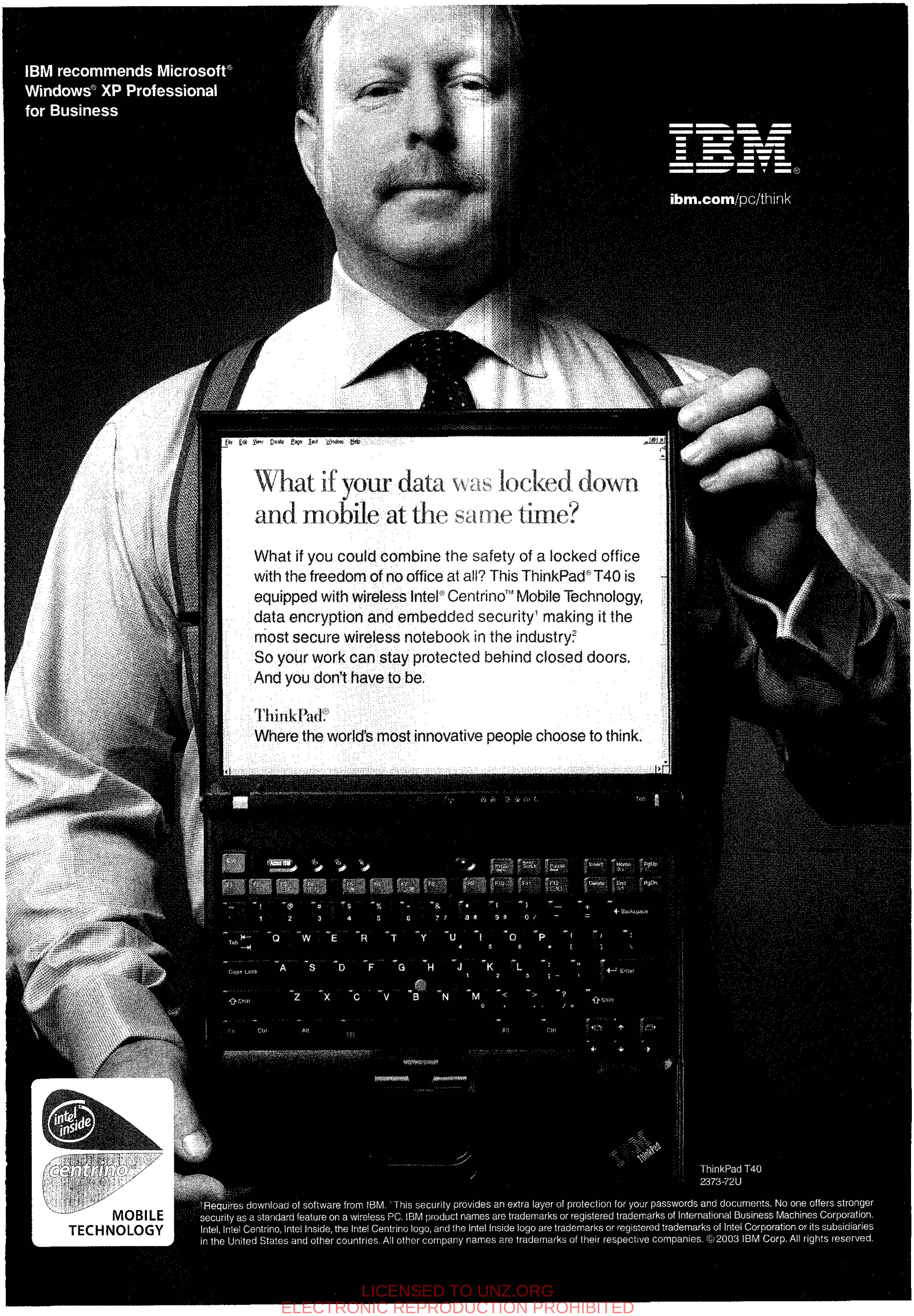
Sudden ravaged face—
with normalcy.

Almost notices me.

—*Hugh Seidman*

Renée Milligan could not. “When I went to my optometrist, I realized he has big pictures of the Golden Gate in his office, and I had to walk out,” she said. “The image of the bridge is everywhere. San Francisco *is* the Golden Gate Bridge—I can’t escape it.” Milligan recently filed a wrongful-death lawsuit on behalf of her daughter’s estate against the Golden Gate Bridge District and the bridge’s board of directors, seeking to require them to put up a barrier. Her suit charges, “Through their acts and omissions Defendants have authorized, encouraged, and condoned government-assisted suicide.” Three previous lawsuits against the bridge by the parents of suicides have all been dismissed, and the bridge officials’ reply to Milligan’s suit lays out their standard defense: “Plaintiffs’ injuries, if any, were the result of Plaintiffs’ own actions (contributory negligence).” Furthermore, the reply says, “plaintiffs cannot show that Ms. Imrie used the property with due care for the purposes it was designed.”

As Joseph Strauss, the chief engineer of the Golden Gate, watched his beloved suspension bridge rise over San Francisco Bay in the nineteen-thirties, he could not imagine that anyone would



IBM recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional for Business

IBM®

ibm.com/pc/think

What if your data was locked down and mobile at the same time?

What if you could combine the safety of a locked office with the freedom of no office at all? This ThinkPad® T40 is equipped with wireless Intel® Centrino™ Mobile Technology, data encryption and embedded security[1] making it the most secure wireless notebook in the industry.[2] So your work can stay protected behind closed doors. And you don't have to be.

ThinkPad®
Where the world's most innovative people choose to think.

ThinkPad T40
2373-72U

[1] Requires download of software from IBM. [2] This security provides an extra layer of protection for your passwords and documents. No one offers stronger security as a standard feature on a wireless PC. IBM product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation. Intel, Intel Centrino, Intel Inside, the Intel Centrino logo, and the Intel Inside logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. All other company names are trademarks of their respective companies. ©2003 IBM Corp. All rights reserved.

use it without due care for its designated purpose. "Who would want to jump from the Golden Gate Bridge?" he told reporters. At the bridge's opening ceremony, in May of 1937, Strauss read a statement in a low voice, his hands trembling. "What Nature rent asunder long ago man has joined today," he said. The class poet at Ohio University, class of '91, Strauss also wrote an ode to mark the occasion:

> As harps for the winds of heaven,
> My web-like cables are spun;
> I offer my span for the traffic of man,
> At the gate of the setting sun.

Three months later, a forty-seven-year-old First World War veteran named Harold Wobber turned to a stranger on the walkway, announced, "This is as far as I go," and hopped over the rail. His body was never found. The original design called for the rail to be five and a half feet high, but this was lowered to four feet in the final blueprint, for reasons that are lost to history. The bridge's chief engineer, Mervin Giacomini, who recently retired, told me half seriously that Strauss's stature—he was only five feet tall—may have been a factor in the decision. Known as "the little man who built the big bridge," Strauss may simply have wanted to be able to see over its side.

In May, 1938, Strauss died of a heart attack, likely brought on by the stress of seeing the bridge to completion. A plaque dedicated to him at the southern end of the bridge a few months later declared the span "a promise indeed that the race of man shall endure unto the ages"; at that point, six people had already jumped off. And at the dedication ceremony A. R. O'Brien, the bridge's director, delivered a notably dark eulogy. Strauss "put everything he had" into the bridge's construction, O'Brien said, "and out of its completion he got so little. . . . The Golden Gate Bridge, for my dead friend, turned out to be a mute monument of misery."

In the years since the bridge's dedication, Harold Wobber's flight path has become well worn. I spent a day reading through clippings about Golden Gate Bridge suicides in the San Francisco Public Library, hundreds of two- or three-inch tales of woe from the *Chronicle*, the *Examiner*, the *Call-Bulletin*: "police said he was despondent over domestic affairs"; "medical discharge from the army"; "jobless butcher"; "the upholstery still retaining the warmth of the driver's body"; "saying 'goodbye' four times and looking 'very sad' "; " 'sick at heart' over the treatment of Jewish relatives in Germany"; "the baby's cries apparently irritated him past endurance"; "footprints on the fog-wet girders were found early today"; "using his last nickel to scratch a farewell on the guard railing."

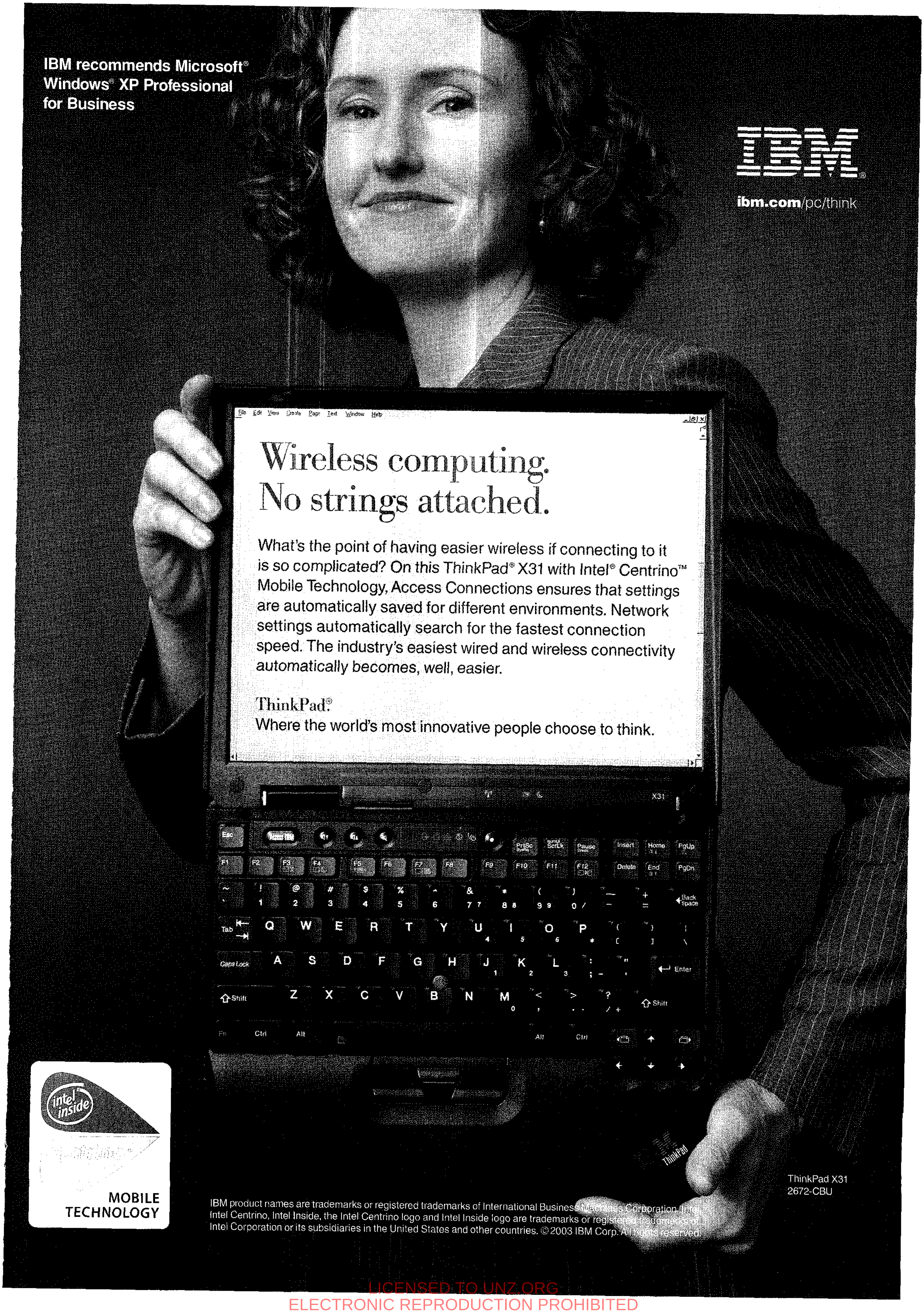
"I'll give you a few moments to recover from the prices."

The coverage intensified in 1973, when the *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* initiated countdowns to the five-hundredth recorded jumper. Bridge officials turned back fourteen aspirants to the title, including one man who had "500" chalked on a cardboard sign pinned to his T-shirt. The eventual "winner," who eluded both bridge personnel and local-television crews, was a commune-dweller tripping on LSD.

In 1995, as No. 1,000 approached, the frenzy was even greater. A local disk jockey went so far as to promise a case of Snapple to the family of the victim. That June, trying to stop the countdown fever, the California Highway Patrol halted its official count at 997. In early July, Eric Atkinson, age twenty-five, became the unofficial thousandth; he was seen jumping, but his body was never found.

Ken Holmes, the Marin County coroner, told me, "When the number got to around eight hundred and fifty, we went to the local papers and said, 'You've *got* to stop reporting numbers.' " Within the last decade, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the American Association of Suicidology have also issued guidelines urging the media to downplay the suicides. The Bay Area media now usually report bridge jumps only if they involve a celebrity or tie up traffic. "We weaned them," Holmes said. But, he added, "the lack of publicity hasn't reduced the number of suicides at all."

The Empire State Building, the Duomo, St. Peter's Basilica, and Sydney Harbor Bridge were all suicide magnets before barriers were erected on them. So were Mt. Mihara, a volcano in Japan (more than six hundred people jumped into it in 1936 alone); the Arroyo Seco Bridge, in Pasadena; and the Eiffel



IBM recommends Microsoft® Windows® XP Professional for Business

IBM®

ibm.com/pc/think

Wireless computing. No strings attached.

What's the point of having easier wireless if connecting to it is so complicated? On this ThinkPad® X31 with Intel® Centrino™ Mobile Technology, Access Connections ensures that settings are automatically saved for different environments. Network settings automatically search for the fastest connection speed. The industry's easiest wired and wireless connectivity automatically becomes, well, easier.

ThinkPad®
Where the world's most innovative people choose to think.

intel inside
MOBILE TECHNOLOGY

ThinkPad X31
2672-CBU

IBM product names are trademarks or registered trademarks of International Business Machines Corporation. Intel, Intel Centrino, Intel Inside, the Intel Centrino logo and Intel Inside logo are trademarks or registered trademarks of Intel Corporation or its subsidiaries in the United States and other countries. ©2003 IBM Corp. All rights reserved.

NOKIA
FREE
MARISA ACOCELLA

"Do you have a phone that doesn't do too much?"

• •

Tower. At Prince Edward Viaduct, in Toronto, the site of nearly five hundred fatal jumps, engineers just finished constructing a four-million-dollar "luminous veil" of stainless-steel rods above the railing. At all of these places, after the barriers were in place the number of jumpers declined to a handful, or to zero.

"In the seventies, we were really mobilized for a barrier at the Golden Gate," Dr. Richard Seiden, the Berkeley suicide expert, told me. In 1970, the board of the Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District began studying eighteen suicide-barrier proposals, including a nine-foot wire fence, a nylon safety net, and even high-voltage laser beams. The board's criteria were cost, aesthetics, and effectiveness. In 1973, the nineteen-member board, most of them political appointees, declared that none of the options were "acceptable to the public." (The laser-beam proposal was vetoed because of the likelihood of "severe burns, possibly fatal, to pedestrians and personnel.")

In 1998, a company called Z-Clip suggested that one of its livestock fences serve as a barrier. The seven-foot-tall mesh of wires had originally been used in Chile to keep cattle out of pine-seedling plantations, and would cost a mere $2.3 million to $3.5 million. The bridge board would not approve it, however. Barbara Kaufman, a board member, said that the fence resembled the "barbed wire at concentration camps."

Tom Ammiano, a leading candidate for the mayoralty of San Francisco this fall, is among the bridge's most liberal supervisors. He says that a barrier is no longer being actively considered, and that only he and three or four other board members favor one. "There's a lot of white Republicans on the board who resist change," Ammiano told me. He laughed darkly, and added, "The Golden Gate is an icon, my dear."

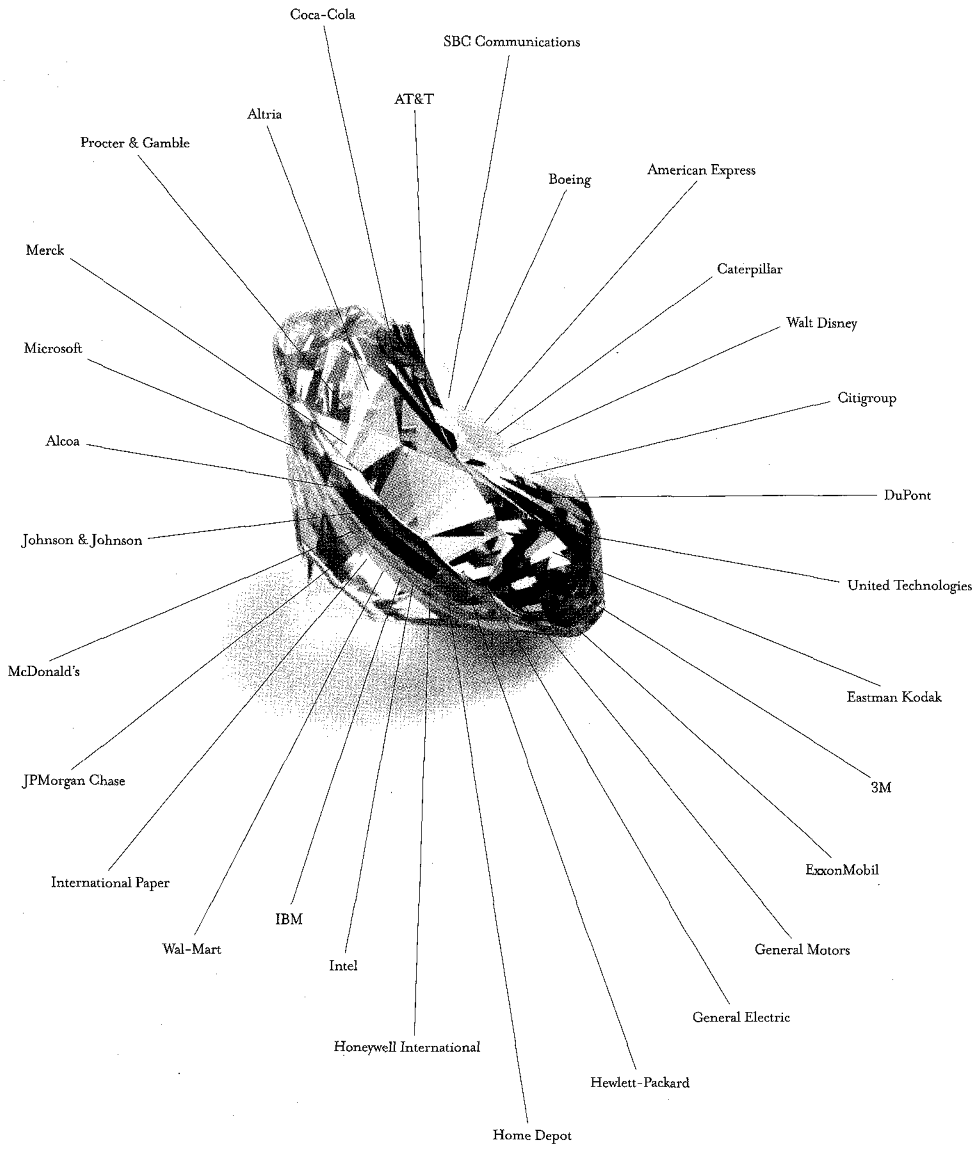
The most plausible reason for the board's resistance is aesthetics. For the past twenty-five years, however, three hundred and fifty feet of the southern end of the bridge have been festooned with an eight-foot-tall cyclone fence, directly above the Fort Point National Park site on the shore of the Bay. This "debris fence" was erected to keep tourists from dropping things—including, at one point, bowling balls—on other tourists below. "It's a public-safety issue," the bridge's former chief engineer, Mervin Giacomini, told me.

Another factor is cost, which would seem particularly important now that the Bridge District has a projected five-year shortfall of more than two hundred million dollars. Yet, in October, construction will be completed on a fifty-four-inch-high steel barrier between the walkway and the adjacent traffic lanes which is meant to prevent bicyclists from veering into traffic. No cyclist has ever been killed; nonetheless, the bridge's chief engineer, Denis Mulligan, says that the five-million-dollar barrier was necessary: "It's a public-safety issue." Engineers are also considering erecting a movable median to prevent head-on collisions, at a cost of at least twenty million dollars. "It's a public-safety issue," Al Boro, a member of the Bridge District's board of directors, said to me.

A familiar argument against a barrier is that thwarted jumpers will simply go elsewhere. In 1953, a bridge supervisor named Mervin Lewis rejected

*Diamonds: the 30 blue-chip stocks of the Dow Jones Industrial Average in one share.
Find out more: visit www.amex.com/DIA or call 1-800-THE AMEX.*

{*What to look for in a Diamond.*}


Coca-Cola
SBC Communications
AT&T
Altria
Procter & Gamble
Boeing
American Express
Merck
Caterpillar
Walt Disney
Microsoft
Citigroup
Alcoa
DuPont
Johnson & Johnson
United Technologies
McDonald's
Eastman Kodak
JPMorgan Chase
3M
ExxonMobil
International Paper
IBM
Wal-Mart
Intel
General Motors
General Electric
Honeywell International
Hewlett-Packard
Home Depot

Here's a hefty little gem to consider. Diamonds are all 30 stocks of the Dow Jones Industrial Average wrapped up in one convenient exchange traded fund. Which gives your portfolio a diverse blue-chip foundation in a single transaction.

Each Diamond share (DIA) represents all of The Dow's companies, just like a traditional index fund. But you can buy and sell Diamonds all day long, just like a stock. So they're the best of both worlds—made even better by tax efficiency and low management fees.*

Diamonds are one of 100+ exchange traded funds listed on the American Stock Exchange. Ask your advisor for details and learn why these Diamonds have their own unique brilliance.

THE DOW® INDUSTRIALS
DIAMONDS®
LISTED
AMERICAN
STOCK EXCHANGE®

SSgA
STATE STREET GLOBAL ADVISORS

---

*Usual brokerage commission applies. For more complete Diamonds information and prospectus including potential risks, call 1-800-THE AMEX or visit www.amex.com/DIA. Read prospectus carefully before investing.

ALPS Distributors, Inc., a registered broker-dealer, is distributor for the Diamonds Trust, a unit investment trust.

Diamonds are subject to risks similar to those of stocks. Investment returns will fluctuate and are subject to market volatility, so that an investor's shares, when redeemed or sold, may be worth more or less than their original cost. Past performance is no guarantee of future results.

Dow Jones Industrial Average.SM The Dow® and Diamonds® are trademarks of Dow Jones & Company, Inc., and have been licensed for use by PDR Services LLC and the American Stock Exchange LLC, pursuant to a License Agreement with Dow Jones. Diamonds are not sponsored, endorsed, sold or promoted by Dow Jones and Dow Jones makes no representation regarding the advisability of investing in Diamonds.
© 2003 AMERICAN STOCK EXCHANGE LLC

advertisement

ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events,
promotions, and special offers from
New Yorker advertisers.

BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC
AND CUNNINGHAM DANCE FOUNDATION
present
THE MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY

October 14 at 8 P.M.
October 16, 17, and 18 at 7:30 P.M.

The program will include Merce Cunningham's most recent creations: *Fluid Canvas* (2002), a New York premiere, and *Split Sides* (2003), a world premiere. For tickets, contact BAM at **www.bam.org** or **718-636-4100.**

Upcoming engagements of the
Merce Cunningham Dance Company include:

Rome, Italy
Teatro Argentina
October 24-26

London, England
The Tate Modern
November 4-8

Chicago, Illinois
Dance Center of Columbia College
November 14 and 15

Champaign-Urbana, Illinois
Krannert Center
November 18 and 20

Paris, France
Théâtre de la Ville
December 2-7

French Cities Tour
Dieppe, Saint Quentin en Yvelines, La Rochelle, Tarbes
December 9, 12-13, 16-17, and 21

Nashville, Tennessee
Vanderbilt University
February 3, 2004

Berkeley, California
Zellerbach Hall, University of California
February 6 and 7, 2004

Portland, Oregon
White Bird
February 11, 2004

Tucson, Arizona
University of Arizona
February 14, 2004

Ann Arbor, Michigan
Power Center, University of Michigan
March 13 and 14, 2004

Washington, D.C.
John F. Kennedy Center
March 26 and 27, 2004

Special thanks for support of the October 14th
Opening Night Benefit for the
Merce Cunningham Dance Company goes to:

AMERICAN EXPRESS   Ketel One VODKA   palm Zire 71

For more information, log on to
www.newyorker.com and click on
The New Yorker ReaderLink.

an early proposal for a barrier by saying it was preferable that suicides jump into the Bay than dive off a building "and maybe kill somebody else." (It's a public-safety issue.) Although this belief makes intuitive sense, it is demonstrably untrue. Dr. Seiden's study, "Where Are They Now?," published in 1978, followed up on five hundred and fifteen people who were prevented from attempting suicide at the bridge between 1937 and 1971. After, on average, more than twenty-six years, ninety-four per cent of the would-be suicides were either still alive or had died of natural causes. "The findings confirm previous observations that suicidal behavior is crisis-oriented and acute in nature," Seiden concluded; if you can get a suicidal person through his crisis—Seiden put the high-risk period at ninety days—chances are extremely good that he won't kill himself later.

The current system for preventing suicide on the bridge is what officials call "the non-physical barrier." Its components include numerous security cameras and thirteen telephones, which potential suicides or alarmed passersby can use to reach the bridge's control tower. The most important element is randomly scheduled patrols by California Highway patrolmen and Golden Gate Bridge personnel in squad cars and on foot, bicycle, and motorcycle.

In two visits to the bridge, I spent an hour and a half on the walkway and never saw a patrolman. Perhaps, on camera, I didn't exhibit troubling behavior. The monitors look for people standing alone near the railing, and pay particular attention if they've left a backpack, a briefcase, or a wallet on the ground beside them. Kevin Briggs, a friendly, sandy-haired motorcycle patrolman, has a knack for spotting jumpers and talking them back from the edge; he has coaxed in more than two hundred potential jumpers without losing one over the side. He won the Highway Patrol's Marin County Uniformed Employee of the Year Award last year. Briggs told me that he starts talking to a potential jumper by asking, "How are you feeling today?" Then, "What's your plan for tomorrow?" If the person doesn't have a plan, Briggs says, "Well, let's make one. If it doesn't work out, you can always come back here later."

The non-physical barrier catches between fifty and eighty people each year, and misses about thirty. Responding to these figures, Al Boro said, "I think that's positive, I think that's effective. Of course, you'd like to do everything you can to make it zero, within reason."

Despite the coroner's verdict, Paul Alarab's loved ones insist that he didn't jump off the Golden Gate. Having viewed the Telemundo tape, they believe that when Alarab was putting down his antiwar statement he slipped and fell. An accident is easier for friends and family to accept, whereas suicide leaves behind nothing but guilt. It's impossible to know whether any one suicide might have been prevented, but many suicidal people do indeed wish to be saved. As the eminent suicidologist E. S. Shneidman has said, "The paradigm is the man who cuts his throat and cries for help in the same breath."

Those who work on the bridge learn to cope with the suicides they can't prevent by keeping an emotional distance. Glen Sievert, an ironworker who has often helped rescue potential jumpers, told the *Wall Street Journal*, "I don't like these people. I have my own problems." Even Kevin Briggs, the empathic patrolman, was surprised to learn, when he and some colleagues had a week's training with a psychiatrist earlier this year, that suicidal people "are real people—not crazy people but real people suffering from depression." Nonetheless, Briggs remains opposed to a barrier. "The bridge is about beauty," he told me. "They're going to jump anyway, and you can't stop them."

Mary Currie, the bridge's spokeswoman, is an intense woman with short dark-blond hair. Last February, she went on a foot patrol with five Golden Gate patrolmen so that she would understand that detail better. Currie told me that her group stopped to assess a handsome middle-aged man who'd been at the south tower for two hours. "He said he was just taking a walk. But we all had a feeling," Currie said. "Still, you can't gang-tackle a guy for taking a walk. Five minutes after our last contact with him, he walked to the midspan and looked back. We all took off after him; I was only twenty feet away when he went over. We saw him go in, feet first.

"The other guys felt they'd followed procedure, done what they had to do, didn't get him, and they've moved on. But I had nightmares for a week. Should I have grabbed his ankles? Should there be a barrier? I finally decided it was this guy's choice. I have depression in my family—I've had some myself—and you just have to fight it." After a second, she reversed herself. "You know, if my mother had succeeded in killing herself—and she tried—I would be much more devastated, and my thinking would be . . ." She shook her head, banishing doubt. "That bridge is more than a bridge: it's alive, it speaks to people. Some people come here, find themselves, and leave; some come here, find themselves, and jump."

The bridge comes into the lives of all Bay Area residents sooner or later, and it often stays. Dr. Jerome Motto, who has been part of two failed suicide-barrier coalitions, is now retired and living in San Mateo. When I visited him there, we spent three hours talking about the bridge. Motto had a patient who committed suicide from the Golden Gate in 1963, but the jump that affected him most occurred in the seventies. "I went to this guy's apartment afterward with the assistant medical examiner," he told me. "The guy was in his thirties, lived alone, pretty bare apartment. He'd written a note and left it on his bureau. It said, 'I'm going to walk to the bridge. If one person smiles at me on the way, I will not jump.' "

Motto sat back in his chair. "That was it," he said. "It's so needless, the number of people who are lost."

As people who work on the bridge know, smiles and gentle words don't always prevent suicides. A barrier would. But to build one would be to acknowledge that we do not understand each other; to acknowledge that much of life is lived on the chord, on the far side of the railing. Joseph Strauss believed that the Golden Gate would demonstrate man's control over nature, and so it did. No engineer, however, has discovered a way to control the wildness within. ♦

Advertisement

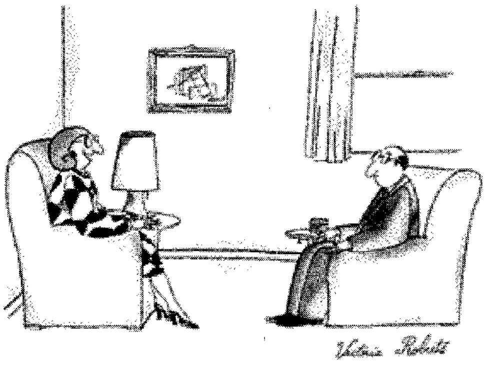
THE NEW YORKER COMPASS

The Marketing Department of The New Yorker invites readers to join an exclusive online forum, The New Yorker Compass, which gathers topical opinion and guidance via Web-based surveys throughout the year.

As a Compass member, you'll have the opportunity to weigh in on a variety of interesting topics. Survey participation is always voluntary, and all information provided remains confidential.

As a token of our appreciation, The New Yorker will award members with a choice of New Yorker-themed computer "wallpaper": a collage of vintage New Yorker covers or a selection of New Yorker cartoons.

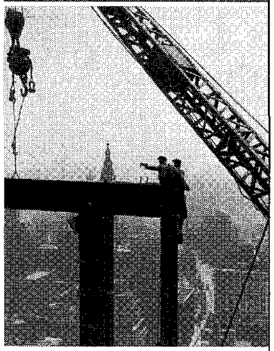
POINT THE WAY. JOIN TODAY.



"Don't worry, Howard. The big questions are multiple choice."

www.newyorkercompass.com

SWANN
AUCTIONS



Lewis W. Hine, **Empire State Building**, silver print, circa 1930. Estimate $20,000 to $30,000. **At auction Oct 21.**

Tues Oct 21 10:30am **Important 19th & 20th Century Photographs**
Illustrated Catalogue: $35
Inquiries: Daile Kaplan
dkaplan@swanngalleries.com

Thur Oct 30 10:30am **Magic: Kuethe Library on the History of Magic & Important Houdini Memorabilia**
Illustrated Catalogue: $25
Inquiries: Gary Garland
ggarland@swanngalleries.com

Complete schedule and catalogues online at www.swanngalleries.com.

AUTOGRAPHS
BOOKS/MANUSCRIPTS
MAPS/ATLASES
PHOTOGRAPHS
POSTERS
WORKS OF ART ON PAPER

Swann Galleries, Inc.
104 East 25th Street
New York, NY 10010
212 254 4710
Fax: 212 979 1017

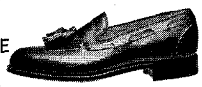
IAO

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

Rabbits Bracelet, 9 links Sterling $165 • 14K Gold $595
Pendant Sterling $35 • 14K Gold $80
Unconditionally guaranteed **1·800·477·1856**
PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

LONDON
Short Term Rental Private Flats & Houses
TOLL FREE 1-800 748 9783
TEL: +44 (0) 20 7233 8111 FAX: +44 (0) 20 7233 9101
E-mail: info@homefromhome.co.uk
Internet: www.HFHLondon.com
Home From Home

MEN'S WIDE SHOES
EEE-EEEEEE, SIZES 5-13
High quality • FREE catalog
200 styles • 1-800-992-WIDE



HITCHCOCK SHOES, INC.
Dept. 69P Hingham, MA 02043 **www.wideshoes.com**

for the discriminating vacationer…
a commitment to excellence
Kiawah Island
Rentals and Sales
Pam Harrington Exclusives
http://www.kiawahexclusives.com
1-800-845-6966

SHOUTS & MURMURS

ATTENTION: LOST CAT

BY PATRICIA MARX

Reward if you find my cat, Sally. Sally is eleven, but she has the face of a cat much younger. She is taffy-colored and has no distinguishing features except for the spot on her lung. Sally understands eight commands. Nine, if you count "Drop it! Drop the baby!" Sally loves a good steak but will gladly have whatever you are having. If she seems to have trouble swallowing, call Dr. Sidarsky, at (570) 555-1212. Dr. Sidarsky calls every day to ask if Sally is back. Once, Dr. Sidarsky invited me to a tennis match where a little girl who could not speak English beat the defending champion. If you ask me, Dr. Sidarsky has a crush on me. Before Sally was lost, Dr. Sidarsky nominated me for Pet Owner of the Year. When the judges came to our house, Sally would not come down from the breezeway. I'm not saying that was the reason I lost the title, but it cost me points.

Sally was last seen in Kansas, where she fell out of my car—a 1998 yellow Toyota Corolla, Indiana license plate FJ3-JR57. To tell you the truth, Sally didn't actually fall. My ex-husband was trying to push me and my suitcases out of the car and Sally was in the way. I'd opened the door to throw out a pair of pants and some other garbage of my ex-husband's. I hate a messy car. My ex-husband says he was leaning over to close the door, but I definitely felt a nudge. Sally and the gourmet-cooking cassettes that I had taken out of the library landed all over Route 23 in Kansas. Sally ran toward Nebraska. We were on the ramp toward Missouri. My ex-husband's sister Sugar lives in Nebraska. I don't like Sugar and I know Sugar does not like me. She sent me a bathroom scale as a wedding gift. Normally, I have nothing to do with Sugar, but I called her just in case Sally had turned up there. Sometimes animals have a sixth sense about knowing who your relatives are and how to get in touch. As usual, Sugar was unpleasant. She said I sounded like I had gained weight.

Sally has been missing for more than a year, and I am losing hope. Her mother belonged to my grandfather, and now my grandfather is dead. Sally is my last link to my grandfather. If you find Sally and she is dead, send her back anyway. My parents are dead, but I have their steak knives. Once, I had a locket of my grandmother's. I gave it to my daughter for Christmas, since my daughter was named after my grandmother, who was named after her grandmother, who was named after Sally, but not that Sally. When I lost my daughter in the custody suit, I lost the locket, too. I lost everything. Well, not all of the steak knives. Or the weight—I didn't lose that, either.

In spite of what the judge said, my ex-husband is not fit to care for my daughter, pony or no pony. The only things my ex-husband can cook are Texas Tommies. My ex-husband's girlfriend cannot cook, either, but I have to admit, she knows good food.

If I still had Sally, I think the judge would have let me keep my daughter. Pets are a sign of a loving home life. I know the judge would have been impressed if I had been Pet Owner of the Year. I might have gone into politics if I had been Pet Owner of the Year, maybe alderman. I am not too old to get into politics, and I have a lot of ideas. Let's not forget that after the Russian Revolution they turned the stock exchange into an aquarium. For the people! We could do something like that. If Sally came back, I would take a picture of me holding her and use that on my campaign poster. And if she didn't my slogan could be "Help me help you find my cat!" Even if you don't find Sally, please send cash. It's not the same thing as a cat, but it is a consolation. ♦

NEW YORKER
CARTOON PRINTS

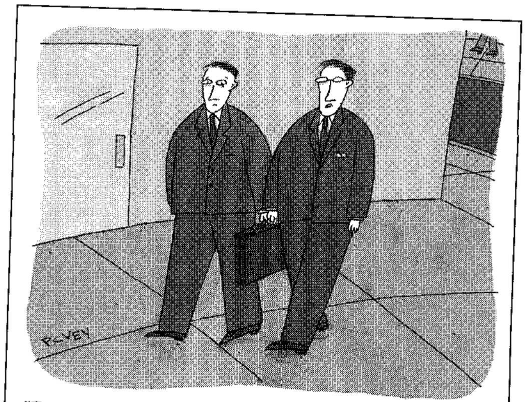
Framed and Matted available only at

THE
CARTOON
BANK

Virtually every cartoon ever published in *The New Yorker* is available as a framed or matted print. Hang them up in your home or office. A great way to make a statement . . . or just make someone laugh.

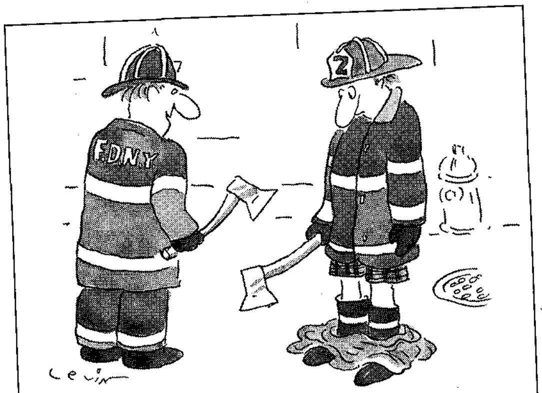
Order online at

WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM



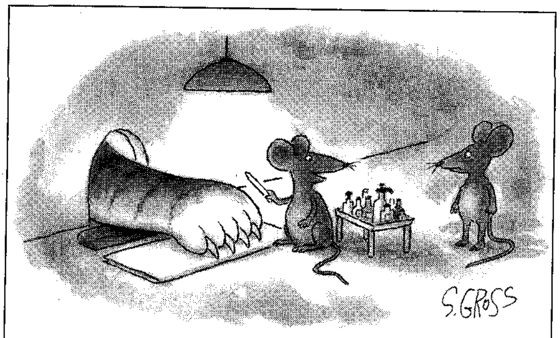
"Don't be silly—lots of men share the same briefcase."

P.C. Vey 2001 (Actual Size 11" x 14")



"And that's why we wear the red suspenders."

Arnie Levin 2002 (Actual Size 11" x 14")



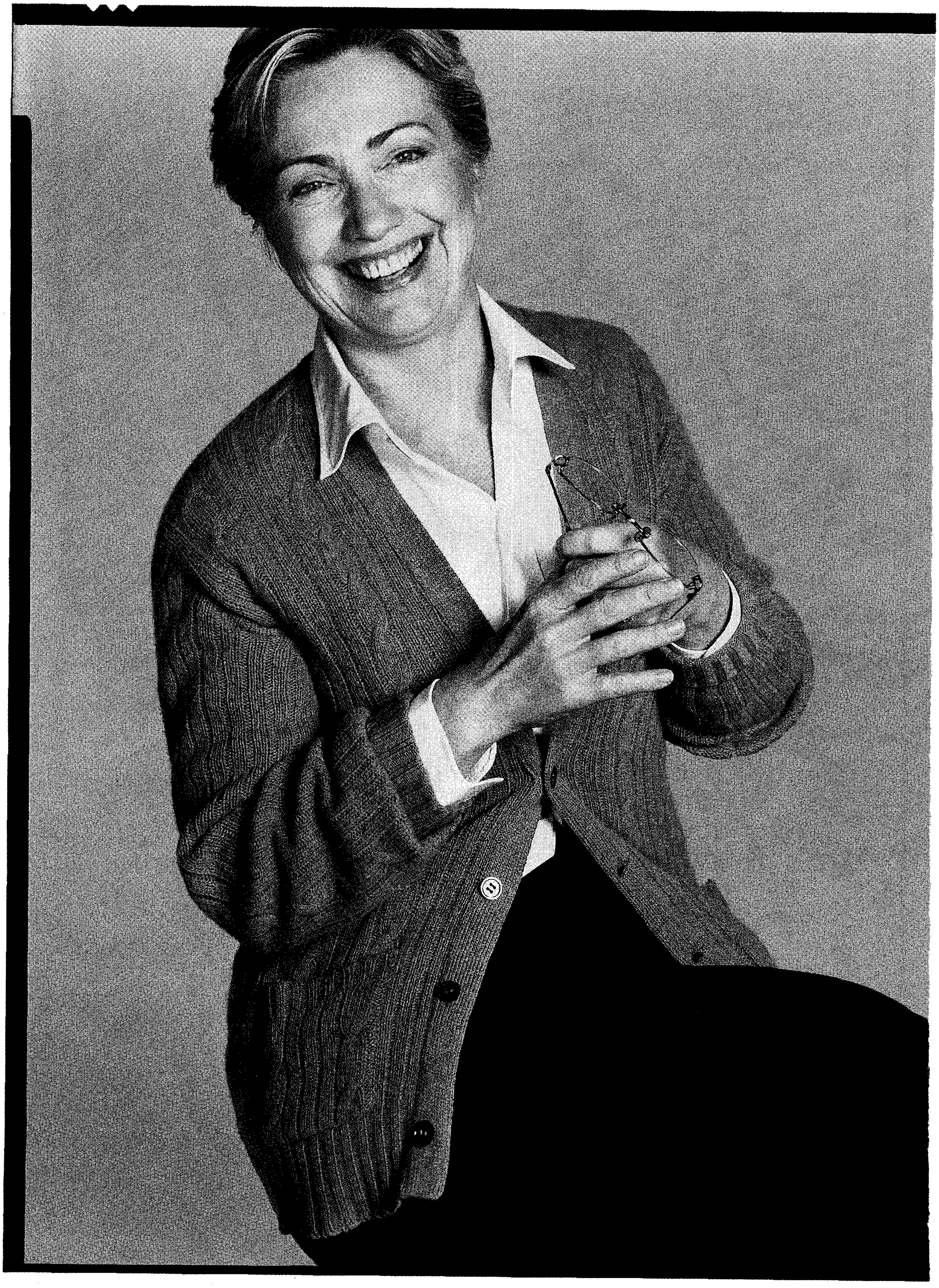
"Every Thursday I do her nails."

Sam Gross 2002 (Actual Size 11" x 14")

Or Call
1-800-897-8666

CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company

145 Palisade Street, Suite 373
Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522
1-800-897-TOON



PROFILES

THE STUDENT

How Hillary Clinton set out to master the Senate.

BY ELIZABETH KOLBERT

On January 26, 1993, six days after becoming First Lady, Hillary Rodham Clinton paid a private visit to Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. The encounter took place at Onassis's Fifth Avenue apartment, where lunch was served in the living room, overlooking Central Park. The two women had met only a few times before, but Clinton had sought out Onassis as one of the few women in America who could understand what she was going through. They talked for two hours about, among other things, the dangers faced by charismatic leaders and the challenge of raising children in the public eye. Eventually, the conversation turned to clothes. Nearly everything that Clinton had done in her first days in the White House had been criticized, from her decision to move into an office near the President's to her choice of hats. (The derby-like creation that she wore to her husband's swearing-in made her look, according to one news account, as if a flying saucer had just landed on her head.) Clinton asked Onassis whether she should hand herself over to a team of fashion consultants, as many had urged. Onassis responded with horror. "You have to be you," she told the First Lady.

The advice seemed obvious, but no sooner had Clinton returned to Washington than she ignored it. She had already been named to head the President's task force on health-care reform, an unprecedented appointment for a First Lady, and dozens of journalists were competing to land the first interview with her in her new position. Instead of granting it to a political columnist, or even to a medical reporter, Clinton chose to sit down with a food writer, Marian Burros, of the *Times*. The *Times* ran Burros's piece, which focussed on the First Lady's decision to shift the emphasis of the White House menu from French to American-style cuisine, on the front page. Clinton posed for the accompanying photograph in a high-fashion, shoulder-baring Donna Karan evening gown.

There are not supposed to be any second acts in American politics. Either because voters are impatient or because they are simply inattentive, a perception, once fixed in the public imagination—Michael Dukakis in a tank, Gary Hart on the Monkey Business—tends to crowd out the possibility of all others. A reputation for disingenuousness would seem to be particularly damaging, since any attempt to dislodge it is bound to be construed as another piece of insincerity.

Depending on how you reckon, Clinton's second act began either three years ago, with her election to the United States Senate, or somewhat further back, with the revelation of her husband's infidelity. It reached a triumphant peak this summer, with the publication of "Living History," her extended meditation on the tribulations of being First Lady. Such is Clinton's treatment of her subject, which is to say herself, that when trouble arises it is almost always from a surfeit of good intentions. "With Jackie's tacit permission, I determined to continue having fun," Clinton writes of her encounter with Onassis, and she ascribes the flap over her dress to the narrow imagination of her critics: "I cared about the food I served our guests, and I also wanted to improve the delivery of health care for all Americans." The memoir has sold nearly a million and a half copies in the United States alone, more than recouping the eight million dollars that Simon & Schuster paid for it. (It has also been published abroad in thirty-five languages.) In a circular sort of way, its sales have no doubt benefitted from, and at the same time contributed to, the recent state of speculation about Clinton and the Presidential race.

How Hillary Clinton, whom many members of her husband's Administration still credit with some of the worst decisions of his tenure, could have pulled off such a remarkable recovery is mysterious in many of the same ways that her earlier difficulties were. One possible explanation is that Clinton has far better judgment when it comes to her own career than when it comes to her husband's. Another—the one Clinton proposes in "Living History"—is that her troubles as First Lady were all just the result of a terrible misunderstanding.

Senator Clinton and her staff occupy the same L-shaped suite, on the fourth floor of the Russell Senate Office Building, that her predecessor, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, and his staff worked out of for twenty-two years. Clinton's office, which is at one end of the L, is spacious and airy, with a marble fireplace that holds four decoratively stacked logs. The room is painted a pale shade of daffodil, with drapes and upholstery to match, and projects what might best be described as reserved femininity. On the chairs, there are little needlepoint pillows, one stitched with a copy of the cover of Clinton's 1996 book, "It Takes a Village," another with the words "Senator Hillary." Like most politicians' offices, Clinton's is filled with photographs, but instead of the usual shots of the senator posing with luminaries, her collection includes a picture of Robert Kennedy, who also served as a senator

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD AVEDON

"I made a lot of mistakes," Clinton said of her years in the White House. "I learned from those mistakes. At least, I hope I did."

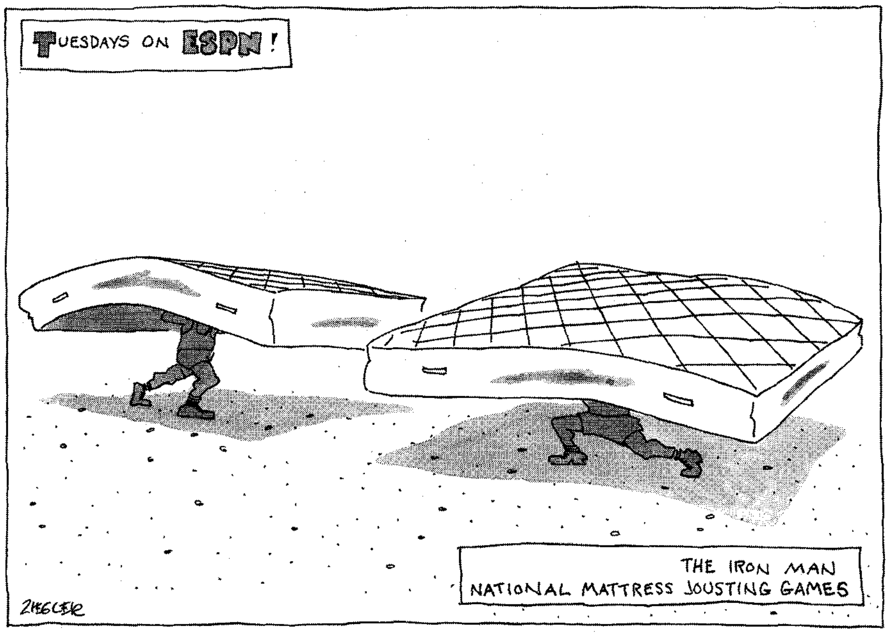
from New York even though he wasn't from the state; a moody portrait of her husband, with his back to the camera, gazing out the windows of the Oval Office; and a composite picture of her sitting with Eleanor Roosevelt. The suite is not considered particularly desirable—Moynihan had many opportunities to upgrade, but chose not to—and Clinton ended up with it because, under the elaborate rules governing seniority, when she first entered the Senate she ranked below several other lawmakers who had entered on the same day. (Extra points go to those who have previously served as governors or congressmen, but the system gives no credit to former First Ladies.) After Moynihan retired, he came back to visit the office and pronounced the place a lot more yellow.

One morning in late May, I went down to Washington to spend a day with Clinton. When I met up with her, at around 9:30 A.M., she was sitting in her office, sipping some sort of frozen coffee concoction through a straw. Clinton is not at her best early in the day, and she looked as if she were struggling to wake up when a group of entrepreneurs-cum-environmentalists called E2 was ushered in. The group included Robert Fisher, a former president of the Gap, and its concerns ranged from overfishing of the world's oceans to the Bush Administration's legislative agenda. Clinton, sipping her coffee, agreed with the group's gloomy views about aquatic life and the President's proposals—"The Administration is taking every opportunity they can to weaken the Clean Air Act and the Clean Water Act," she said—and, finally, voiced the hope that "this will be the first of many such meetings." Then she excused herself to attend a press conference outside the Capitol.

The press conference dealt with the 2004 defense authorization bill, which was still working its way through Congress. A few months earlier, Clinton had won a seat on the Senate Armed Services Committee. When I asked her why she had wanted the assignment, she said, "I concluded that the war on terrorism is a long-term challenge, and that it will be important to understand what our military response will be and to satisfy myself we're as well defended as we need to be. It's also clear that this Administration has a strategy to starve the federal budget of everything but defense. I think that it's a mistake to turn our backs on so many of our important domestic and international priorities, but since that is the direction that these deficits and this huge debt load are taking us, I wanted to have some understanding and influence over how that money was going to be spent." Others, including many other Democrats, put the matter more succinctly. Clinton, they say, is trying to fill the gap in her résumé under national defense.

Because she is so junior, Clinton usually speaks last at Senate press conferences, and at the conference on the defense bill, which dealt with an amendment to allow National Guard members and reservists to buy into the military's health-insurance system, she had to wait through remarks by the amendment's co-sponsors, Senator Patrick Leahy, of Vermont; Senator Tom Daschle, of South Dakota; and Senator Lindsey Graham, of South Carolina. Experienced politicians often seem to zone out while their colleagues rehearse the inevitable platitudes, in this case about doing right by the men and women risking their lives to serve their country; Clinton, in contrast, always seems to be paying rapt attention. She nodded vigorously as Daschle and Leahy and Graham emphasized and reëmphasized the importance of assuring Guard members and reservists access to health care. When, finally, it was her turn to speak, she said, "What this bill basically says is that 'you're too valuable a resource for our country for us to treat you like this.' " Then she thanked her colleagues, especially Graham, the quartet's only Republican, who, she noted, had himself served in the National Guard.

By the time the press conference broke up, it was almost noon. Clinton had three events in three different parts of Washington to attend over lunch—a surprise party for a friend, a meeting with the Senate's Democratic caucus, and an awards ceremony organized by a group called Girls Inc. That afternoon, there was going to be a vote on the defense-bill amendment, and while Clinton was being ferried around the city her press staff was trying to arrange another news conference, this one with Graham alone. In 1999, Graham, then a congressman, served as one of the thirteen House managers who presented the case against Bill Clinton to the Senate during his impeachment trial. ("He was told to abide by the rules of litigation, and he cheated, and you've got to put him back in bounds," Graham said at the time, referring to the President. "Remove him.") From a public-relations perspective, there was an obvious appeal in bringing the old antagonists together, and after the amendment had been approved, 85–10, Clinton and Graham climbed up to the Senate Press Gallery and plopped down next to each other in a pair of leather chairs. About



• •

a dozen reporters wandered over. One woman was wearing a bright-pink outfit. Clinton, who was dressed in one of her trademark black suits, called out, "Love the fuchsia, girl!"

Clinton's extraordinary celebrity is the unspoken but determining condition of all her interactions. Sitting next to her, Graham seemed at once excited and vaguely embarrassed, like a kid who has been caught showing off. "Well, this is, I think, the first thing I've ever had passed," he announced. "I'm going to try to talk more with the senator from New York." He appeared to be at a loss for what to call the former First Lady, at one point referring to her simply as "she." Clinton, for her part, kept referring to Graham as "Lindsey." She seemed completely relaxed, and if she was aware of Graham's discomfiture—presumably, she was—she apparently found it gratifying. One reporter asked about the amendment's prospects in the House.

"We're about to start working on that," Clinton said. "I think both of us are a little surprised that we got it through here in a week."

"I'm shocked," Graham interjected. "I'm awed and shocked."

Clinton laughed. "That's right," she said. "I think it's because people were so awed and shocked by us working together that they just basically threw up their hands, you know, and said, 'O.K.!' "

When Clinton was first elected, she was often asked how she thought she would fare in the Senate, given her and her husband's history with that body. Clinton professed herself unconcerned. "I think I will get a very positive reception," she asserted at her first post-election news conference, in Manhattan. "I have worked with a number of the Republican members in the past. I'm looking forward to working with them on a bipartisan basis on issues that affect their states, as well as New York, and of course our entire country." The same day, speaking in Mississippi, Senator Trent Lott, then the Majority Leader, declared, "I tell you one thing, when this Hillary gets to the Senate, if she does—maybe lightning will strike, and she won't—she will be one of a hundred, and we won't let her forget it."

To a large degree, Clinton's confidence now appears to have been justified. In addition to the amendment to the armed-services budget that she sponsored with Lindsey Graham, Clinton has co-sponsored measures with Gordon Smith, Republican of Oregon, to promote careers in nursing; with Don Nickles, Republican of Oklahoma, to extend unemployment benefits; and with John Warner, Republican of Virginia, to assist people caring for elderly or disabled relatives. (A measure that Clinton co-sponsored with Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison, a Republican from Texas, to establish a program to recruit professionals as teachers, was approved as part of the education bill that passed the Senate in 2001.) Some former Clinton detractors, like Senator James Inhofe, Republican of Oklahoma, now go so far as to refer to her as a friend. At the top of a voluminous pile of documents that Clinton's staff sent to me was a compilation of flattering quotes, including several from congressional and Senate colleagues, many of whom had wrangled with her in the past or voted in favor of throwing her husband out of office, or both.

"I think she's doing fine," Senator Lott was now quoted as saying. "I think she's trying to dig in and do her homework, trying to lower her profile a little bit."

As it happened, Clinton's next meeting of the day was with Asa Hutchinson, Under-Secretary for Border and Transportation Security at the Department of Homeland Security. Hutchinson, who is from Arkansas, is a former congressman and, with Graham, served as a manager in Bill Clinton's impeachment trial. Senator Clinton had requested the meeting, which took place in her office, to discuss topics like security at small airports. As it was breaking up, Hutchinson turned to her and said, with what seemed to be genuine admiration, "Congratulations. It's just an amazing feat what you have done."

"I'm having the time of my life," Clinton responded. "I pinch myself every morning."

Clinton's journey to the Senate began, more or less officially, on July 7, 1999, with the announcement that she was forming a campaign committee. As the site for the announcement, Clinton chose Daniel Patrick Moynihan's farm, in the tiny upstate New York town of Pindars Corners. She conferred with the Senator in a one-room schoolhouse, then walked down the road with him to a newly mown hayfield where risers had been set up for the cameras. Clinton pronounced herself "very humbled and more than a little surprised to be here." She raised the concerns that, she supposed, were on everybody's mind—

"Why the Senate? Why New York? And why me?"—and, finally, she took a few questions from the press, which she didn't so much answer as try, not always successfully, to parry.

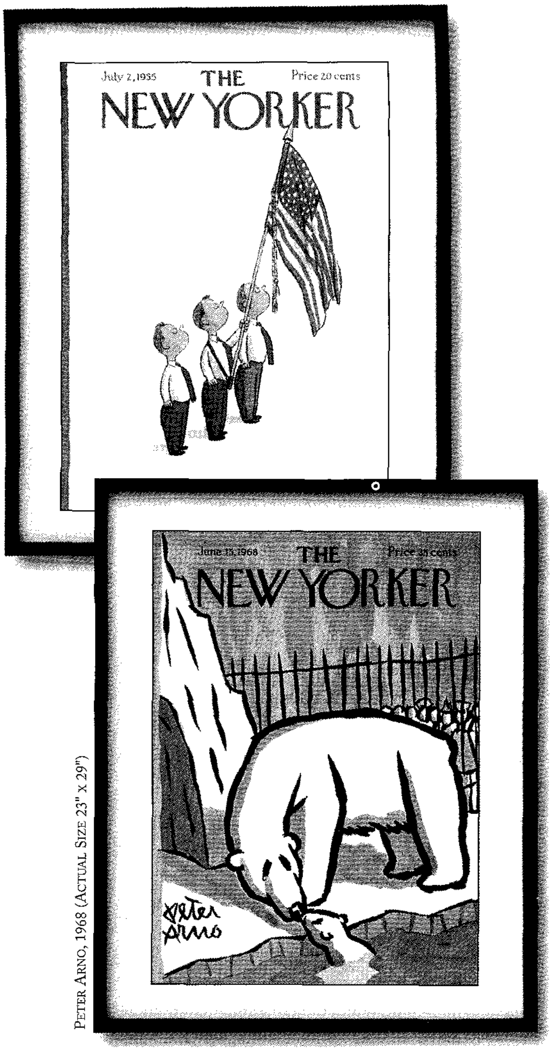
The consensus on the hayfield that morning was that Clinton would have her work cut out for her—the sort of judgment that has a tendency to be self-fulfilling. I had brought along a friend who lived near Pindars Corners, and, as one of the few locals available for comment, he immediately found himself besieged. A television reporter asked him whether New York "needed" the First Lady. Not understanding where things were heading, he replied, "New York doesn't need Hillary Clinton, but I think most New Yorkers welcome her candidacy." He appeared on the evening news delivering only the first half of his remark.

Beyond the obvious blunders—the donning of a Yankees cap, the embrace of Suha Arafat—Clinton's campaign was, from the beginning, troubled by the old, unresolved questions of identity. On the one hand, the First Lady was clearly running on who she was; on the other, who she was was precisely what was at issue. To a surprising degree, Clinton's public image had been improved by the Monica Lewinsky scandal and the subsequent impeachment of her husband. Still, many, including some of Clinton's closest friends, argued that the sympathy extended to a long-suffering wife was a treacherous basis on which to build a candidacy. The Senate race seemed sure to prompt a reëxamination of the multifarious scandals associated with the Clinton Administration, starting with Whitewater, and to summon up all the most unflattering impressions of the First Lady. ("Lady Macbeth in a headband" was a much-repeated formulation.) At one point, Clinton's campaign staff, disturbed by her lack of support among suburban women, convened a series of all-female focus groups in Westchester County. (Tapes of the sessions were leaked to a columnist, Michael Tomasky, who subsequently published a book about the campaign, "Hillary's Turn.") Among the words that the participants used to describe Clinton were "cunning," "savvy," "pushy," and "cold." One woman complained, "She's afraid of showing a weakness to us." Another said, "We really don't know who Hillary Clinton is."

The Clinton campaign's response to the question of "who Hillary Clinton is" was to turn the question on its head. With her "listening tour"—an elaborate show of humility to the citizens of New York—she offered the inverse of a typical campaign; instead of presenting a set of positions to voters, Clinton travelled around the state soliciting views from others. (As a former campaign aide put it to me, explaining the theory behind the tour, "People wanted to know that it was about them, and not about her.") When, eventually, the First Lady began to put out position papers—something that toward the end of the campaign she took to doing almost every day—she continued to focus on topics of local (and profoundly noncontroversial) interest, like rural communities' need for better Internet service.

While journalists fumed about the anodyne nature of her agenda—one reporter accused her of having undergone a "controversectomy"—voters seemed unfazed. They were usually flattered,

"We are prepared to offer you a compensation package that includes a significant portion of the Western Hemisphere."


July 2, 1955
THE
Price 20 cents
NEW YORKER
June 15, 1968
THE
Price 35 cents
NEW YORKER
Peter Arno

WILLIAM STEIG, 1955 (ACTUAL SIZE 23" X 29")

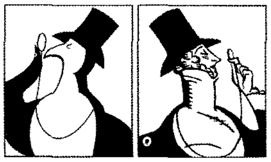
PETER ARNO, 1968 (ACTUAL SIZE 23" x 29")

(All covers in full color)

THE NEW YORKER
VINTAGE COVER COLLECTION (1925-1992)
available only at
THE CARTOON BANK

Every cover in our Vintage Collection, 1925 to 1992, represents an exquisite moment in time. From simple and sublime, to bold and playful, each one is a little masterpiece. Hundreds to choose from. Search for your favorite artist, subject, or select a *New Yorker* cover with a special issue date. Available framed and unframed.

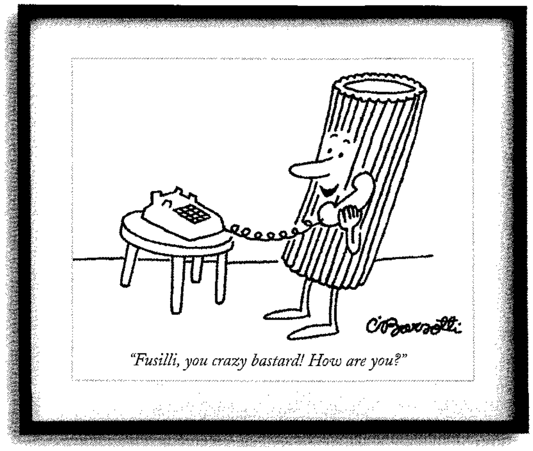
Order online at
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM
OR CALL 1-800-897-8666



CARTOONBANK.COM

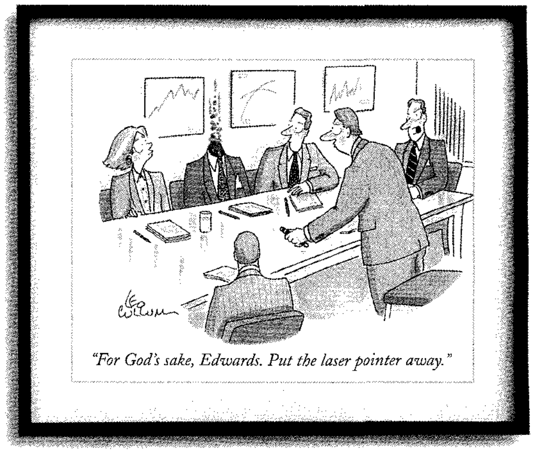
A New Yorker Magazine Company

145 PALISADE STREET, SUITE 373 · DOBBS FERRY, NY 10522 · 1-800-897-TOON



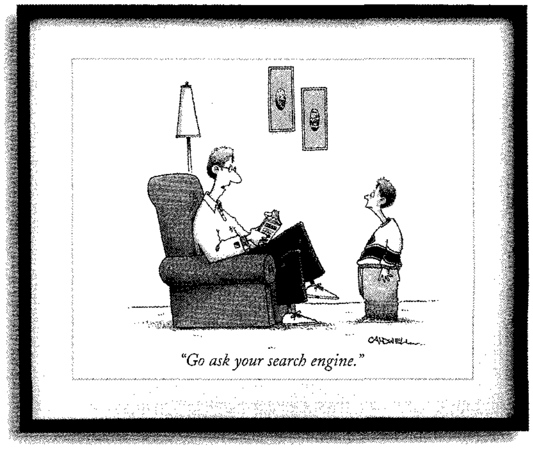
"Fusilli, you crazy bastard! How are you?"

Charles Barsotti, 1994 (Actual Size 11" x 14")



"For God's sake, Edwards. Put the laser pointer away."

Leo Cullum, 1999 (Actual Size 11" x 14")



"Go ask your search engine."

John Caldwell, 2000 (Actual Size 11" x 14")

NEW YORKER
CARTOON PRINTS
Framed and Matted available only at
THE CARTOON BANK

Virtually every cartoon ever published in *The New Yorker* is available as a framed or matted print. Hang them up in your home or office. A great way to make a statement . . . or just make someone laugh.

Order online at
WWW.CARTOONBANK.COM
OR CALL 1-800-897-8666

CARTOONBANK.COM
A New Yorker Magazine Company
145 Palisade Street, Suite 373 • Dobbs Ferry, NY 10522

which clearly was the point. Here was a woman who could be doing anything, and what she wanted to do was to expand broadband access in Cattaraugus County. In the course of the campaign, I followed Clinton to at least a dozen events. One trip to Buffalo began with her being asked on live radio whether she had ever slept with Vince Foster. The interview left her staff deeply rattled, but Clinton proceeded to work the lunch crowd at a local senior center, pausing at every table to shake every hand, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. One woman rambled on incoherently to her about something having to do with a house foreclosure; Clinton listened patiently, then thanked the woman for bringing such an important matter to her attention. A second woman complained about the difficulty that young people had finding jobs in the area, a lament that Clinton had doubtless heard hundreds, if not thousands, of times before. "While you're talking, she's actually listening to what you're saying," the woman remarked to me afterward. "She doesn't just want to get away."

Whether this sort of attentiveness would, in the end, have been enough to defeat Mayor Rudolph Giuliani is hard to know. During his phase of the tag-team campaign, Giuliani never really bothered to engage Clinton as a serious rival. When he mentioned her at all, it was usually to make fun of her—for pretending to be a Yankees fan, a New Yorker, a sincere person. The Mayor implied, and many others explicitly stated, that Clinton's only interest in the Empire State was as a stepping stone to further power. "If she wins in New York, it will only be a matter of time before she announces for President," William Powers, chairman of the state G.O.P., declared.

Rick Lazio, the Long Island congressman who replaced Giuliani in the race after the Mayor was found to have prostate cancer, tried to adopt a similar approach—"I put my Mets hat on when I was six years old," he declared in his announcement speech—but, lacking Giuliani's stature, and his instinct for savagery, he never could quite pull it off. Even many Democrats believe that it was Lazio's weakness as a candidate, more than Clinton's appeal, that finally decided the race. In an obviously scripted confrontation at a debate in Buffalo, Lazio marched over to Clinton and demanded that she sign a pledge to ban so-called "soft money" contributions from the campaign. "When Lazio walked across that stage, that was every husband walking across that kitchen with a threatening tone in his voice" is how one prominent New York Democrat recalled the incident. "They did for her what she couldn't do for herself. They made her sympathetic."

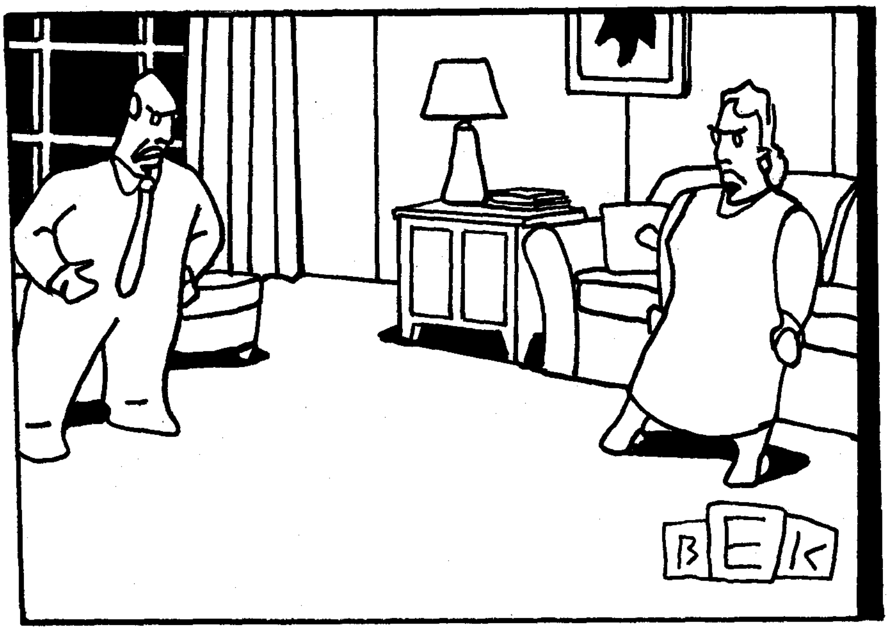
The Senate is a body governed by laws and by traditions, to the latter of which belongs the freshman visit to Senator Robert Byrd, the West Virginia Democrat. Byrd has served in the Senate for fifty years—longer, as he likes to point out, than all but two of the members who have passed through the chamber since it was created—and is widely acknowledged to be the world's reigning expert on its rules. By the time of Clinton's election, she and Senator Byrd were already well acquainted—too well, one might say. Their most consequential encounter occurred in 1993, during Clinton's disastrous tenure as head of the President's task force on health-care reform. The First Lady wanted the legislation that the task force had drafted, which ran to more than thirteen hundred pages, tacked onto the so-called budget-reconciliation bill. The justification for this was, substantively speaking, thin, but procedurally it offered a critical advantage. The budget-reconciliation bill practically has to pass—if it doesn't, the entire appropriations process gets bollixed up—and debate in the Senate is limited. Clinton needed Byrd, who was then the chairman of the Senate Appropriations Committee, to approve the move, something he refused to do. His decision had the effect—intentional or not—of killing off the legislation and, with it, Clinton's hopes of introducing universal health insurance.

"I had seen her a few times through a glass darkly, as the Scripture says," Byrd told me recently when I met with him in his office in the Capitol. "I would say she did not necessarily start out as one of my favorites, if I might use that term. But she is one of my favorites now, because I like her approach. I like her sincerity. I like her convictions." Byrd said that he was particularly impressed by Clinton's hard work and deference, which, he had advised her on the occasion of her freshman visit, in November, 2000, would be among the qualities her fellow-senators would judge her on. "I think she has been the perfect student," he said.

The first piece of legislation that Clinton introduced in the Senate was a package of seven bills designed, in her words, "to spur job growth in upstate New York and around the nation." The package, which fulfilled a campaign promise, called for, among other things, the creation of "technology bonds" to promote broadband access in rural communities. When Clinton introduced the package, on March 1, 2001, she handed her colleagues customized briefing packets with color-coded maps showing how each of their states would also benefit from her initiatives.

In general, Clinton has received high marks for her inaugural legislative efforts. This is not because they are particularly far-reaching, or even original—on the contrary. Like most junior senators, Clinton has spent her first years in office largely trying to funnel federal dollars to her state. She has, for example, successfully worked to maneuver a new, hundred-million-dollar border-crossing station in Champlain, New York, through the Senate's Environment and Public Works Committee, of which she is a member.

"People thought, Well, gee, she's the First Lady, she's probably going to be very insulated," Garry Douglas, the president of the Plattsburgh-North Country Chamber of Commerce, who worked with her on the project, told me. "But not only does she take our phone calls—on occasion she calls us." Douglas also said that he was "remarkably impressed" with Clinton's staff, an assessment that I heard repeated from many sources. Other officials observed that there was almost no economic-development project too small-bore for Clinton to show an interest in. Last year, for instance, in an effort to promote local agriculture, she organized an event in the Capitol called New York farm day. At the event, which she repeated last month, she



"Yeah, well, the Dalai Lama never had to deal with your whining."

• •

served only New York-grown products. "She is a true missionary for New York food and wine," Jim Trezise, president of the New York Wine & Grape Foundation, told me.

All the lawmakers who spoke to me on the record about Clinton—a self-selected group, to be sure—praised her in much the same terms as Senator Byrd. They noted her faithful attendance at committee hearings, her deference to more senior colleagues, her general willingness to fade into the background. "When she goes to meetings—you know, we have New York delegation meetings—she just sits there, the same as anybody else," Peter King, a Republican congressman from Long Island, told me. "She's not trying to jump out front and grab an issue from you, because she knows she's going to get the coverage anyway. Now, that may sound almost self-evident: of course Hillary Clinton can get her face in the paper. But the thing is, a lot of people, no matter how much publicity they get, they still don't have the confidence to know they can get it."

A few weeks after Clinton and Graham's amendment was passed, I went down to Washington again. The day was given over to the Homeland Security Appropriations bill for 2004. Ever since the September 11th attacks, Clinton has, for obvious reasons, devoted a great deal of time to homeland security and, in particular, to obtaining more funds for New York. Working with the state's senior senator, Charles Schumer, with whom she does not always enjoy the best relations—the pair have had at least two semi-public shouting matches—Clinton was instrumental in getting twenty billion dollars for New York in the days immediately following the disaster. This past winter, after months of lobbying, Clinton helped secure an additional ninety million dollars to track the health effects of the attacks on rescue workers.

"This was an issue where she might have said, 'Listen, this is bogged down someplace,' but she stayed with it," Peter Gorman, the president of the Uniformed Fire Officers' Association of New York City, which represents the F.D.N.Y.'s superior officers, told me. "That's the amazing thing about her. She's really a woman who is not afraid to get involved in any issue that's important to us."

The Homeland Security Appropriations Act finances the Department of Homeland Security. It also provides the states with security funds, using a formula based almost entirely on population. Clinton wanted to change this formula, by directing the Secretary of Homeland Security to take other factors into account, such as the risk of attack. To explain her proposal, she had had a series of charts made up. At one point, she went down to the floor of the Senate, propped the charts up on an easel, and was about to launch into her spiel when she was informed that a vote on two other amendments had been scheduled, and she would have to wait. She trekked back to her office to meet with members of the New York Farm Bureau, who were concerned about dairy prices and Canadian imports, then walked back to the Capitol to await her turn to speak. It came at about six in the evening. There were only two other senators on the floor, not an unusual number for a routine legislative matter.

"Now, this is obviously a bit confusing and arcane, because it has to do with formulas and percentages, but it is a very important issue," Clinton began, speaking to the mostly empty chamber. "There is an absolute clear consensus among security experts that a better formula must be devised," she went on. "I said the other day that if we were to determine our defense posture, our projection of force around the world, on some kind of per-capita basis, we would be placing soldiers in Canada and Sweden, because, after all, they are there. Well, obviously, it is nonsensical. We don't do that. We look at the threats. We try to design our weaponry and other responses to take account of all of the threats that military forces might encounter, and we should be doing the same here." Midway through Clinton's remarks, Susan Collins, the chairman of the Governmental Affairs Committee, rushed onto the floor; evidently, she had been advised that it would be unwise to let Clinton's comments go unanswered. After Clinton was done, Collins, a Maine Republican, stood to oppose her amendment, pointing out that the Governmental Affairs Committee had been trying to draft legislation to deal with precisely the same issue. She offered to work with the senator from New York on this legislation, because, as she put it, "I'm very sympathetic to what a high-risk, high-vulnerability state the Senator so ably represents"—at which point Clinton withdrew her proposal from consideration. Although it might have appeared that she had wasted the entire afternoon waiting around to offer her amendment, only to drop it at the crucial moment, Clinton was upbeat. By the unwritten rules of the Senate, she told me, the exchange with Collins had been filled with significance.

"Actually, it turned out better than I expected," she said as we walked back to her office. "When she said, 'You have a lot of good points, you have a special concern about New York that I want to work with you about,' that is a wonderful invitation to pull down your amendment and engage in a discussion based on that kind of comity. It's really the way things get done around here."

Clinton wrote "Living History"—with a team of ghostwriters—nights and weekends when her senatorial schedule allowed. Once, I asked her how she had managed to remember everything she recounts in the book—whether she had kept some sort of diary she could refer back to. She turned to me and said, matter-of-factly, "No. Because it would have been subpoenaed."

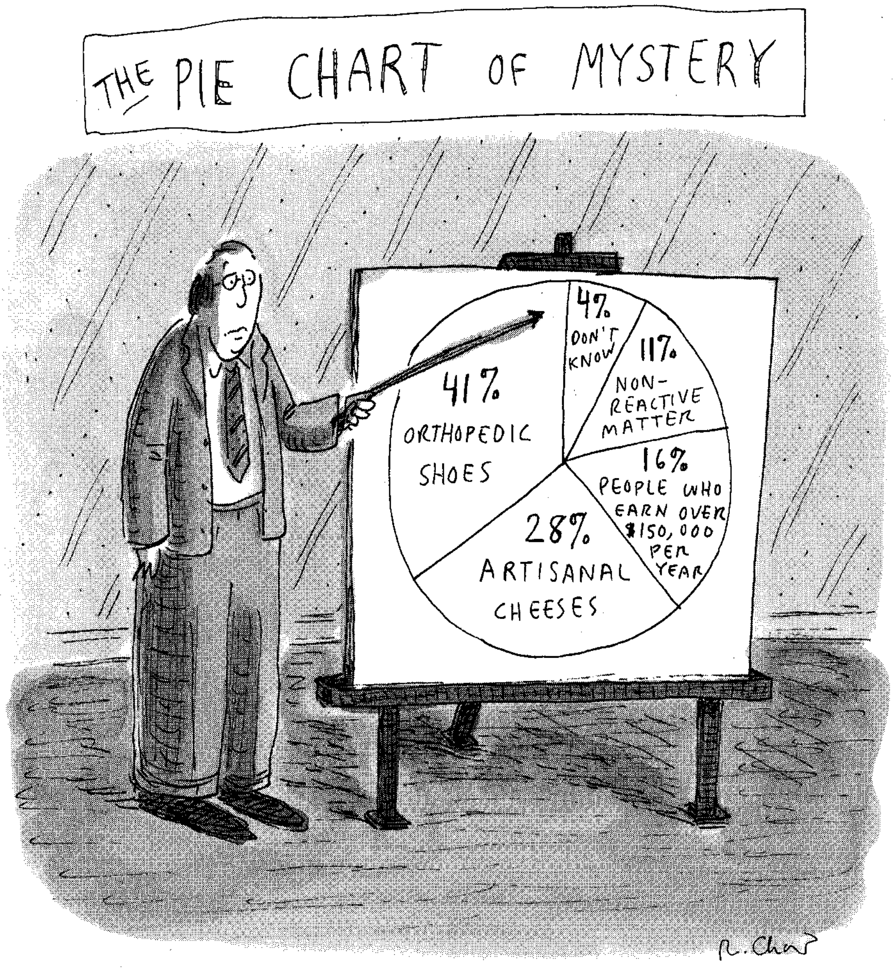
"Living History" begins with Clinton's childhood in the quiet town of Park Ridge, Illinois—"My dad was a rock-ribbed, up-by-your-bootstraps, conservative Republican and proud of it," she writes—and briefly describes her falling in love at Yale Law School with a fellow-student who "had a vitality that seemed to shoot out of his pores." Most of the book's five hundred and thirty-four pages, though, are devoted to Clinton's years as First Lady, in chapters that discuss, in turn, her efforts to overhaul the nation's health-care system, to improve the lives of women around the world, and to deal with the various scandals that were constantly cropping up. Clinton addresses virtually every allegation, usually in order to point out where her actions were misconstrued. Discussing the ten-thousand-per-cent profit she made during her nine-month foray into cattle-futures trading, in the late seventies, for example, she writes, by way of explanation, "I was lucky enough to lose my nerve and get out before the market dropped."

Whitewater takes up one whole chapter and parts of several others. The story of the Clintons' land deal with Jim McDougal, who was later imprisoned for ransacking a savings and loan, Madison Guaranty, that Clinton herself had done legal work for does not lend itself to an edifying telling. "I've been asked how I could have been so ignorant of McDougal's actions," she writes. "I've asked myself that too." What is arguably the story's climax—the discovery of Clinton's Madison Guaranty billing records, which had mysteriously gone missing—becomes, in Clinton's version, simply a matter of poor housekeeping: "It was difficult to convey the disarray we had lived with ever since moving into the White House."

By far the most often cited section of the book, of course, is the section dealing with the Lewinsky scandal, and with Clinton's reaction to her husband's confession of infidelity. The story of the President's affair with Lewinsky broke on January 21, 1998, and on that day, Clinton relates, the President woke her up early to say, "There's something in today's papers you should know about." Bill denied that there was any truth to the charges, and six days later Hillary went on the "Today" show. "The great story here for anybody willing to find it and write about it and explain it," she told Matt Lauer, "is this vast right-wing conspiracy that has been conspiring against my husband since the day he announced for President." For the next seven months, despite mounting evidence to the contrary, Clinton continued to believe, she maintains, that her husband was the victim of politically motivated slander. Then, on the morning of August 15th, the President woke her up early again, this time to inform her that, as she puts it, there had in fact been "inappropriate intimacy."

"Gulping for air, I started crying and yelling at him, 'What do you mean?' " Clinton recalls. " 'What are you saying? Why did you lie to me?' " A week before the book was released, the Associated Press got hold of a copy and put Clinton's recollection of this scene out on the wire, guaranteeing the book huge publicity in the days leading up to its hugely publicized release.

To an extent unusual for an author in her position, Clinton actively mar-



keted "Living History"—first, in appearances in New York, Washington, and Philadelphia, and later, during the summer recess, in appearances in cities like Little Rock and Seattle. (By the end of the tour, she had autographed some forty-five thousand copies.) I went to an early book signing, in the Clintons' adopted home town of Chappaqua, in Westchester County. The event, which took place at the local public library, was limited to those with tickets, but more than a hundred people had shown up without them and were waiting in the parking lot. Also hanging around outside was a man in a bright-red devil's suit, waving a sign that said "I sold my soul to Hillary." Inside, Clinton recognized several people she knew and waved to them enthusiastically. She read a few excerpts from the book—one about a trip she had taken to South Asia as First Lady, and one about dropping Chelsea off at Stanford. Then she turned to the book's penultimate chapter, "Dare to Compete," which deals with her decision to run for the Senate.

It is the peculiar conceit of "Living History" that this decision was not in any way an expression of—or even influenced by—personal ambition. Clinton portrays herself as drawn into a candidacy entirely as a result of the efforts of others, among them Charles Rangel, the Harlem congressman, who suggested the idea in a phone conversation, and Senator Bob Torricelli, of New Jersey, who was asked about it on "Meet the Press." Nita Lowey, a congresswoman from Westchester, gave her another nudge by dropping out of the race, Clinton says, neglecting to mention that Lowey dropped out only because Clinton had made it clear that she wanted in. By Clinton's account, the decisive push came from, of all unlikely people, a high-school basketball player named Sofia Totti. Clinton had agreed to a promo appearance for an HBO special entitled "Dare to Compete," at which Totti had the honor of introducing her:

> As I went to shake her hand, she leaned toward me and whispered in my ear.
>
> "Dare to compete, Mrs. Clinton," she said. "Dare to compete."
>
> Her comment caught me off guard, so much so that I left the event and began to think: Could I be afraid to do something I had urged countless other women to do? Why am I vacillating about taking on this race? Why aren't I thinking more seriously about it? Maybe I should "dare to compete."

For all its traffic in intimate material—the scandals, the early-morning bedroom encounters, the self-doubts—"Living History" is not, finally, a record of a life; it is a political act. It offers an account of Clinton's actions that, however bowdlerized, she can refer back to if, as seems almost inevitable, questions about them arise on a future occasion. Like the "listening tour," it is a response to constraints that to any ordinary person would have been paralyzing.

On the Friday before Labor Day, Clinton had just wrapped up the last phase of her book tour and was midway through an upstate swing when a rumor about her began to circulate. According to this rumor, which surfaced online in the Drudge Report, Clinton had called a meeting with her top advisers, among them her husband, to discuss whether she should run for President. At a press conference in the Finger Lakes, Clinton denied that any such meeting was planned—she said that she was simply hosting a "thank-you dinner" for supporters—and insisted that, "for the nine-hundred-and-seventy-fifth time," she was ruling out the Presidential race. A few hours later, she denied the report again. This did not do much to dampen the speculation, which continued over the weekend and by Monday had made its way onto the front page of the *Post*. In a story headlined "My Girl" and labelled "exclusive," the *Post* quoted former Governor Mario Cuomo saying that if Clinton did decide to run he "would support her in a flash." The dinner, a week later, turned out to be as Clinton had described it; nevertheless, it set off a whole new round of rumors. Clinton told her supporters—jokingly, she later insisted—how important their help would be for her next campaign, "whatever that may be."

The recent surge of interest in Clinton's plans is in part a response to the weakness of the current Democratic field. Voicing a widely held view, Cuomo has referred to the candidates vying for the Party's nomination as a "babble," and Bill Clinton is reported to have told his wife's supporters that there were "two stars" in the Democratic Party—General Wesley Clark and Hillary. When Clark subsequently announced his candidacy, there were so many reports that the Clintons were backing him—perhaps as a "stalking-horse" for Hillary—that Bill reportedly felt compelled to call several of the other candidates to deny this. (Hillary, for her part, told reporters at a breakfast sponsored by the *Christian Science Monitor* that claims that the Clintons were supporting Clark were

TITHONUS

Not the day-old cheep of a smoke detector on the blink
in what used to be the root cellar,
nor the hush-hush of all those drowsy syrups
against their stoppers

in the apothecary chest
at the far end of your grandmother's attic,
nor the "my sweet, my sweet"
of ice-branch frigging ice-branch,

nor the jinkle-jink
of your great-grandfather the bank teller,
who kept six shots of medicinal (he called it "therap-
utraquist") whiskey like six stacks of coppers

stacked against him by the best
and brightest of the American Numismatic

Society from the other side of 155th Street,
nor the in-the-silence-after-the-horse-avalanche

spur-spink
heard by your great-great-grandfather the rebel-yeller,
who happened to lose a stirrup
and come a cropper

at the very start of the Confederate offensive in the West,
nor even the phatic
whittering of your great-great-grandmother (“such a good *seat*”)
whose name was, of all things, Blanche,

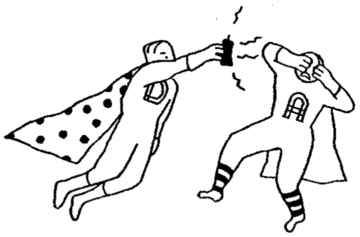
nor again the day-old cheep of a smoke detector on the blink
in what used to be the root cellar
but what turns out to be the two-thousand-year-old chirrup
of a grasshopper.

—*Paul Muldoon*

“an absurd feat of the imagination.”)

At the same time, the speculation is clearly being driven by the old assumption that Clinton didn’t come to New York just to work on broadband access. Notwithstanding her sedulous attention to local issues, she has made several moves over the last year or so—including writing her memoir—which, if they do not conclusively demonstrate Presidential ambitions, are certainly open to that interpretation. (According to a Marist College poll taken just before the book was published, twenty-eight per cent of New York voters thought that Clinton’s primary motivation for writing “Living History” was to set the stage for a national race, while twenty-seven per cent believed that she just wanted to tell her side of the story.) This past January, after only two years in office, Clinton assumed the chairmanship of the Senate’s Democratic steering committee, a position that officially makes her part of the Senate’s Democratic leadership and gives her a prominent role in shaping the Party’s message. Clinton has emerged as one of the Democrats’ most active—and successful—fund-raisers, hosting events for fellow Democratic senators at her Washington residence, a fifty-five-hundred-square-foot house near Embassy Row, and also writing checks to Democratic officials around the country from her political-action committee, HILLPAC, which, in the first six months of 2003, raised more money than any other Democratic leadership PAC. Just recently, Clinton launched a Web site-cum-fund-raising operation (friendsofhillary.com), which chronicles how “Hillary is making a difference” in areas ranging from “agriculture” to “women” and has prominently featured letters importuning her to run for President. As Clinton likes to point out, she is the first New York senator ever to serve on the Senate Armed Services Committee, an appointment for which she had to give up her seat on the Senate Budget Committee. When I asked one longtime New York political operative whether he could think of an explanation for this choice aside from national aspirations, he claimed to be stumped: “You got me. For the Long Island defense contractors who all moved to Texas twenty years ago?”

Clinton has also been influential in setting up a new liberal think tank called the Center for American Progress, headed by Bill Clinton’s former White House chief of staff John Podesta. The institute is not supposed to be explicitly partisan, but many Democrats are clearly hoping that it will come up with a more compelling agenda for the Party—if not by 2004, then at least by 2008. (One friend of the Clintons told me that Hillary would not run for President next year, although, as he noted, she has “very pointedly not ruled out” running in any other year.)



I asked Clinton about the state of Democratic politics one day when she was waiting to go onto the Senate floor. “I think it’s been hard for our party to deal with both the loss of the White House and the loss of Congress,” she told me. “That hasn’t happened in the memory of anyone here.” She went on, “I’m fundamentally optimistic, because I think that the policies of this Administration are distinctly wrongheaded, and that, after the photo ops are over, the facts and evidence actually count as to how people are experiencing their lives. And I believe that time and evidence are on our side.”

Clinton voted in favor of authorizing the use of force against Iraq, and she has been careful not to question Bush’s military judgment. On just about every other issue, though, including the handling of the aftermath of the war, she has been critical of the President. Referring to Bush’s request for a supplemental appropriation to finance ongoing operations in Iraq, she said recently, “For me, the eighty-seven billion dollars is not just a bill for Iraq—it’s a bill for failed leadership.” Last week, in spite of her own experience with special prosecutors, she called for the appointment of one to investigate Administration leaks revealing the identity of the covert C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame. Clinton frequently faults Bush for his stewardship of the economy. “I’m absolutely convinced that the Administration’s policy is the wrong medicine,” she told me. “They have the same diagnosis and treatment for everything: it’s tax cuts, tax cuts, tax cuts.” Meanwhile, she argues, the Administration’s shortsightedness on domestic security has left the country deeply vulnerable to another September 11th-like attack. “I alternate between frustration and outrage mixed with head-slapping amazement that we’re not doing more,” she told me. “Maybe we’ll get really, really, really lucky and nothing bad will ever happen again. But I can’t in good conscience operate from that assumption.”

Clinton’s criticism of the Bush Administration parallels that of most other Democrats, including most of the Democrats running for President. Occasionally, though, she veers off in a direction of her own.

One afternoon in the spring, I went to hear Clinton give a speech to a group of nurses at Roosevelt Hospital, in Manhattan. "You know, some of us need more help and guidance and support than others," Clinton told them. "Some of us are born healthy and others are not. Some of us have traumatic, terrible accidents or events or diseases that affect us. None of us know what will happen to any of us tomorrow, and therefore I think we are all bound together in a web of relationships where we do—not only for religious reasons or moral reasons but practical reasons—have an obligation and opportunity to support one another."

Clinton went on to say that she was worried that the nation's priorities were "getting misplaced." She emphasized the importance of sacrifice—"I think that's what makes a stronger country"—and introduced the concept of "future preference," under which tomorrow takes precedence over today. By the end of her speech, she was calling into question that most basic of American values—self-reliance. "I hope we don't forget that the idea of the rugged individual is a great idea for films, for books, but there are very few people who go through life without needing anyone, without having to make any sacrifice for anyone else," she said. "In fact, it's kind of an impoverished life, if that's the attitude."

At the same event, Clinton referred to the hospital's interim president. "I like the name 'interim president,' " she said. "I like the name 'president' even better."

As it happened, I was supposed to interview Clinton the day after the item on her Presidential plans appeared in the Drudge Report. The interview, the second of two that she agreed to, was scheduled to take place in her car, during a drive from the town of Skaneateles to the New York State Fair, just outside Syracuse. I spent the night before the interview in a hotel, and when I was about to check out I couldn't find my room key. After rummaging under the bed and through my suitcase, I still couldn't find it, so I told the man at the desk that I was sorry, but I had to go because I had an appointment to interview Hillary Clinton. He asked if I meant *the* Hillary Clinton, and I said yes.

"Now, don't get all nervous and competitive," he told me. "Just be yourself."

By Clinton's reckoning, "millions of words" have been written about her; her memoir adds another two hundred thousand to the total. Even the best and most exhaustive of these accounts seem somehow incomplete—and this is certainly true of "Living History." One of Clinton's own pieces of campaign literature from the Senate race put the problem this way: "We know everything—and nothing—about her."

In our first conversation, I tried to talk to Clinton about how her life had changed since she left the White House. A friend of hers had told me that she thought Clinton felt "liberated" by having her own political office. I asked Clinton if it was true.

"I wouldn't use that," she said. "You know, before Bill ran for President I had my own office, I had my own job." She went on to say, "There's nothing comparable to being First Lady. It's not a job; it's a role or a position. It is remade every time someone fills it, because of the election, up until now, of a husband as President.

"It was a hard adjustment for me," she said. "So for me this is more like a return to what I had done before those eight years. It has a definition; it has responsibilities. There are certain things you are expected to do. You do them to the best of your ability. So I'm very comfortable having this job, which it is. It's a job. The other is not."

I asked her how her views had changed since she moved from the White House to the Senate. "I feel like I've been really lucky to have those different perspectives, because it has informed my understanding of a lot of issues and how to ap-

"Don't you remember me? During the blackout we slept on the same sidewalk."

proach them," she told me. "I learned so much about Washington and national politics and the legislative process during the eight years of my husband's two terms. I made a lot of mistakes. I learned from those mistakes. At least, I hope I did." Then she steered the conversation back to the complexities of her former role. "I don't know that anything can prepare you for ending up in the White House," she said. "It is just so many light-years apart from any other experience."

The ill-defined demands of the First Lady's office are a recurring theme in "Living History." "I was navigating uncharted terrain—and through my own inexperience, I contributed to some of the conflicting perceptions about me," Clinton writes at one point. "I was still learning the ropes and still discovering what it meant to be America's First Lady," she observes at another. While it is probably true that every First Lady has to tinker with the role, Clinton was the first to imagine that it fell to the President's wife to reinvent the American health-care system. What is missing from her account is, not coincidentally, what is left out of her account of the Senate race—any mention of her own ambition.

The closest Clinton comes to acknowledging what was really at issue is some broad generalities about gender roles. "We were living in an era in which some people still felt deep ambivalence about women in positions of public leadership and power," she writes. Even in these self-abstracted terms, though, she doesn't carry the argument nearly as far as she could. Surely it is unfair that the same ambitions that are admired in a man are in a woman considered repellent. But to complain about this double standard would be to acknowledge precisely what Clinton has worked so hard—and, as the Senate seat she now occupies demonstrates, so successfully—to repress.

MEET THE LEMMINGS!
...OOPS, TOO LATE
mstevens

• •

The second time I interviewed Clinton, I decided to try to see if I could push beyond her vague statements about women in power. First, I asked her if she would give different advice to a young woman entering politics from what she would give to a young man. "There are lots of little inconsequential but apparently important matters, like hair style and wardrobe and the height of one's heels on marble floors, that you have to be aware of," she said.

Would she advise Chelsea to go into politics? "I would never talk about what I advise my daughter to do."

Was she treated differently in the Senate because she is a woman? "I really have been impressed at how collegial the atmosphere is," she replied.

Shortly before the interview, I spoke to Dwight Jewson, a marketing consultant who had been hired by Clinton's Senate campaign to investigate why she was polling so poorly among certain groups—particularly suburban women—that she needed to win. "When you're a strong, powerful woman, you're seen as one of two types of person," Jewson told me. "You're either our mother, because our mothers are strong powerful women we love, or you're a manipulative, opportunistic bitch." I asked Clinton what she thought of Jewson's assessment.

She paused for a split second. "I think we're getting beyond that," she said. "I'm sure there are some people, just as there are people who have never accepted the civil-rights revolution and the equality of all kinds of human beings, who live with and act on stereotypes, but I just don't see that as pervasive anymore."

Finally, as we were pulling up at the New York State Fair, I asked her whether she ever wished she wouldn't have to read another word about Hillary Clinton. She smiled. "That does cross my mind."

Ever since entering the Senate, Clinton has hosted an annual invitation-only lunch at the State Fair. Her guests include community leaders and elected officials from central New York, along with an assortment of people who somehow fit in with the lunch's annual theme. Last year's was agriculture, and the guests included several dairy farmers. This year's was the military. Clinton had a private meeting beforehand, so I went over to the lunch ahead of her. It was a steamy day, and many of the guests, especially those in uniform, had arrived early to escape the heat on the fairgrounds. Rhea Jezer, the former chairman of the state's Sierra Club, was sitting with her husband, Daniel, a rabbi. "When my mother died, when I had a foot operation that got infected, Hillary called," Jezer told me. "She really cares. Yet the press says that she's cold. I don't understand that."

Jezer introduced me to the Onondaga County executive, Nick Pirro, a Republican, who apparently had been invited out of a spirit of bipartisanship. He looked as if he were having second thoughts about his decision to show up. "There's no middle ground on Hillary," he told me. "People are either very for or very against her. There are a lot of people who believe she really is in this to run for President."

That morning, in a brief item, the Syracuse *Post-Standard* had announced that Bill Clinton would be accompanying his wife to the State Fair, as he had done several times in the past. Hundreds of fairgoers began to line up in the heat outside the building where the lunch was being held. Hillary's staff had expected Bill to show up, but the former President had decided that he was too busy working on his own memoir to make the trip upstate.

Just how much of a role Bill plays in Hillary's career at this point is hard to say. The two appear together in public only occasionally; I saw them both just once, at a book party for Hillary at the Four Seasons, in Manhattan. Bill told the crowd at the party that "Living History" was "an accurate, true account of the person I believe did more good for more people in the position of First Lady than any person who ever served in that position." Hillary said, "At the end of the day, I would not have lived the life I've lived or become the person I am, for all that means, without my husband." I made repeated efforts to interview Bill Clinton for this article, finally sending him a list of questions via e-mail. Several weeks later, the answers arrived, also via e-mail. To a query about whether he was surprised in any way by his wife's Senate career, the former President wrote, "My only surprise is that she's doing even better than I thought she would, which is saying something." In response to a question about what his wife brought to the Senate, he offered the following list:

1. She likes people and cares about their problems;
2. She knows how to make good policy;
3. She's brilliant and works very hard;
4. She fights for what she believes in and doesn't give up;
5. She's always reaching out for new allies, including Republicans;
6. She loves her country and her state;
7. She's always thinking about what life will be like for our children and their children.

By the time Clinton got to the lunch at the State Fair, there was not a single empty seat in the room, which had been set up for more than four hundred people. Clinton began her remarks by saying that it was a "great honor" for her to serve on the Senate Armed Services Committee, and she related how she had teamed up with Senator Graham to try to provide health insurance for members of the National Guard and reservists. "Some of you may recall Senator Graham and I have some significant differences," she said, prompting titters from the audience. "But on this we are absolutely united." Finally, to much cheering from the crowd, she vowed to fight the proposed closing of a V.A. hospital in nearby Canandaigua.

"That really raises an over-all issue, and that is: What are our priorities as a nation?" Clinton continued. "What is it we are going to focus on and value, and what is it we are willing to pay for? I am very disappointed that in just two and a half years we have gone from surplus back into huge and growing deficits. And I just have to respectfully disagree that the economic policies pursued by the Administration are working. I don't see the jobs being created; in fact, we have the worst job-creation record since Herbert Hoover, and that was not exactly a good time for our country."

After the lunch, Clinton made her way over to a neighboring building for a press conference. The place was packed with people, many of whom still seemed to be under the impression that they were going to see both Hillary and Bill. A microphone had been set up behind a display of apples and apple products, and a girl in an orange taffeta gown with a sash that said "Williamson Apple Blossom Queen" was waiting beside it. It was so hot that people began to help themselves to the apple-juice boxes. Clinton announced a program under which General Mills, in return for labels from New York apples, would donate money to the state's schools.

"We have the most delicious apples in the world, and we have the best students and kids in the world, so it's a perfect combination," she said. She took a few questions from the press, including one about her husband—"He just couldn't make it this year," she said curtly—and then began to work the crowd. People kept asking her to pose for pictures or to sign things—mostly copies of "Living History," but also baseballs, brochures from the fair, and scraps of used paper and envelopes. One man handed her an old copy of *Time* magazine with a menacing-looking picture of her on the cover and the headline "The Truth About Whitewater." Clinton looked nonplussed, but signed it anyway. "When am I going to get to vote for you for President?" one woman asked her. "You are such an inspiration," another one said.

Eventually, Clinton worked her way over to a building known as the Center of Progress, where her Senate office had a booth of its own, next to a booth for the state comptroller. It consisted of tables covered with pamphlets, including one for kids that asked, "Did You Know… New York has the longest Toll Expressway in the entire world? (Governor Thomas E. Dewey Thruway is 559 miles long.)" Hundreds more people had lined up to see her, and they grabbed the pamphlets and handed them to her to sign.

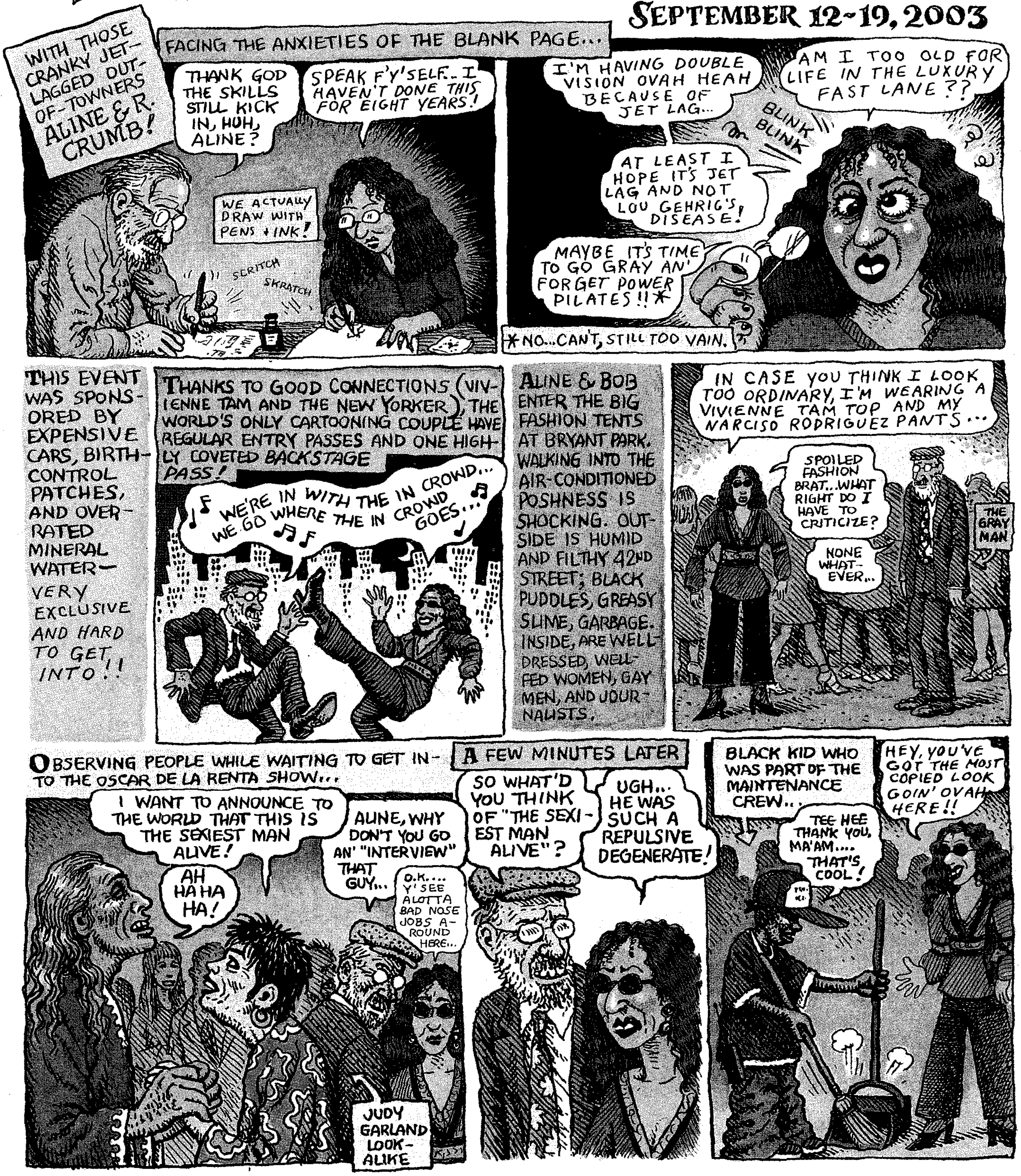
Unlike her husband, Clinton does not appear to draw energy from huge crowds of people. Such is her self-discipline, though, that, as she is beaming into the camera or scribbling her name for the umpteenth time, she is almost always able to convey the sense that there's nothing on earth she'd rather be doing. The effort she puts out doesn't resolve the contradictions of her career—ambition and self-sacrifice are never fully interchangeable—but it can make them blur together. One woman I met at the "Living History" reading in Chappaqua put the point this way: "Anyone who is willing to do what she's done to be in public service is a hero."

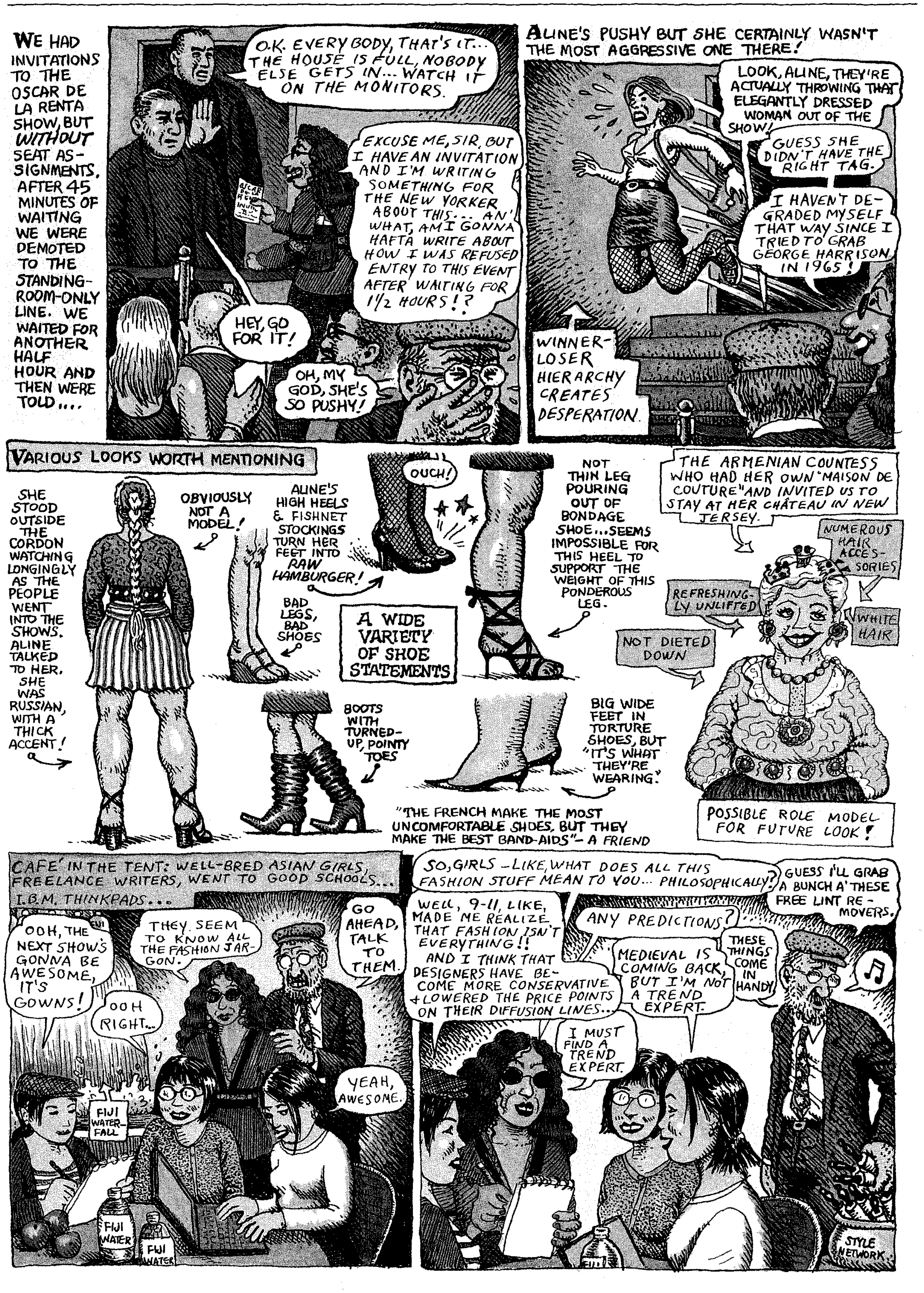
After about half an hour at her booth, it was time for Clinton to head over to a Friends of Hillary fund-raiser. On her way out of the building, she paused at the comptroller's booth, where she posed for a picture with the staff and signed more autographs. During her time at the fair, in addition to her Secret Service detail, Clinton had been guarded by a dozen or so state troopers, and they lined up to say goodbye to her at the door. She thanked them and, before getting into her car, shook hands with every single one. ♦

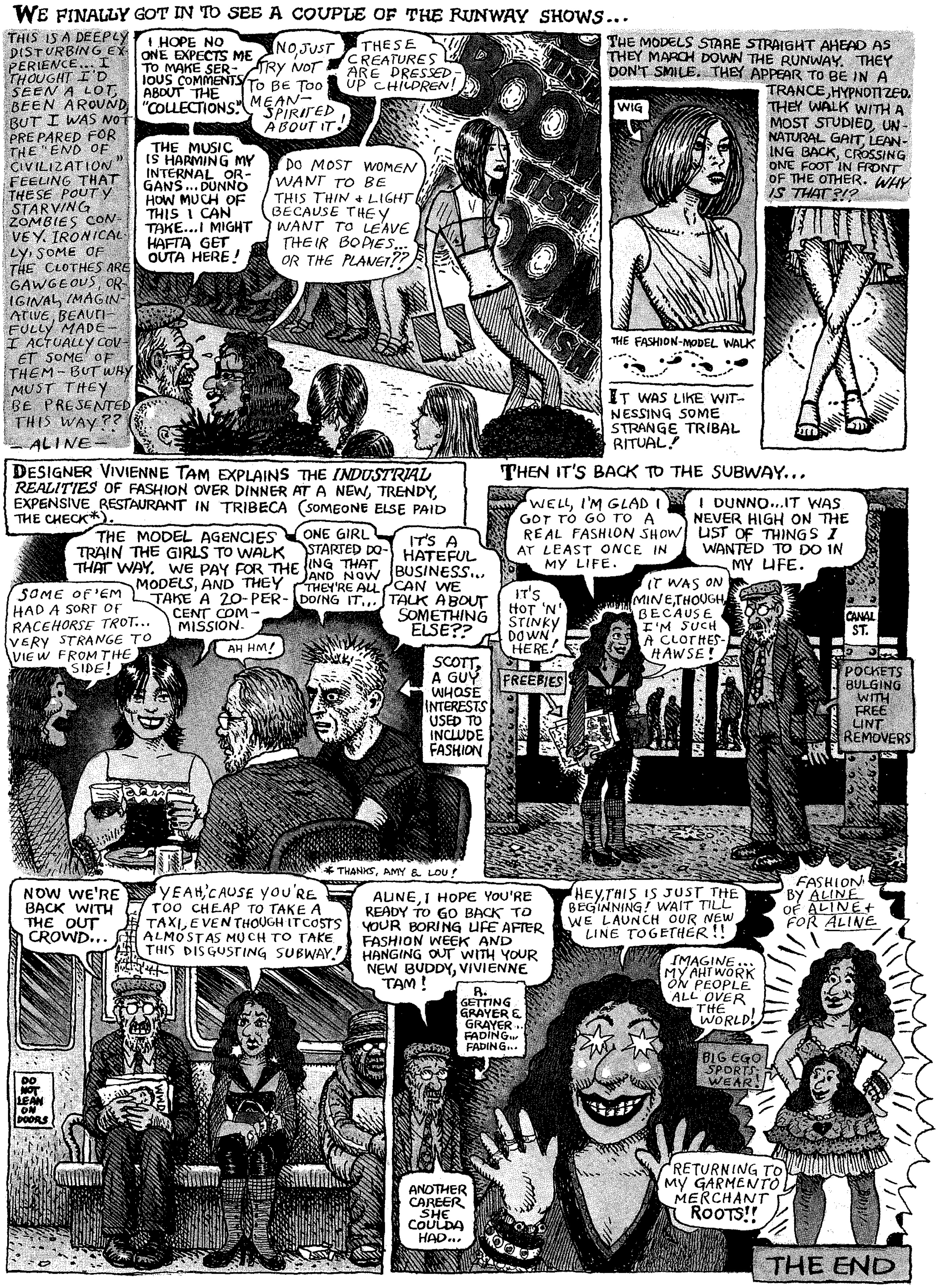
Fashion Week in New York

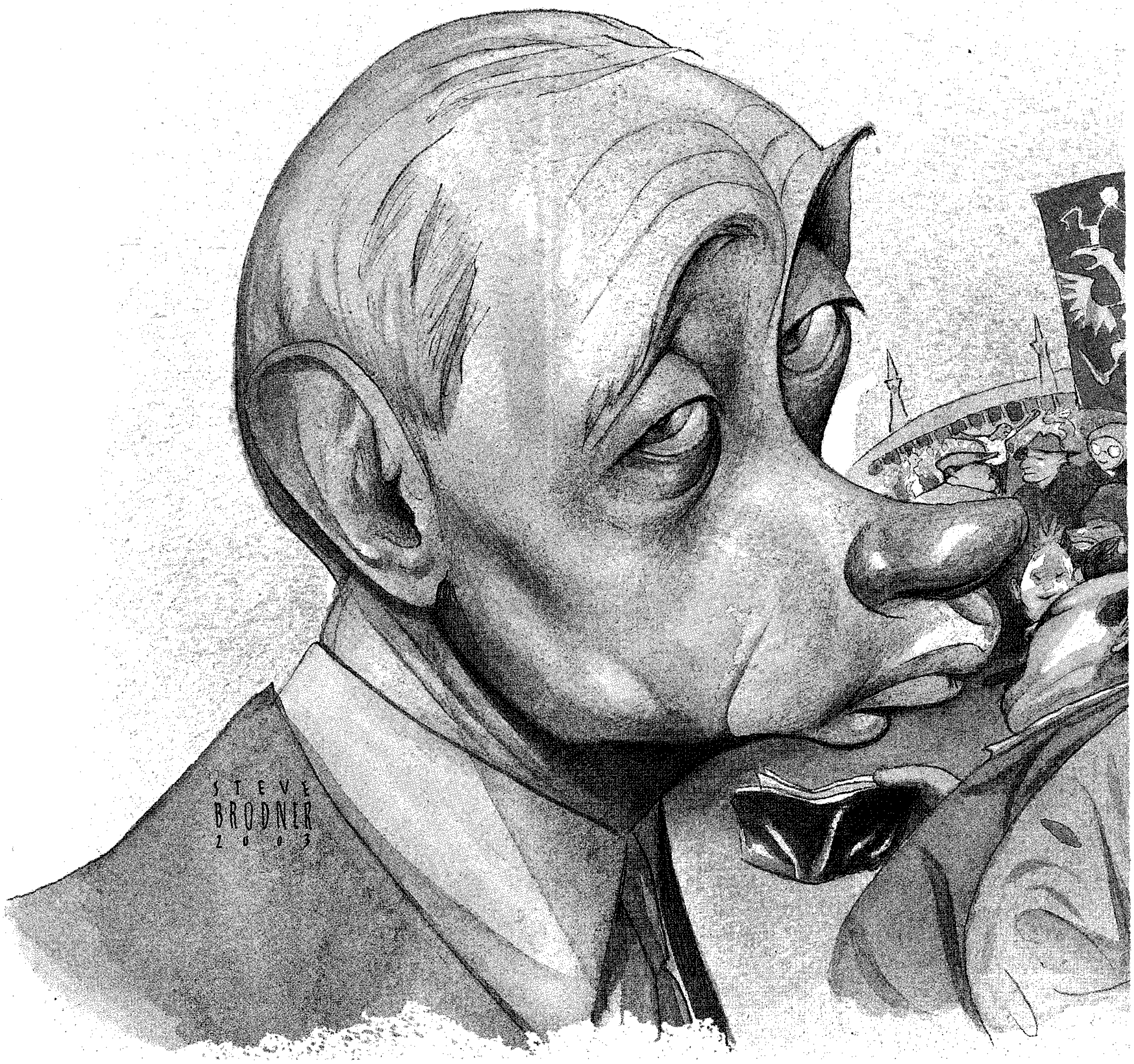
OR GLAMOUR and FREE LINT REMOVERS

SEPTEMBER 12-19, 2003


WITH THOSE CRANKY JET-LAGGED OUT-OF-TOWNERS ALINE & R. CRUMB!
FACING THE ANXIETIES OF THE BLANK PAGE...
THANK GOD THE SKILLS STILL KICK IN, HUH, ALINE?
SPEAK F'Y'SELF.. I HAVEN'T DONE THIS FOR EIGHT YEARS!
WE ACTUALLY DRAW WITH PENS + INK!
SCRITCH
SKRATCH
I'M HAVING DOUBLE VISION OVAH HEAH BECAUSE OF JET LAG...
AM I TOO OLD FOR LIFE IN THE LUXURY FAST LANE??
BLINK BLINK
AT LEAST I HOPE IT'S JET LAG AND NOT LOU GEHRIG'S DISEASE!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO GO GRAY AN' FORGET POWER PILATES!!*
*NO...CAN'T, STILL TOO VAIN.
THIS EVENT WAS SPONSORED BY EXPENSIVE CARS, BIRTH-CONTROL PATCHES, AND OVER-RATED MINERAL WATER— VERY EXCLUSIVE AND HARD TO GET INTO!!
THANKS TO GOOD CONNECTIONS (VIVIENNE TAM AND THE NEW YORKER), THE WORLD'S ONLY CARTOONING COUPLE HAVE REGULAR ENTRY PASSES AND ONE HIGHLY COVETED BACKSTAGE PASS!
WE'RE IN WITH THE IN CROWD... WE GO WHERE THE IN CROWD GOES...
ALINE & BOB ENTER THE BIG FASHION TENTS AT BRYANT PARK. WALKING INTO THE AIR-CONDITIONED POSHNESS IS SHOCKING. OUTSIDE IS HUMID AND FILTHY 42ND STREET; BLACK PUDDLES, GREASY SLIME, GARBAGE. INSIDE, ARE WELL-DRESSED, WELL-FED WOMEN, GAY MEN, AND JOURNALISTS.
IN CASE YOU THINK I LOOK TOO ORDINARY, I'M WEARING A VIVIENNE TAM TOP AND MY NARCISO RODRIGUEZ PANTS...
SPOILED FASHION BRAT...WHAT RIGHT DO I HAVE TO CRITICIZE?
NONE WHAT-EVER...
THE GRAY MAN
OBSERVING PEOPLE WHILE WAITING TO GET INTO THE OSCAR DE LA RENTA SHOW...
I WANT TO ANNOUNCE TO THE WORLD THAT THIS IS THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE!
AH HA HA HA!
ALINE, WHY DON'T YOU GO AN' "INTERVIEW" THAT GUY...
O.K.... Y'SEE ALOTTA BAD NOSE JOBS AROUND HERE...
JUDY GARLAND LOOK-ALIKE
A FEW MINUTES LATER
SO WHAT'D YOU THINK OF "THE SEXIEST MAN ALIVE"?
UGH... HE WAS SUCH A REPULSIVE DEGENERATE!
BLACK KID WHO WAS PART OF THE MAINTENANCE CREW...
HEY, YOU'VE GOT THE MOST COPIED LOOK GOIN' OVAH HERE!!
TEE HEE THANK YOU, MA'AM.... THAT'S COOL!


WE HAD INVITATIONS TO THE OSCAR DE LA RENTA SHOW, BUT WITHOUT SEAT ASSIGNMENTS. AFTER 45 MINUTES OF WAITING WE WERE DEMOTED TO THE STANDING-ROOM-ONLY LINE. WE WAITED FOR ANOTHER HALF HOUR AND THEN WERE TOLD....
O.K. EVERYBODY, THAT'S IT... THE HOUSE IS FULL, NOBODY ELSE GETS IN... WATCH IT ON THE MONITORS.
EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT I HAVE AN INVITATION AND I'M WRITING SOMETHING FOR THE NEW YORKER ABOUT THIS... AN' WHAT, AM I GONNA HAFTA WRITE ABOUT HOW I WAS REFUSED ENTRY TO THIS EVENT AFTER WAITING FOR 1 1/2 HOURS!?
HEY, GO FOR IT!
OH, MY GOD, SHE'S SO PUSHY!
ALINE'S PUSHY BUT SHE CERTAINLY WASN'T THE MOST AGGRESSIVE ONE THERE!
LOOK, ALINE, THEY'RE ACTUALLY THROWING THAT ELEGANTLY DRESSED WOMAN OUT OF THE SHOW!
GUESS SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TAG.
I HAVEN'T DEGRADED MYSELF THAT WAY SINCE I TRIED TO GRAB GEORGE HARRISON IN 1965!
WINNER-LOSER HIERARCHY CREATES DESPERATION.
VARIOUS LOOKS WORTH MENTIONING
SHE STOOD OUTSIDE THE CORDON WATCHING LONGINGLY AS THE PEOPLE WENT INTO THE SHOWS. ALINE TALKED TO HER. SHE WAS RUSSIAN, WITH A THICK ACCENT!
OBVIOUSLY NOT A MODEL!
ALINE'S HIGH HEELS & FISHNET STOCKINGS TURN HER FEET INTO RAW HAMBURGER!
OUCH!
BAD LEGS, BAD SHOES
A WIDE VARIETY OF SHOE STATEMENTS
NOT THIN LEG POURING OUT OF BONDAGE SHOE... SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THIS HEEL TO SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF THIS PONDEROUS LEG.
BOOTS WITH TURNED-UP, POINTY TOES
BIG WIDE FEET IN TORTURE SHOES, BUT "IT'S WHAT THEY'RE WEARING."
"THE FRENCH MAKE THE MOST UNCOMFORTABLE SHOES, BUT THEY MAKE THE BEST BAND-AIDS" – A FRIEND
THE ARMENIAN COUNTESS WHO HAD HER OWN "MAISON DE COUTURE" AND INVITED US TO STAY AT HER CHÂTEAU IN NEW JERSEY.
NUMEROUS HAIR ACCESSORIES
REFRESHINGLY UNLIFTED
WHITE HAIR
NOT DIETED DOWN
POSSIBLE ROLE MODEL FOR FUTURE LOOK!
CAFÉ IN THE TENT: WELL-BRED ASIAN GIRLS, FREELANCE WRITERS, WENT TO GOOD SCHOOLS... I.B.M. THINKPADS...
OOH, THE NEXT SHOW'S GONNA BE AWESOME, IT'S GOWNS!
OOH RIGHT...
THEY SEEM TO KNOW ALL THE FASHION JARGON.
GO AHEAD, TALK TO THEM.
YEAH, AWESOME.
FIJI WATERFALL
FIJI WATER
FIJI WATER
SO, GIRLS – LIKE, WHAT DOES ALL THIS FASHION STUFF MEAN TO YOU... PHILOSOPHICALLY?
GUESS I'LL GRAB A BUNCH A' THESE FREE LINT REMOVERS.
WELL, 9-11, LIKE, MADE ME REALIZE THAT FASHION ISN'T EVERYTHING!! AND I THINK THAT DESIGNERS HAVE BECOME MORE CONSERVATIVE + LOWERED THE PRICE POINTS ON THEIR DIFFUSION LINES...
ANY PREDICTIONS?
MEDIEVAL IS COMING BACK, BUT I'M NOT A TREND EXPERT.
THESE THINGS COME IN HANDY
I MUST FIND A TREND EXPERT.
STYLE NETWORK


WE FINALLY GOT IN TO SEE A COUPLE OF THE RUNWAY SHOWS...
THIS IS A DEEPLY DISTURBING EXPERIENCE... I THOUGHT I'D SEEN A LOT, BEEN AROUND, BUT I WAS NOT PREPARED FOR THE "END OF CIVILIZATION" FEELING THAT THESE POUTY STARVING ZOMBIES CONVEY. IRONICALLY, SOME OF THE CLOTHES ARE GAWGEOUS, ORIGINAL, IMAGINATIVE, BEAUTIFULLY MADE— I ACTUALLY COVET SOME OF THEM—BUT WHY MUST THEY BE PRESENTED THIS WAY?? —ALINE—
I HOPE NO ONE EXPECTS ME TO MAKE SERIOUS COMMENTS ABOUT THE "COLLECTIONS."
NO, JUST TRY NOT TO BE TOO MEAN-SPIRITED ABOUT IT!
THESE CREATURES ARE DRESSED-UP CHILDREN!
BOOM TISH BOOM TISH BOOM TISH
THE MUSIC IS HARMING MY INTERNAL ORGANS... DUNNO HOW MUCH OF THIS I CAN TAKE... I MIGHT HAFTA GET OUTA HERE!
DO MOST WOMEN WANT TO BE THIS THIN + LIGHT BECAUSE THEY WANT TO LEAVE THEIR BODIES... OR THE PLANET??
THE MODELS STARE STRAIGHT AHEAD AS THEY MARCH DOWN THE RUNWAY. THEY DON'T SMILE. THEY APPEAR TO BE IN A TRANCE, HYPNOTIZED. THEY WALK WITH A MOST STUDIED, UNNATURAL GAIT, LEANING BACK, CROSSING ONE FOOT IN FRONT OF THE OTHER. WHY IS THAT?!?
WIG
THE FASHION-MODEL WALK
IT WAS LIKE WITNESSING SOME STRANGE TRIBAL RITUAL!
DESIGNER VIVIENNE TAM EXPLAINS THE INDUSTRIAL REALITIES OF FASHION OVER DINNER AT A NEW, TRENDY, EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT IN TRIBECA (SOMEONE ELSE PAID THE CHECK*).
THE MODEL AGENCIES TRAIN THE GIRLS TO WALK THAT WAY. WE PAY FOR THE MODELS, AND THEY TAKE A 20-PERCENT COMMISSION.
ONE GIRL STARTED DOING THAT AND NOW THEY'RE ALL DOING IT...
IT'S A HATEFUL BUSINESS... CAN WE TALK ABOUT SOMETHING ELSE??
SOME OF 'EM HAD A SORT OF RACEHORSE TROT... VERY STRANGE TO VIEW FROM THE SIDE!
AH HM!
SCOTT, A GUY WHOSE INTERESTS USED TO INCLUDE FASHION
* THANKS, AMY & LOU!
THEN IT'S BACK TO THE SUBWAY...
WELL, I'M GLAD I GOT TO GO TO A REAL FASHION SHOW AT LEAST ONCE IN MY LIFE.
I DUNNO... IT WAS NEVER HIGH ON THE LIST OF THINGS I WANTED TO DO IN MY LIFE.
IT'S HOT 'N' STINKY DOWN HERE!
IT WAS ON MINE, THOUGH, BECAUSE I'M SUCH A CLOTHES-HAWSE!
CANAL ST.
FREEBIES
POCKETS BULGING WITH FREE LINT REMOVERS
NOW WE'RE BACK WITH THE OUT CROWD...
YEAH, 'CAUSE YOU'RE TOO CHEAP TO TAKE A TAXI, EVEN THOUGH IT COSTS ALMOST AS MUCH TO TAKE THIS DISGUSTING SUBWAY!
DO NOT LEAN ON DOORS
WWD
ALINE, I HOPE YOU'RE READY TO GO BACK TO YOUR BORING LIFE AFTER FASHION WEEK AND HANGING OUT WITH YOUR NEW BUDDY, VIVIENNE TAM!
R. GETTING GRAYER & GRAYER... FADING... FADING...
HEY, THIS IS JUST THE BEGINNING! WAIT TILL WE LAUNCH OUR NEW LINE TOGETHER!!
IMAGINE... MY AHTWORK ON PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD!
FASHION BY ALINE OF ALINE + FOR ALINE
BIG EGO SPORTSWEAR!
ANOTHER CAREER SHE COULDA HAD...
RETURNING TO MY GARMENTO MERCHANT ROOTS!!
THE END



STEVE BRODNER

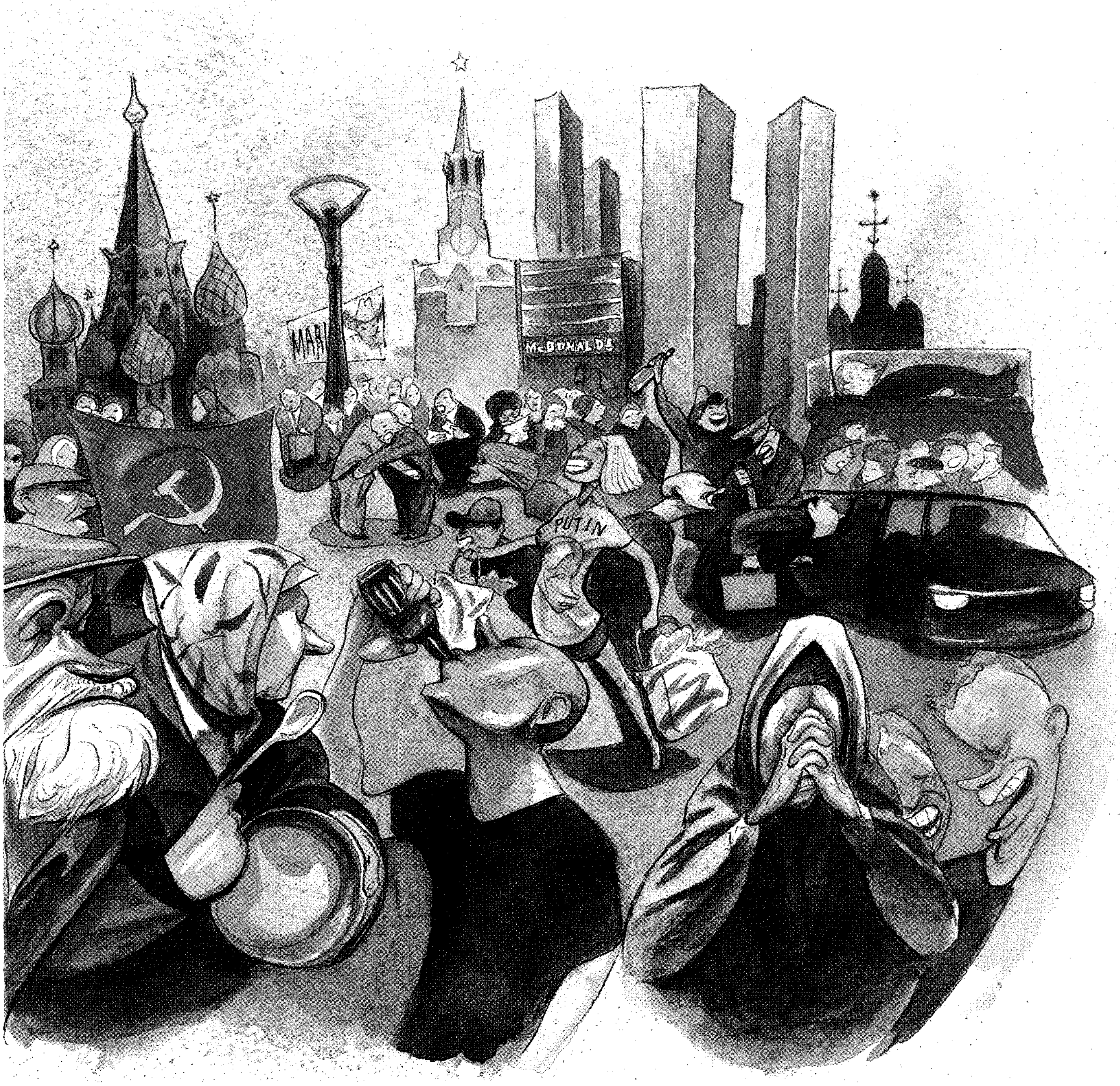
LETTER FROM MOSCOW

POST-IMPERIAL BLUES

Billionaire oligarchs, Chechen suicide bombers, generals nostalgic for empire—and the reign of Vladimir Putin.

BY DAVID REMNICK

On a murky day twenty years ago, I sat in a Soviet railcar (Helsinki-Leningrad; rain-drizzled windows) reading a collection of stories by Vladimir Nabokov. There was then, as there no longer is, an illicit thrill in crossing over, West to East: the neat Finnish streets and houses thinning, then vanishing, near the border; just minutes later, the signs of Soviet dilapidation. A puttering Zhiguli towing another Zhiguli by a rope along a muddy road; waterlogged posters ("Communism = Soviet power plus Electrification of the whole country!") nailed to the sides of a shack; a scaly drunk in a padded jacket, oblivious of the rain, stomping his boots in a puddle. The train stopped with a creak at the border town of Vyborg. The ventilation coughed and went still. A trio of clean-jawed men in uniform—they could not have been more than twenty years old—climbed on board and made their way down the aisles, checking passports and visas, making cursory searches of our bags. As agents of state security, the guards tried to affect a haughty expression, but they managed to



Putin is realistic about Russia's diminished standing, but he constantly reassures his countrymen that greatness will surely return.

radiate only nervousness, the sense that, just as they were watching us, someone of greater consequence was watching them.

By the time the guards reached my row, they had already gathered a small stack of Bibles tied together with twine and a cache of German skin magazines. They looked through my duffelbag and saw nothing of interest. Then one of them extended his index finger and tipped back the book of stories in my hand in order to examine its foxed cover. The cover illustration was of a generically pretty girl with shimmery light hair, though curiously un-Russian, more like a model for the House of Breck. The guard paused and narrowed his eyes. The book was not "Lolita," but it was Nabokov, illegal all the same. Authors are banned not by title; they are banned whole. He *knew.* And yet he looked me over and moved on, leaving me to my counter-revolutionary pleasure.

A few minutes later, the train eased once more into the trip eastward, the pleasingly numb hours of birches and rain, the villages going by. Soon it was dark and the windows were fogged. I turned to "The Visit to the Museum," in which a Russian émigré finds himself wandering through a provincial museum in France. In a dreamlike state, he comes to realize that he has passed through a magical portal into his native land, into Russia, and yet he has the dawning sense that this is not quite his Russia. Everything is vivid: the coolness of the air, and "the stone beneath my feet was real sidewalk, powdered with wonderfully fragrant, newly fallen snow." But as he approaches a shoe-repair shop and sees the word "shoe," he realizes that something is wrong; there is no *tvyordy znak*, the "hard sign" at the end of the word. The letter was largely eliminated by the Bolsheviks. They'd set out to remake the world, including its orthography:

> I knew irrevocably where I was. Alas, it was not the Russia I remembered, but the factual Russia of today, forbidden to me, hope-

> lessly slavish, and hopelessly my own native land. . . . Oh how many times in my sleep I had experienced a similar sensation! Now, though, it was reality.

Nabokov left Russia in 1919 on a ship called the Hope and became a permanent exile: Berlin, Paris, Cambridge, Ithaca, Montreux. His revulsion for what had become of Russia was such that in "The Visit to the Museum" he could never bring himself to call the place "the Soviet Union."

The train slowed. The suburbs of Leningrad, then the ghostly apartment blocks of the outer city, sluiced by. With a jolt, we arrived. The Finland Station. The doors opened with a rubbery kiss. The air that rushed in was damp and cold and smelled of cheap tobacco. On the platform, I bought a roll stuffed with a few pebbles of bluish meat. I needed help getting around, and so, for a few kopecks, I bought a copy of *Pravda* and a map and set off on my way.

2

"The Visit to the Museum" is a story steeped in the exile's nostalgia. When I return to Moscow now, I find myself thinking that this state of temporal, even historical, disorientation also resembles a quality within Russia, within Russians. Twelve years after the collapse of Communism and the Soviet Union itself, Russians live in a state of historical disjunction and simultaneity. The kopecks I spent at the Finland Station are no longer in circulation; *Pravda's* readership has dropped from nine million to a hundred thousand; in some cities, many of the street names on the map have been changed to new or pre-revolutionary names; in others, the streets are named for Lenin, Labor, the Red Banner. Russians exist in an economy that is neither socialist nor capitalist; they live in distinctly Soviet apartments, in Soviet conditions, and yet in television commercials they are comfortable, clean, rich, in a Scandinavian sort of way. In the larger cities, even in smaller, unexpected places, every material delight or spiritual degradation known to the modern world is available for cash or credit; and yet there are still thousands of towns and villages where men and women wear high boots and walk on muddy roads that are just as they were in the time of the tsars.

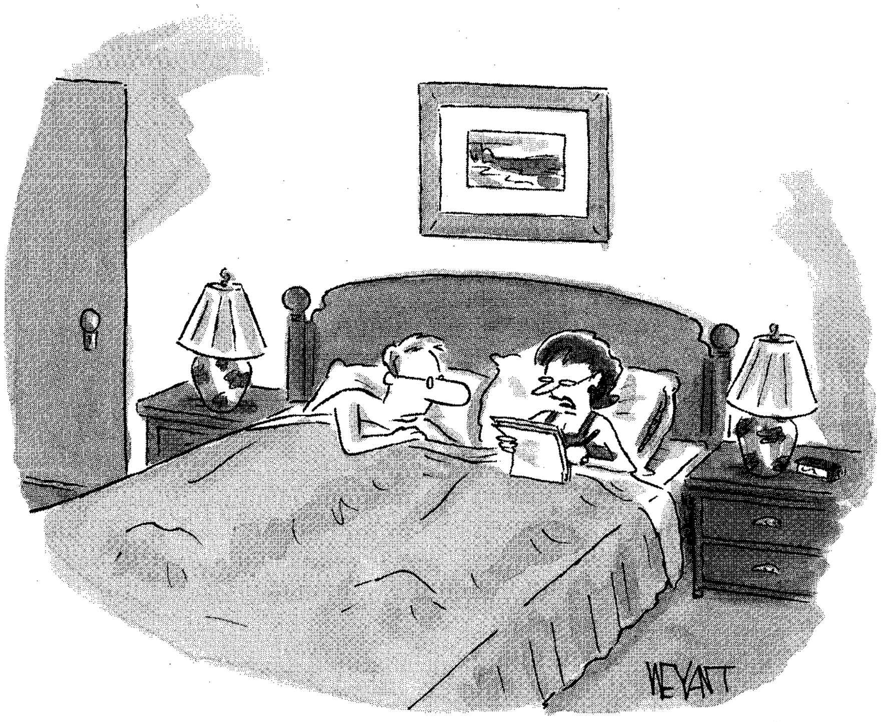
Not long ago, I took a room in Moscow on the city's main drag, Tverskaya Ulitsa. In the nineteenth century, Tverskaya was among the most fashionable streets in Russia: Tolstoy lost a fortune playing cards at the English Club; the food stores supplied the tsars. In the Communist era, the English Club became the Central Museum of the Revolution, and Food Store No. 1 still had its chandeliers but hardly any food. Now the delicacies, the caviar and the crab—at Tokyo prices—are back. Few can afford them; many come just to gaze, the way they once did at Lenin's cap and his Rolls-Royce at the museum devoted to his memory.

When consumerism (legal and not) began to appear in the early nineties, it seemed to matter only to a few wealthy Russians and foreigners. This was the era of "the New Russians": vulgar, brash, and, often enough, criminal. It was the era of American gangster movies, bulletproof windows, strip joints, porn palaces, casinos with naked women swimming in enormous fish tanks.

The grotesqueries and the poverty of the first years of post-Soviet life are still reality. The naked women still swim in their tanks. Gangsters abound. But now, in the post-revolutionary era, there is something else in evidence in Moscow and in many other cities: a certain stifling calm, a disinterest in politics, a slowly growing middle and professional class, a more normal commercialism, a sense that while a new Russia—independent, prosperous, and linked to the West—has not yet been achieved, not by a long shot, it is no longer inconceivable. And the embodiment of modern times in Russia is its President, Vladimir Vladimirovich Putin.

Putin is not a man of imagination or spark. He is intelligent, competent, blandly agreeable—a bureaucrat thrust forward in history. His is the bearing of the vigilant listener, of the intelligence agent. After he joined the K.G.B., he used to tell his close friends, "I am a specialist in human relations." His language is usually flavorless in a particularly Soviet fashion. His gaze is flat, even dead, and gives nothing away. That is why most Russians thought it riotously funny when President Bush declared in 2001 that he had "looked the man in the eye" and got a "sense of his soul."

Rather than mark himself completely a man of the future, a democrat, a European—or, to the contrary, a Soviet, a man of traditional autocratic values—Putin has achieved the distinction of seeming everything to nearly everyone. His embrace of the ideals of the democracy movement in Russia—a free press, constitutionalism, civil liberties—is slight. He never fought for an end to



"Not tonight, honey. I'm filing for divorce."

Communism; he merely inherited a set of post-Communist realities. Putin is, first and foremost, a *gosudarstvennik*—a "statist"—who values the growth and stability of Russia before all else. If that means prosecuting a media baron or a business leader who displays even a trace of political ambition, so be it. If that means filling the state bureaucracy with thousands of former intelligence officers, then it must be so. And yet, paradoxically, no less than Mikhail Gorbachev or Boris Yeltsin, Putin has decided that Russia does not have an ideologically or mystically determined "special path" of development; rather, Russia's destiny is allied to Europe's and to the United States'—its future could easily include membership in the European Union and NATO.

Yeltsin staked his historical reputation on destroying the Communist system and the empire known as the Soviet Union. Putin has cast himself as a man of evolution. He makes gestures toward the old order, if only to soothe the bruised feelings of the Russian people. He praises the honesty of the dissident hero Andrei Sakharov, but he also has kind words for Stalin's dubious military acumen. Although Putin is realistic about Russia's diminished standing in the world, and even admits (up to a point) to a history of horrific cruelty and loss, he constantly assures his countrymen that theirs is a nation of historical greatness and that greatness, in some new form, will surely return. At the celebrations this spring for the three-hundredth anniversary of his native St. Petersburg, he lauded the city's *imperskii blyesk*—its "imperial splendor." The pro-Kremlin party in parliament, United Russia, uses figures such as Pushkin and Stolypin, the early twentieth-century economic reformer, to advertise its virtues.

Putin, who was appointed acting President when Yeltsin suddenly resigned, on December 31, 1999, won election in 2000, with fifty-two per cent of the vote. He will surely win reëlection in 2004. His popularity rating runs to more than seventy per cent. Some new Russian textbooks describe his childhood in the same hagiographic terms once reserved for general secretaries of the Communist Party.

For now, Russia is lucky, floating along on a tide of profits from the oil-and-gas industry. The ruble is strong, world energy prices are high, inflation is declining, and economic growth, for the fifth year in a row, is robust. Nevertheless, Putin's opponents, be they Moscow liberals or provincial Communists, complain that oil provides only a fleeting security; they talk of *zastoi*—"stagnation"—a term evocative of the Brezhnev era. A Web site called vladimir.vladimirovich.ru features dozens of absurdist *anekdoty* about Putin's cold-bloodedness, his neo-Soviet habits; political jokes have not been in such fashion since the days of the last Kremlin dinosaurs, in the early eighties. "The atmosphere is not as oppressive as it was under Brezhnev, but it's sickening, and it says a lot, that such a Web site would appear and gain such popularity," Masha Lipman, a political analyst at the Carnegie Moscow Center, said. Putin's supporters just shrug. They welcome the lethargy.

"Putin arrived as the man to stop the revolution," Gleb Pavlovsky, a bumptious intellectual with a dissident past who cultivated an image as the shadowy operative in Putin's last campaign, told me. "This is why the theme of his election campaign was Thermidor. His message to voters was that this will be the end of revolution.

"Putin is an unrealized Louis Philippe," Pavlovsky went on. "He prefers family life and would like to keep his workday to eight hours and forget about it afterward. He's like the rest of the country in that way. After twenty years of revolution and surprises, people are tired. They're exhausted by the notion of thinking about an entirely new world, a new state, a new form of economy and thinking—new everything! And so they forgive Putin his weaknesses, because they know he feels the same things that they do."

3

When Yeltsin handed power to Putin, Putin, in turn, handed Yeltsin a package of comforts (the dacha, security, cars, drivers, etc.) and, more important, a grant of legal immunity. By the time he left office, Yeltsin was despised by so many people, and by so many politicians, that there was always the chance that he could become the object of prosecution. His rash and disastrous decision to unleash a war in Chechnya, the new economy of corrupted winners and resentful losers, and the collapse of basic industries and social services all made it impossible for most Russians to give Yeltsin credit for making the break with Soviet Communism. Indeed, the majority resented what the West most celebrated: the demise of the Soviet Union.

Yeltsin and "the Family"—a team composed of his daughter Tatyana Dyachenko, various business tycoons, and several close aides such as Valentin Yumashev (who married Dyachenko) and the chief of staff, Aleksandr Voloshin—gave Putin the Russian Presidency mainly because he seemed competent and loyal. Putin ascended, in part, because after a decade of revolution hardly any political reputations had survived. As Boris Nemtsov, one of the many Kremlin ministers once thought to have a chance to succeed Yeltsin, told me, "Revolutions eat their young, to say nothing of their young politicians." In less than four years, Putin was summoned to work as a Kremlin aide, then was made chief of intelligence, then prime minister, then President. "Yeltsin's people created Putin out of a pot of clay," Leonid Parfyonov, one of Russia's leading television journalists, said. "We don't have a real party system, so the Kremlin gave birth and breath to this man."

In many respects, Putin has maintained, and even furthered, Yeltsin's political course, especially in foreign policy and in his general support for the legislation needed to create a functioning market economy and legal system. Yeltsin has complained publicly only once about his successor. That was when Putin supported an effort to reinstate the Soviet national anthem, composed, with Stalin's approval, in 1943. Putin called on the deeply conservative writer Sergei Mikhalkov, who co-wrote the Soviet-era lyrics ("Party of Lenin, the strength of the people / To Communism's triumph, leads us on!"), to write some new verses to suit the modern era:

> From the southern seas to the polar region
> Spread our forests and fields.
> You are unique in the world, inimitable.
> Native land protected by God!

Yeltsin took the revival as an affront. He had replaced the Soviet red flag with the tsarist-era tricolor and the hammer and sickle with the two-headed eagle, a symbol originating from the fifteenth century. Throughout the Yeltsin era, when a national anthem was called for, orchestras played Mikhail Glinka's 1833 hymn, "A Patriotic Song"—a tune without lyrics. Putin's anthem was an offense to the leaders of the democracy movement.

"This is the music that accompanied the murder of tens of millions of people!" Aleksandr Yakovlev, a close adviser to both Gorbachev and Yeltsin, told me. "The entire literary and musical and artistic intelligentsia spoke out against it—Rostropovich, Solzhenitsyn, all of them! But Putin felt he had to make some sort of compromise with the Communist Party," which is still the leading opposition party in the country. "He also decided to revive the state prize called the Order of Lenin. And yet Lenin was a criminal who should be tried for crimes against humanity!"

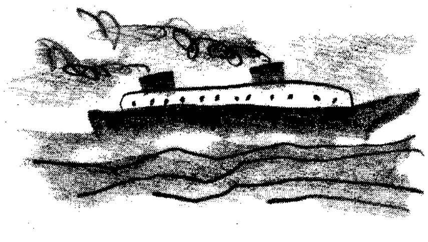
Putin's reasoning for having what Russians call a "postmodern" collection of symbols—some tsarist, some Soviet, some sui generis—is part of his everything-to-everyone strategy. Most Russians do not regret the loss of Communist ideology or their dominion over Eastern Europe, but they do mourn the past greatness of the "inner empire," the non-Russian republics that are now on their own. The Soviet Union, like the tsarist empire before it, commanded respect and fear in the world, and the anthem was consonant with that sense of position. Putin always wins applause when he tells a crowd, "Anyone who does not regret the collapse of the Soviet Union has no heart, but anyone who wants it restored has no brain." Putin's anthem is a hymn to past greatness and a promise of return—a popular and unifying sentiment. And so Putin felt he could summarily dismiss Yeltsin's objections. "We respect the first President, we listen to his opinions, and take them into account making decisions," he said. "But we act on our own."

In Moscow and St. Petersburg, I rarely met anyone who did not say of Putin that he is "a good guy," "a normal fellow," "trying his best." He is even more unassailable in the provinces. To be sure, there were plenty of urban journalists and intellectuals who told me that they find Putin weak, indecisive, or even a closet authoritarian guilty of war crimes in Chechnya and determined to stifle dissent and an independent judiciary. For some, he resembles Alexander III, the conservative tsar who followed Alexander II, who liberated the serfs. "This is a time of an inert public," Aleksei Venediktov, the chief editor of the independent radio station Echo of Moscow, said. "Putin has no understanding of democracy in the Western sense. For him, order precedes everything else in the social contract."

But that is an élite, minority view. Putin is equally popular among poor retirees, who often vote Communist, and young professionals, who barely remember the world before Gorbachev's perestroika. Yeltsin, too, came to office with high approval ratings, but he quickly exhausted those reserves by instituting painful (and often botched) economic reforms and committing, as with Chechnya, horrendous mistakes. Putin is intent on husbanding his rating, not merely because it will insure reëlection but also because such a rating represents the very idea of his Presidency: post-revolutionary calm.

In private, Yeltsin objects to a great deal more than the Stalinist anthem. "Now Boris Nikolayevich complains about Putin all the time," one politician told me. "It's not just the symbols. It's everything they stand for. He thinks Putin is too cautious. I think if he didn't depend on Putin for his well-being he would be a lot more open about it. As it is, he sits at home and bitches to the people he thinks he can still trust. And Putin knows this. Putin's relationship is easier now with Gorbachev than it is with Yeltsin. Sometimes it's easier to get along with your grandfather than it is with your father."

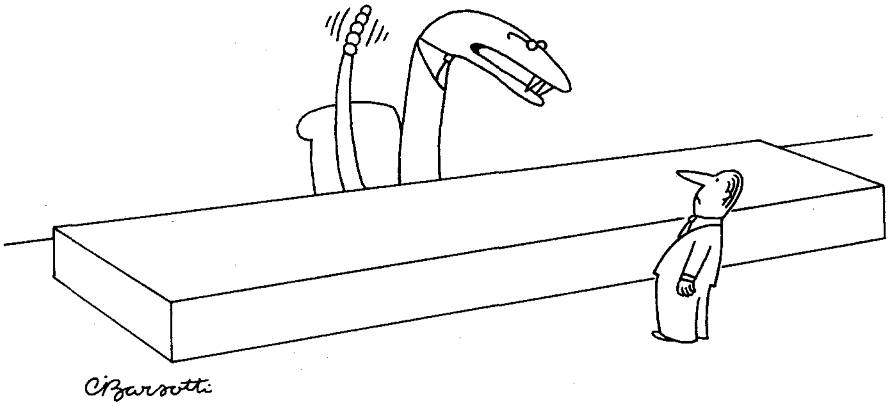
Yeltsin, since leaving the Kremlin and transferring custody of the nuclear-weapons codes to Putin ("Take care of Russia!" he told his successor as he walked out the door), has lived almost obscurely, in a village about an hour from the capital, at the same gated dacha compound that he used while he was in power. In the last several years of his Presidency, Yeltsin was a feeble sight. He was often drunk, sometimes in public, and almost always sick. Weeks would go by with Yeltsin bedridden, incommunicado. "Boris Nikolayevich is reviewing documents," the Kremlin press service would tell reporters. "You should see him now," one of his closest advisers, Anatoly Chubais, told me not long ago. "Boris Nikolayevich has not looked so healthy in years. He barely drinks. He swims."



In Yeltsin's totalist scheme of the world, you were with him or against him. Putin, by contrast, has repeatedly said, through statement and gesture, that he bears no grudges, makes no judgments, about the past. At his inauguration, in 2000, Putin invited his former boss at the K.G.B., Vladimir Kryuchkov, who engineered the failed 1991 coup against Gorbachev and has never apologized for it. "We have nothing to regret," Kryuchkov said at a roundtable discussion of former K.G.B. chiefs. "We only tried to save the Union. It's those who unleashed the present chaos who should think about repentance."

"Kryuchkov was a true believer in Communism, who sided with the coup plotters," Putin has said, "but he was also a very decent man. To this day, I have the greatest respect for him." Another of the plotters, the former Soviet prime minister Valentin Pavlov, went out of his way to celebrate the new regime. "Today, they are trying to do what we attempted to do in the Soviet Union in 1991," he said. On the tenth anniversary of the defeat of the coup, two years ago, Putin made sure to draw no attention to an event that he knew the world recalled with joy and his countrymen with profound ambivalence: there were no Kremlin parades, no official speeches. The President went trout fishing in Karelia.

At a dinner at "21" hosted by Tom Brokaw a few years ago, I sat with Putin, his translator, and some other media guests. Unlike Gorbachev, a notorious *boltun*—"windbag"—Putin spoke only when addressed. (And, unlike Yeltsin, he hardly touched his wine.) He parried our questions with cursory answers and even an occasional charmless roll of his eyes. In the interviews he has granted to Western outlets, generally before a foreign visit, he seems to go out of his way to be as boring as possible. When he spoke to students and invited guests at Columbia University a couple of weeks ago and at a meeting with American reporters at his dacha outside Moscow recently, he droned on in a style familiar to the reader of "The Collected Speeches of Yuri Andropov." As I sat with him at the "21" dinner, I felt that I had been with such men dozens of times in Moscow—ascetic former officers of the K.G.B. who were, thanks to their preparation and years abroad, comfortable in any setting yet who often betrayed a steely disdain for all the ignorance and opulence around them. ("I am not sure you understand what you are talking about," he told Katie Couric at one point.)



"You've been warned, Hoskins."

With time, it's become clear that Putin's blandness and reserve are only in part a matter of innate character and professional posture; they are also a tactical choice, a determination that Russia endured long enough Gorbachev's soliloquies and Yeltsin's unpredictable and autocratic nature. This year, one of the most popular television programs in the country was a serialization of Dostoyevsky's "The Idiot." In the novel, the narrator says of Russia that "people are constantly complaining that we have no practical men," that the civil service is filled with incompetents who let the crops rot in the fields and the trains smash into one another. Although Putin is late to every appointment, he has carefully cultivated an image as Russia's first practical man, a distinctly un-Russian efficiency expert. Putin, the saying goes, "is our German."

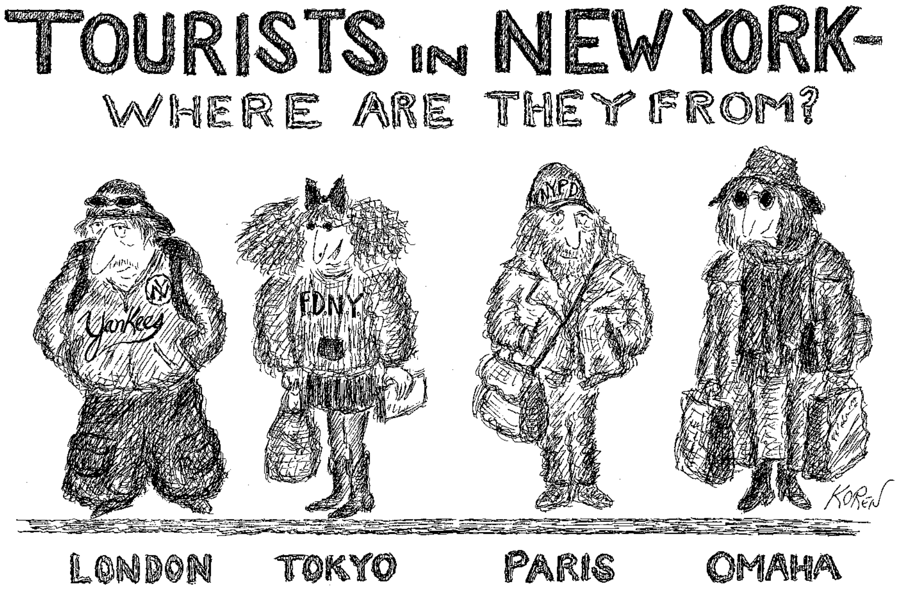
Putin's grandfather was a cook for Stalin at one of his country estates near Moscow. During the Second World War, Putin's mother nearly starved to death during the nine-hundred-day Nazi blockade of Leningrad (at one point, she fainted from hunger and was thrown onto a stack of corpses); his father was wounded at the front and survived only because one of his comrades dragged him across the frozen Neva River to safety; one child, a son, died of diphtheria.

Putin was born after the war, in 1952. He grew up in Leningrad, and, like so many in that city, he and his family lived in a *kommunalka*, a communal apartment, where there was no bath, no hot water, and plenty of rats. "My friends and I used to chase them around with sticks," Putin once said. He was a mediocre student and spent most of his time playing in the city courtyards. If he had a real ambition, he got it from reading thrillers. "Even before I graduated from school, I wanted to work in intelligence. It was a dream of mine, although it seemed about as likely as a flight to Mars," he told the interviewers for a book-length conversation called "First Person," published in 2000. "Books and spy movies like 'The Sword and the Shield' took hold of my imagination. What amazed me most of all was how one man's effort could achieve what whole armies could not. One spy could decide the fate of thousands of people. At least, that's the way I understood it.

"In order to find out how to become a spy, sometime back around the beginning of the ninth grade I had gone to the office of the K.G.B. Directorate," Putin continued. "A guy came out and listened to me. 'I want to get a job with you,' I said. 'That's terrific, but there are several issues,' he said. 'First, we don't take people who come to us on their own initiative. Second, you can come to us only after the Army or after some type of civilian higher education.' I was intrigued. 'What kind of higher education?' I asked. 'Any!' he said. He probably just wanted to get rid of me. 'But what kind is preferred?' I asked. 'Law school.' And that was that. . . . When I accepted the proposition from the Directorate's personnel department, I didn't think about the [Stalin-era] purges. My notion of the K.G.B. came from romantic spy stories. I was a pure and utterly successful product of Soviet patriotic education." Putin studied law at Leningrad State University, and in his fourth year was recruited to join the K.G.B.

Eventually, Putin was assigned to work in East Germany. A tremendous amount of journalistic energy has been spent trying to discern what Putin actually achieved in East Germany, and the answer is, clearly, not a lot. Dresden, where he was stationed, was a third-rate assignment, as opposed to, say, Berlin. Putin collected information on visiting foreigners, he spent time trying to cultivate agents and sources, but he never had the chance to emulate the heroes of "The Sword and the Shield." His work was, in the main, dull. There were many idle days and nights in Dresden for Putin, his wife, Lyudmila, whom he married in 1983, and their two young daughters. "We used to go to a little town called Radeburg where there was one of the best breweries in East Germany," he said in "First Person." "I would order a three-litre keg. You pour the beer into the keg, you add a spigot, and you can drink straight from the barrel. So I had 3.8 litres of beer every week. And my job was only two steps from my house, so I didn't work off the extra calories." Putin gained twenty-five pounds in Dresden.

The most eventful time in Putin's career as a spy came in his last weeks in Dresden, when signs of the collapse of Communism—and the Berlin Wall—became plain. Rather than face a potential insurrection and exposure as agents of the Soviet oppressor, Putin and his



• •

colleagues at the K.G.B. and the East German secret police, the Stasi, began to burn their files. "We destroyed everything—all our communications, our lists of contacts and our agents' networks," he said. "We burned so much stuff that the furnace burst. We burned papers night and day. All the most valuable items were hauled away to Moscow." Crowds began to demonstrate around the Stasi buildings and the K.G.B. outpost. "Those crowds were a serious threat. We had documents in our building. And nobody lifted a finger to protect us. . . . These people were in an aggressive mood. I called our group of forces and explained the situation. And I was told, 'We cannot do anything without orders from Moscow. And Moscow is silent.' . . . But that business of 'Moscow is silent'—I got the feeling then that the country no longer existed. That it had disappeared."

Putin experienced Moscow's silence not as an ideological loss but, rather, as a betrayal of loyal professionals. He was a salaried satrap of the empire, and, as if in an instant, there was no empire, no rivalry with the United States, no stature, no money. Putin was ill-prepared for this. He and his family had not experienced at first hand the changes that Gorbachev had initiated in Moscow, the revelations about the Soviet past, the protests against the Party and the K.G.B. One former K.G.B. associate told me that if Putin had had any sort of future after Dresden he would have been assigned to the K.G.B.'s central headquarters, in Moscow. Instead, he was charged with watching foreign students at Leningrad State University—a lowly calling. The K.G.B. was already beginning to cut back on personnel as it became clear that the Cold War was over, and it was equally clear that Putin's intelligence career was coming to an end.

Before it did, however, he encountered Anatoly Sobchak, a law professor at the university and a leading democrat, who would soon become mayor. A man of liberal ideals but a hopelessly inept administrator, Sobchak eventually hired Putin to help him run the city. Putin proved adept at learning the new rules of the market, though many of the deals he made collapsed. Boris Fyodorov, who served as finance minister under Yeltsin, told me that in those days he met "a dozen times" with Putin. "He was always extremely careful. He didn't look you in the eye. He mostly listened. He was still living in a communal apartment"—with his wife and daughters—"and he talked only about business and politics."

When the coup plotters sent tanks into Moscow on the morning of August 19, 1991, Yeltsin led the resistance there; in Leningrad, the leader of the resistance was Sobchak. Putin, despite his K.G.B. background and his high regard for Kryuchkov, returned from vacation to help his boss. Sobchak, with Putin working the phones in the Mariinsky Palace, rallied the city against the coup; the demonstration on the square behind The Hermitage rivalled the biggest rallies in the capital.

The post-coup euphoria was pervasive in Leningrad; Sobchak, like Yeltsin, was enormously popular. But as the years passed, and as Yeltsin's Kremlin came to resemble a Byzantine court, with warring factions of business barons and security chiefs, idealists like Sobchak became less welcome. Sobchak came up for reëlection in 1996, and the most conservative faction in the Kremlin, led by Yeltsin's personal bodyguard, Aleksandr Korzhakov, propped up an opponent named Vladimir Yakovlev, who won by less than two per cent.

"When Sobchak lost the election, Putin submitted his resignation," Sobchak's widow, Lyudmila Narusova, told me. "He said, 'Better to be hanged for loyalty than live rich from betrayal.' " Sobchak lived for a while with his family at his dacha outside St. Petersburg and then accepted a job in Moscow, in the Kremlin's property office. Even out of power, Sobchak remained a focus of attack: the St. Petersburg press became filled with accusations of corruption. In 1997, Sobchak, who was in his fifties, suffered a heart attack, and Putin, calling on his old connections in the K.G.B., organized a private plane to smuggle Sobchak to Paris for medical treatment. When Sobchak died of another heart attack, three years later, Putin wept at the funeral. "He did not die of natural causes," he told Narusova.

Putin's demonstrations of fealty to Sobchak were a crucial part of what led Yeltsin and the Family to accelerate his career and, finally, to appoint him tsar. "They figured that he was a man of loyalty," Anatoly Chubais said, "and that his loyalty was transferrable."

4

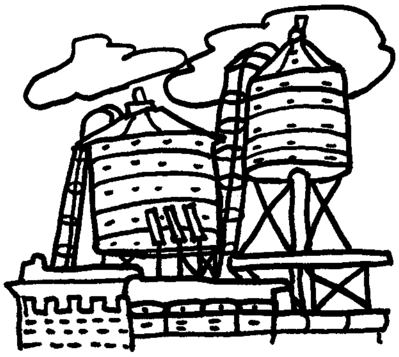
Not long after he became President, Putin said he would tame the small group of self-described "oligarchs" who had used their political connections to take ownership, or control, of the oil industry; banking; mineral, chemical, and metal plants; construction and real-estate concerns; and, the most political of the economic sectors, the media. In 1996, the oligarchs had joined forces to help Yeltsin win reëlection over the Communist Party candidate; they acted out of pure self-interest. "Don't forget the seriousness of that threat," Yegor Gaidar, the most liberal of Yeltsin's many prime ministers, said. "A return of the Communists to power in Russia really would have been a terrible danger for the world. Expectations are always high after a revolution and people are invariably disappointed, and so the Communists come to power again." The benefits that came to the oligarchs after Yeltsin's reëlection—the properties, the contracts—were incalculable.

As President, Putin soon met with the principal oligarchs and delivered a message: So long as you stay out of politics, you will be allowed to keep your properties, no matter how they were obtained. The Kremlin was already moving against the two who showed the greatest impudence: Boris Berezovsky, an industrialist and media magnate, whose political pretensions were too blatant for Putin to tolerate, and Vladimir Gusinsky, who had made his fortune in banking and Moscow real estate and his name by starting NTV, the first privately owned network in the country. Both were forced out of the country. Berezovsky lives in London, where he has tried, with little success, to launch an opposition movement against Putin. Gusinsky lives in Israel and in Greenwich, Connecticut; he lost control of NTV to a state gas monopoly, and now the network, while still less obsequious than the rest, is far less rambunctious than it had been.

The most prominent oligarch remaining was a moonfaced oil executive named Mikhail Khodorkovsky. A former officer in the Young Communist League, Khodorkovsky is now forty and, according to *Fortune*, wealthier than any other man or woman in Europe. During the Gorbachev era, he was among the privileged young people who were granted the chance to test the new semi-capitalist market. In the late eighties, Khodorkovsky used Communist Party sponsorship and connections to begin a successful bank called Menatep; and by becoming an adviser to the Russian government he had unparalleled access to crucial information. Eventually, Khodorkovsky got into the most lucrative of all Russian businesses, the oil business, and through his connections, and through a ruthless series of maneuvers, he came to run the newly merged oil conglomerate Yukos-Sibneft. His company is so wealthy, and the rest of the economy so weak, that Khodorkovsky, by his estimate, contributes seven per cent of Russia's total tax revenue. He is worth around a billion dollars personally and told me that another eight billion is "under my control."

I met Khodorkovsky at his headquarters in Moscow, a glass office building that looked as if it had been airlifted from Houston. The Moscow of the twenty-first century is filled with such buildings. The old-style Soviet offices still functioning have the customary worn red runner carpets and smell like an overflowing ashtray; these offices have the smell of a new car, and they are invariably equipped with dozens of armed security men and six-foot-tall beauty queens dressed in Versace and Armani suits and bearing leather binders. Khodorkovsky grew up in a middle-class family, but his years of experience in the Young Communist League business offices and in the new Russian economy show. Many of the figures in big business felt that in the conference rooms of Europe and the United States a decade ago they were regarded as rubes—"They treated us like educated monkeys," the banker Pyotr Aven complained—but Khodorkovsky betrays no resentment. He seems at ease, self-contained, as if he had been born to riches.

Although Khodorkovsky has never been as brazen in his political ambitions as Gusinsky and Berezovsky, he discovered that he was not immune from Kremlin pressure. Occasionally, Putin meets with the leading business figures in Moscow, and at one such session, earlier this year, the President attacked him sharply. When I asked Khodorkovsky about it, he flushed and smiled. He told me that he had been called on to talk about corruption involving a financial transaction between two oil companies. "Evidently, this was not the first time the issue had been raised with him, and it struck a raw nerve," Khodorkovsky said.



Putin, various sources told me, grew angry with Khodorkovsky and, in paraphrase, told him to watch who was calling the kettle black where corruption was concerned. Everyone, the President said, knew how the men in the room had become so rich so fast.

Khodorkovsky does not feign innocence. "I don't set myself up as a shining example," he told me. "Nor have I ever said that I've been a model citizen. On the other hand, it's possible to develop and change, especially in rapidly changing times. You can't just accord the right to change to successive generations. My life is a good example of this. It shows that in a single lifetime there can be two or more watersheds. Until I was in my mid-twenties, I was raised as a model Soviet citizen. I thought there was no other way to live. There were people, with more humanistic educations, who thought there was something not quite right with our lives. But not me. I thought it was all going quite well. It's funny to hear myself saying this now, but it's true. Then, from twenty-five till my mid-thirties, I was convinced that everything had been wrong and that absolutely everything was permissible. You could get away with not breaking any laws because there weren't really any laws. People, even in the West, tried to say I broke the law, but they were never able to prove it. Not everything was ethical. This is not something for me to be proud of. Those were tough times; the way we dealt with minority shareholders was not ethical. Then, from thirty-five onward, I've had a third life. You can't be involved in business and engage in politics successfully. Many have tried. They are abroad now."

In his "third life," Khodorkovsky has championed "transparency" in corporate accounting and in the economy generally. He established a charitable foundation that has contributed huge sums to universities, the arts, and other causes. When he travels in the United States, he meets with top figures in Congress and the federal bureaucracy and mixes easily with other oil barons. These moves are as purposeful as Putin's seeming blandness. To encourage foreign investment, to borrow from foreign banks at normal rates, Russian businessmen like Khodorkovsky cannot have outlaw reputations. They must advance yet another generation or two, from John D. Rockefeller to David Rockefeller, from robber baron to scion of established industry.

"In the West, things evolved more slowly," he said. "It took more than one hundred years to develop contemporary society. We've started from scratch. But we have a model to look at. It's easier to do your homework when you have the answers."

A few weeks after we met, Khodorkovsky and his company came under attack from the Kremlin. Police arrested his partner and chief financial adviser, Platon Lebedev—himself a billionaire—on charges of theft, and prosecutors announced that they were investigating instances of tax evasion, fraud, and even murder. For weeks, there were interrogations, searches, threats. Analysts in Moscow said the affair was the result of an ongoing feud in the Kremlin between those who support the new capitalists and those who support the traditional bureaucracy. They say that Khodorkovsky's involvement in politics, his support for potential opposition factions, was something neither Putin nor the security forces would tolerate. Putin, for his part, denies as "utter nonsense" that he is behind the pressure; it is just the law at work. Either way, one Russian journalist said, "Everyone is taking bets about if and when Khodorkovsky will be forced to leave the country."

5

Putin may periodically lash out at the oligarchs, but, in general, the arrangements of power and influence have altered less than one might think. Putin, unlike his volatile predecessor, rarely fires anyone. Yeltsin's chief of staff, Aleksandr Voloshin, a bald and bearded man in his forties, has remained in place under Putin and, if anything, is more powerful than before. Two of the most influential aides, Igor Sechin and Viktor Ivanov, come from Putin's old haunt, the K.G.B.'s headquarters in St. Petersburg. And then there are smaller factions centered on the oil companies, the state gas monopoly, and other concerns.

There is constant talk in Moscow political circles about Putin's lack of commitment to democratic principles, especially civil liberties. When I asked Anatoly Chubais, who now runs the state's vast electric-power system, whether Putin was a democrat, he laughed and said, "Is Silvio Berlusconi a democrat?" (As it happens, Putin is personally close to the Italian leader; his family has vacationed with the Berlusconis in Sardinia.) "The question should not be if he is a democrat or not," Chubais went on. "There is a spectrum of democrats that ranges from, say, Berlusconi to Tony Blair. Putin is somewhere within the spectrum, but he is closer to Berlusconi than he is to Blair. What he is not is Fidel Castro."

Perhaps the comparison to Berlusconi is apt. Putin's control of the airwaves is, in its way, as complete as Berlusconi's. Putin has systematically neutered serious opposition in the media. In an international press-freedom index, Russia ranks a hundred and twenty-first out of a hundred and thirty-nine nations, according to the respected monitoring group Reporters Without Borders. Yelena Tregubova, a columnist at *Kommersant*, a leading daily newspaper in Moscow, told me that Presidential aides routinely call editors and threaten to "freeze out" their papers if they don't install "friendlier" correspondents at the Kremlin. Tregubova says that her own editor transferred her out of the Kremlin after feeling the pressure. "Putin reacts to criticism like a K.G.B. person," she said. "Everything that is not praise is some kind of threat to him." At his recent meeting with American reporters, Putin admitted, "I don't like provocative questions."

Twelve years after the fall of communism, there is no Soviet-style censorship at work, no Central Committee's ideology department reviewing every news broadcast. Instead, in 1999, the Kremlin, which has full control of state television, installed a genial, like-minded fellow—Konstantin Ernst, a former scientist—to run Channel One, the main station. Putin and his advisers know they can rely on him to keep matters under control. There are, of course, politicians and commentators who criticize the government. But within limits.

"Freedom of speech is a relative notion," Ernst told me one afternoon in his office, a sleek lair of steel and leather where several televisions were playing soundlessly. "It does not exist anywhere in its ideal form. It's like an ideal gas that does not exist in nature, only in theory. In reality, freedom of speech depends on the government, on the editors and producers. Everyone has a different sense of what it means."

Ernst admitted that he spoke from time to time with Kremlin officials, especially with Voloshin, and when I asked what would happen if they disagreed about editorial policy he flapped his hand and smiled, as if to dismiss so absurd a notion. "That's impossible," Ernst said. "It's easy for me to work here, because the Kremlin's foreign and domestic policy is always clear and understandable to me. A minimum of mistakes have been made. There is no mental distance between the majority view and government policy."

Putin's opposition is weak, sporadic, disorganized, and ill-defined. Although the Communists remain the biggest opposition party in Russia, they are an aging party, one that likely missed its chance to capture the Kremlin in 1996. The leading liberal opposition parties these days are small and timid: the Union of Right Forces, which is "liberal" in the Friedmanite-Thatcherite sense; and Yabloko, which is "liberal" in the European social-democratic sense. These factions are represented in the Duma by some intelligent voices, but they are pathologically incapable of forming a coalition and tend to draw nearly all their votes in Moscow, St. Petersburg, and a few other large cities. When they show any sign of influence, Putin easily coöpts them or slaps them down.

I've known Grigori Yavlinsky since he was a young economist in the Gorbachev circle. Since 1993, he has led the Yabloko faction in the Duma. Now he is fifty-one, and he seems even more caustic, more frustrated than when I first met him. When I asked him about the opposition to Putin, he scowled and grew defensive. "Do you have a real opposition in Great Britain or Japan, much less in the United States?" he said. "So, if you are looking for one here, it's rather difficult. To have an opposition you need serious preconditions—an independent media, or at least a media that are not all in one hand. You need independent financial resources, a civil society, a special environment. The Duma is filled with people who are on the take, as if they were staff members for the government administration or one interest or another. We have no independent elections. This is almost a corporate, semi-criminal system, and there are no alternatives that can be presented to the people. The system entirely serves one person."

Yavlinsky blamed Yeltsin for the "rotten" state of affairs. "We tried to bring the Yeltsin era to a close as soon as possible. His time was over in 1993," he said. "Everything that came after was counterproductive: Chechnya, the default in 1998, criminal privatization. But Yeltsin tricked us in a special way. He brought a successor onto the scene. And his system was cemented in place. This system can create one successor after another. So be prepared for a very long and winding road. In this situation, you can either be a dissident or help to create a civil independent party. You need a strategy and you need to keep on the vector of human rights, liberal policy, human dignity, private property. The challenge is to be independent while accepting money from the likes of Khodorkovsky"—Yabloko is almost completely funded by Khodorkovsky—"or keeping an open dialogue with Putin, and understanding the regional bureaucracy, which is as loyal as animals to the President. Either people wake up and act or you wait indefinitely for the appearance of a 'good tsar.' My task in this system is to create an independent Russian democratic party. Eventually, we have to overcome, we have to create a post-Yeltsin era. Maybe in twenty years we'll get there."

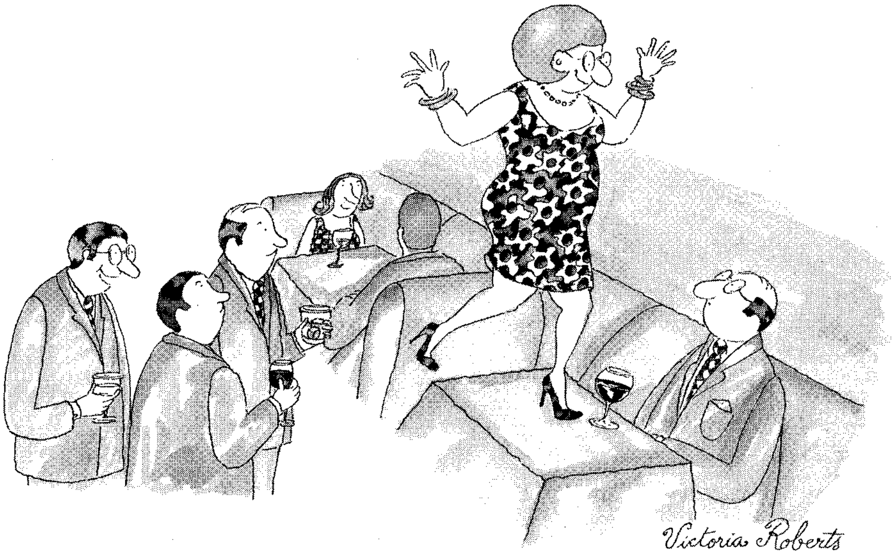
6

In the days when Moscow was still the capital of an empire, the city was militarized. It wasn't just a matter of the occasional parades on Red Square, with all the ICBMs and tanks rumbling across the cobblestones, and the Politburo members waving absently atop Lenin's tomb. Everyday life was somehow militarized. Driving to work, you were forever following a troop truck with the sign "*Lyudi*"—"People"—tacked to a wooden back panel. Inside, a few dozen recruits in khaki uniforms sat on benches smoking and kidding around: there were recruits from every corner of the empire.

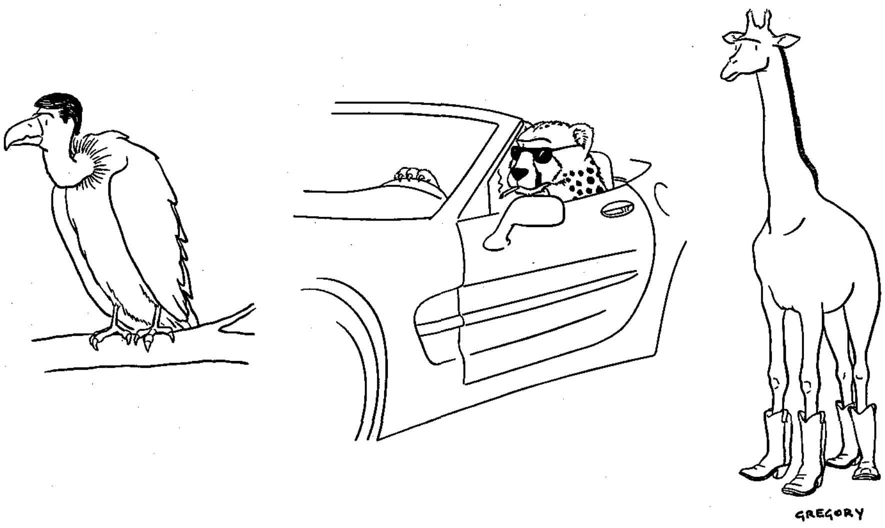
The Russian Army, the inheritor of the structures, arms, and tactics of the Soviet armed forces, is now a shambles: a psychological wreck, a material ruin. Conscription is still universal, but only notionally so. It's easy to bribe your way out of the draft for a couple of thousand dollars. It is only the least skilled, the least educated, who enlist. Many of the draftees are illiterate and in such poor physical condition that they are useless as anything more than cannon fodder in Chechnya or as sources of abuse for their predatory superiors. *Dyedovshchina*, the sadistic, often fatal, hazing of recruits, is ubiquitous: soldiers are routinely humiliated and tortured by their commanders, beaten with sticks, chains, chairs, anything at hand. Every year, thousands are wounded and hundreds are killed or commit suicide; thousands more go AWOL as a result of the abuse. The Russian Army is preposterously top-heavy—there are five times the number of generals as in the American armed services—and, for many of those officers and commanders, life has been so leeched of a sense of mission and pride that they destroy themselves with drink; their salaries are so low that they ease into a life of corruption, petty or grand. In a rare case of prosecution, Colonel General Georgy Oleinik, a former financial official in the Defense Ministry, was convicted last year of "misappropriating" funds; it seems he misappropriated four hundred and fifty million dollars.

Dmitri Trenin, a former career officer in the Soviet Army, is now a scholar at the Carnegie Moscow Center. He remains well connected at the Defense Ministry. When we met one afternoon for coffee, he described the ministry as a "ghost town," with innumerable generals sitting at their clean desks doing little more than trying to maintain some semblance of the status quo and their own positions. These generals and officers, Trenin said, suffer from "a huge inferiority complex." Having spent their careers as the heads of a colossal military machine preparing for the possibility of an Armageddon clash in Europe, they have refused to change strategy or tactics. Even as Putin talks about the possibility of Russia one day joining NATO, the Russian commanders still spend their energies devising ways to defeat it. Putin has so far been unwilling to reform the Army, to make it professional, smaller, more modern.

The Army has lost, in effect, its last three wars: after a decade of fighting, the Soviet armed forces retreated from Afghanistan; in 1994-96, Yeltsin foolishly tried to bomb Chechnya into submission, but failed; the revival of that war in the late nineties has, until now, re-



"Monogamy works for me, but it doesn't work for Enid."



MIDLIFE CRISES OF THE SERENGETI

sulted only in—as Russians say—the "Palestinization" of Chechnya, a conflict that now includes suicide bombers. The Russian troops in Chechnya are incapable of keeping any kind of peace in the region, and routinely rape, harass, loot apartments, demand protection money from local merchants, execute prisoners, and even sell arms to the rebels. Key Chechen militant groups have accepted help from Islamic radicals, including Al Qaeda.

"As a nuclear power, Russia is still potent. It still makes Russia the No. 2 country in strategic nuclear power," Trenin said. "But, apart from that, this military is so bad that it is a miracle that people are willing to go to Chechnya and risk their lives for the meagre pay that they get. The commander of the Kursk submarine"—which sank in 2000 owing to a mysterious explosion in the Barents Sea, killing a hundred and eighteen sailors—"got a salary of two hundred dollars a month. It is hard for me in Moscow to find a kid who will work here as an assistant for less than five hundred dollars a month. And this was a nuclear submarine with the power to annihilate a major country."

The politicians who support fundamental reform of the Army insist that Russia requires around five hundred thousand troops, not the more than one million in uniform today, and a total rethinking of its structures and strategy. Alexei Arbatov, the deputy chairman of the Duma's defense committee, told me, "We are still oriented toward a war against the West. This stems from Russian military strategy since the days of Peter the Great. To change this is like telling the astronomers to stop relying on Newton and Kepler." When we met at his office in the Duma, I asked him how the Russian military leadership had reacted to the American military performance in Iraq. I expected him to attack the motives for the war and the manipulation of intelligence, the failure to discover chemical or biological weapons.

"They reacted with shock and awe," he said with a smile. "They still do not understand that the American victory was due not just to technological prowess. It's civilian control of the military since the days of McNamara. In order to use that technology, you need a highly professional army."

7

Obsession with American power is universal. The Russians are obsessed with American power in their own way. Theirs is the reaction of the humbled rival learning to deal with an unaccustomed sense of weakness. This may be the most important emotion in all of Russian politics, and it shapes Putin's foreign policy almost completely.

Two of Russia's leading political pollsters, Aleksandr Oslon and Lev Gudkov, both told me that anti-Americanism in Russia is far different from what it is in, say, France. The feeling comes and goes. During the American military actions in Kosovo and Iraq, and during the last Winter Olympics, when Russian skaters were accused of winning a gold medal through bogus judging, antipathy toward the United States ran high. But then it faded. "Generally, Russians have a positive attitude toward the United States, but there is this complex of defeat and humiliation and even neurotic sensitivity that flares up," Gudkov said. "Fifty-five per cent think the West and the United States are trying to colonize Russia, but the U.S. is still seen as a utopia because it is the most vivid example of a normal country."

Putin's attitude toward the United States has proved flexible. When he began his term of office, the foreign-policy élites in Moscow—the Foreign Ministry lifers, the generals and admirals—anticipated that Putin would "stand up" to the United States more than Yeltsin ever did. With the exception of fairly marginal liberal politicians, most believed that Yeltsin was capable of great bluster with Washington but in the end would cave to every American demand and desire, be it in arms control, diplomacy, or trade. At first, Putin did seem a steelier, more readily offended negotiating partner than Yeltsin. Then came September 11th.

"Right after 9/11, Putin gathered many politicians to talk about the role of Russia in the situation," Grigori Yavlinsky, the head of Yabloko, said. "The absolute majority of politicians said that Russia should be either neutral or even on the side of the Taliban. Only a few spoke up and said that we should support the United States."

Putin went with the minority, with the liberals. He was, as it happened, the first leader of a major foreign country to call George Bush and pledge his support. That support included giving the American military critical intelligence reports on the Taliban forces in Afghanistan. These moves allowed Putin to make the argument to the West that, at this stage, the war in Chechnya was not a brutal assault but, rather, another front in the war against terrorism, and Washington, which had always at least lightly protested Russia's actions in Chechnya, now no longer does so with any conviction.

Putin's decision on how to react to September 11th was easy compared with the question of Iraq. He was wary of an American invasion, and he came under heavy pressure from German Chancellor Gerhard Schröder and French President Jacques Chirac to join their opposition to Washington in the United Nations. He was also under heavy pressure at home. "People in the K.G.B. and the military-industrial complex wanted to block Putin's 'American connection,'" Sergei Karaganov, a former foreign-policy adviser to Yeltsin, said. According to several well-informed diplomatic and intelligence sources, Putin was told by his generals and intelligence chiefs that the United States would have an impossible job finding physical evidence of any weapons of mass destruction and that an invasion would take months, if not years, to accomplish.

Putin does not seem to entirely trust his own Foreign Ministry to conduct day-to-day relations with the United States. During the Iraq crisis, he sent Voloshin, his chief of staff, to meet with officials at the White House. On other occasions, he has dispatched Dmitri Rogozin, the chairman of the Duma's foreign-affairs committee. Rogozin is an emotional nationalist, and is known around Moscow as a skeptic where the United States is concerned. "We see something of ourselves in America, for better or worse, and America is going through its golden age and we are at our nadir," he told me. "But we are having a roller-coaster ride, we are out of phase with each other. This is why our attitude to you is almost condescending."

When I asked Rogozin about the war in Iraq, he smiled, as if with infinite pity, and said, "Everyone in Europe thinks it's a calamity. But we shrugged and realized there was nothing we could do about it. . . . Before the end of the eighties, there were still some forces deterring you. There was the Soviet Union and the balance of pressures. Now, with this having disappeared, it's like in sumo wrestling. The United States simply fell forward for lack of an opponent, and you became responsible for everything. During the Cold War, both sides created their own cyborgs. We created the Palestinian cyborg. You created the bin Laden cyborg, in Afghanistan. And suddenly these cyborgs were no longer under their masters. Now the United States has to fill the entire space, they are responsible for everything—and, therefore, they are to blame for everything."

Putin's view is clearly that Russia can no longer hope to be a rival or a counterweight to American power. It can only seek to influence that power in the interest, above all, of stability at home and abroad, for it is only in the conditions of relative calm—stable oil prices, relative quiet along the southern borders, and integration with the West—that Russia can steadily develop. In the end, Putin played Iraq well, putting up a reasoned opposition to the war, but without damaging his relations with the United States. If anyone won that diplomatic battle, he did.

"Look, many in the Russian leadership resent the United States, but they have decided that it is better to adapt to American power and do the best they can, because the Middle East, Pakistan, and Iran—it can all go up in flames, in revolutions and wars," Karaganov said. "So we have to have someone to do the dirty job of keeping it all together. And that's the United States. And although you do stupid things, the United States is the only steamboat we can hitch ourselves to and go in the direction of modernity."

8

One afternoon, I went to the Kremlin to see Andrei Illarionov, one of Putin's top economic advisers. Illarionov is young, speaks fluent English, and is married to an American. I mentioned that on my way across Red Square and through Spassky Gate I'd noticed that workers were preparing for a parade. A gold tsarist-era two-headed eagle had been mounted on one end of the square and a vast Russian tricolor had been draped over Lenin's tomb. Putin's anthem would undoubtedly complete this postmodern picture.

"Yes, tomorrow is Independence Day," Illarionov said. "Not many people remember, but it's the day Russia was declared independent."

"And what of all these symbols?" I asked.

He shrugged. "These symbols reflect the complexity of Russian history, a fact of life," he said. "We've inherited the legacy of the Russian empire, seventy-three years of Soviet Communism, and, now, twelve years of independent Russia. Mr. Yeltsin tried to remove Lenin's body from Red Square, but the resistance from the Communist Party didn't allow it. Yeltsin reluctantly decided to postpone the action."

Illarionov had worked in the Yeltsin government, and I asked him to distinguish between the two Presidents.

"Mr. Yeltsin's was an era of revolution, and he was a revolutionary who set out to destroy the ancien régime," he said.

In the Putin era, I suggested, the world has all but stopped paying attention to Russia. Television stations and newspapers were closing their Moscow bureaus, or, at least, cutting back.

"Maybe the fact that we're not on the front pages all around the world is a good thing," he replied. "We've always dreamed of such a time. It's a sign of normality." Sometimes, he said, people forget the historical burden that Russia carries, and they focus instead on the decisions, and the personalities, that come and go. "There were seventy-five years of civil war with millions killed since 1917: between red and white, then collectivization, then a real civil war again, industrialization, the purges in 1937, the Second World War—a war against Fascism, but also a kind of civil war in which one million people changed sides. Where else would you find this?

"Then the purges of the P.O.W.s, the war on cosmopolitans, a civil war against nationalities like the Chechens, the Volga Germans, the Crimean Tatars: twenty nationalities deported or wiped out. Another civil war. At the same time, tens of millions of people were raised on Communist ideology and ideals. You cannot change that overnight. It's like being raised in some kind of orthodox faith, an orthodox form of Islam, say. There is a serious response when you try to change their world. You need a time of calming down. So the state of people now, for the majority, is geared around a sense of survival. That's what's really wanted. That's who Putin is. That's how we live now, with history and histories all around us and everything all mixed up." ♦

FICTION

A STONE WOMAN

BY A. S. BYATT

At first she did not think of stones. Grief made her insubstantial to herself; she felt as if she were flitting lightly from room to room like a moth. The apartment seemed constantly twilit, although it must, she knew, have gone through the usual sequences of sun and shadow over the days and weeks since her mother had died. Her mother—a strong, bright woman—had liked to live among shades of mole and dove. Her mother's hair had shone silver and ivory. Her eyes had faded from cornflower to forget-me-not. Ines had found her dead one morning, her bloodless fingers resting on an open book, her parchment eyelids down, as though she dozed, a wry grimace on her fine lips, as though she had tasted something not quite nice. She quickly lost this lifelikeness, and became waxy and peaked. Ines, who had been the younger woman, became the old woman in an instant.

She busied herself with her work as a researcher for a major etymological dictionary, and she tidied love away. She packed it into plastic sacks—creamy silks and floating lawns, velvet and muslin, lavender crêpe de chine, beads of pearl and garnet. People had thought she was a dutiful daughter. They could not imagine two intelligent women who simply understood and loved each other. She drew the blinds because the light hurt her eyes. Her inner eye observed the final things over and over. White face on white pillow among white hair. Colorless skin on lifeless fingers. Flesh of my flesh, flesh of her flesh. The efficient rage of consuming fire, the handfuls of fawn ash, which she had scattered, as she had promised, in the hurrying foam of a Yorkshire beck.

She went through the motions, hoping to become accustomed to solitude and silence. Then one morning pain struck her like a sudden beak, tearing at her gut. She caught her breath and sat down, waiting for it to pass. It did not pass. It strengthened, blow on blow. She rolled on her bed, dishevelled and sweating. She heard the creature moaning. She tried to telephone the doctor, but the thing shrieked raucously into the mouthpiece, and this saved her, for they sent an ambulance, which took the screaming thing to a hospital, as it would not have taken a polite old woman. Later, they told her she had had at most four hours to live. Her gut had been twisted and gangrenous. She lay quietly in a hospital bed in a curtained room. Numb and bandaged, she drifted in and out of blessed sleep.

The surgeon came and went, lifting her dressings, studying the sutures, prodding the walls of her belly with strong fingers. Ines was a courteous and shamefast woman. She did not want to see her own sliced skin and muscle. She thanked him for her life, unable to summon much warmth in her voice. What was her life now, to thank anyone for?

The anesthetist came in to discuss what palliatives she might be allowed to take home with her. He said, "I expect you've noticed that there's no sensation around the incision. That's quite normal. The nerves take time to join again, and some may not do so." He, too, touched the sewed-up lips of the hole, and she felt that she did not feel, and then felt the ghost of a thrill, like fine wires shooting out across her skin. The anesthetist said, "I see he managed to construct some sort of navel. People feel odd, we've found, if they haven't got a navel." She murmured something. "Look," he said, "it's a work of art."

So she looked, since she would be going home and would now have to attend to the thing herself.

The wound was livid and ridged and ran the length of her white front, from the ribs to the hidden places below. Where she had been soft and flat, she was all plumpings and hollows, like an old cushion. And where her navel had been, like a button caught in a seam at an angle, was an asymmetric whorl with a little sill of skin. Ines thought of her lost navel, of the umbilical cord that had been a part of her and of her mother. Her face creased into sorrow; her eyes were hot with tears. The anesthetist misinterpreted them, and assured her that it would look much less angry and lumpy after a month or two, and if it did not it could easily be dealt with by a good plastic surgeon. Ines thanked him, and closed her eyes. There was no one to see her, she said, it didn't matter what she looked like. The anesthetist, who had chosen his profession because he didn't like people's feelings and preferred silence to speech, offered her what she wanted, a painkiller. She drifted into cloud as he closed the door.

Their flat, now her flat, was on the second floor of a nineteenth-century house in a narrow city square. The stairs were steep. The taxi-driver who brought her home left her, with her bag, on the doorstep. She toiled slowly upward. There was no need to hurry. She had time, and more time.

She had been a good cook—she thought of herself now in the past tense—and had made delicious little meals for her mother and herself, light pea soups, sole with mushrooms, vanilla soufflés. Now she nibbled at cheese and crusts like a frugal mouse. The life had gone out of the furnishings. The polish was dulled and she left it like that: she made her bed with one crumpled pull.

She stared out of the window, for minutes that seemed like hours, and hours that seemed like minutes. She liked to see the dark spread through the square, because it meant that bedtime was not far away.

The day came when the dressings could, should, be dispensed with. She had been avoiding her body, simply wiping her face and under her arms with a damp facecloth. She decided to have a bath. Their bathtub was old and deep and narrow, with imposing brass taps and a heavy coil of shower-hosing. There was a wide wooden bath rack across it, which still held, she saw now, her mother's private things—a loofah, a sponge, a pumice stone.

The warmth of the water was nice. A few tense sinews relaxed. Time went into one of its slow phases. She sat and stared at the things on the rack. Loofah, sponge, pumice. A fibrous tube, a soft mess of holes, a shaped gray stone. She considered the differences between the three, all essentially solids with holes in them. The loofah was stringy and matted, the sponge was branching and vacuous, the pumice was riddled with needle holes. Biscuit-colored, bleached khaki, shadow gray. Colorless colors, shapeless shapes. The loofah and the sponge were the dried-out bodies, the skeletons, of living things. She picked up the pumice, a light stone teardrop, shaped to the palm of a hand. She felt its paradoxical lightness, then dropped it into the water, where it floated. She

JULIE HEFFERNAN/P.P.O.W. GALLERY AND LITTLEJOHN CONTEMPORARY

THE
NEW YORKER
ONLINE

www.newyorker.com

THIS WEEK'S
WEB EXCLUSIVE:

ELIZABETH KOLBERT
TALKS ABOUT
HILLARY ON THE HILL

PLUS:
Jonathan Franzen
Alma Guillermoprieto
Philip Gourevitch
Deborah Garrison
Adam Gopnik
Stanley Kunitz
Katherine Boo
Kevin Conley
Jon Lee Anderson
Jerome Groopman
Jane Mayer
Jonathan Lethem
John Cassidy
Joan Acocella
Jeffrey Toobin
Peter Hessler
Judith Thurman
Peter J. Boyer
Rebecca Mead
Ken Auletta
Larissa MacFarquhar
Seymour M. Hersh
Lawrence Wright
Edna O'Brien
Maira Kalman
and more

AND: A calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country

did not know how long she sat there. The water cooled. When she lifted herself, awkwardly, through the surface film, the pumice chinked against her flesh. It was an odd little sound, like a knock on metal. She put the pumice back on the rack, and touched her puckered wound with nervy fingers. Supposing something had been left in there? A clamp, a forceps, a needle? Not exactly looking, she explored her reconstructed navel with a fingertip. She felt a certain glossy hardness where the healing was going on.

The next thing she noticed was a spangling of what seemed like glinting red dust, or ground glass, in the folds of her dressing gown and her discarded underwear. It was a dull red, like dried blood. At the same time, she noticed that the threads of her underwear appeared to be catching, here and there, on the healing scars. As the phenomenon grew more pronounced, she touched the area tentatively, over the cotton of her knickers. Her fingers felt whorls and ridges, even sharp edges. Each day the bumps and sharpness, far from receding, grew bulkier. One evening, in the unlit twilight, she finally found the nerve to undress and tuck in her chin to stare down at herself. What she saw was a raised shape, like a starfish, like the whirling arms of a nebula. It was the color—or *a* color—of raw flesh, like an open whip wound or a knife slash. It trembled, because she was trembling, but it was cold to the touch, as cold and hard as glass or stone. From the star-arms, red dust wafted like glamour. She covered herself hastily, as though what was not seen might disappear.

The next day, it felt bigger. The day after, she looked again, in the half-light, and saw that the mark was spreading. It had pushed out ruddy veins into the tired white flesh, threading sponge with crystal. It winked. It was many reds, from ochre to scarlet, from garnet to cinnabar. She was half tempted to insert a fingernail under the veins and chip them off.

She thought of it as "the blemish." It extended itself—not evenly, but in fits and starts, around her waist, like a shingly girdle pushing long fibrous fingers down toward her groin, thrusting out cysts and gritty coruscations above her pubic hair. There were puckered weals where flesh met what appeared to be stone. What *was* stone—what else was it?

One day, she found a cluster of greenish-white crystals sprouting in her armpit. These she tried to prize away, and failed. They were attached deep within; she felt their stony roots stirring under the skin surface, pulling at her muscles. Jagged flakes of silica and nodes of basalt pushed her breasts upward and flourished under the fall of flesh, making her clothes crackle and rustle. Slowly, slowly, day by quick day, her torso was wrapped in a stony encrustation, like a corselet. She could feel that under the stones her compressed inwards were still fluid and soft, responsive to pain and pressure.

She was surprised at the fatalism with which she had resigned herself to her transformation. It was as though her thoughts and feelings, too, had slowed to stone-speed, nerveless and stolid. There were, increasingly, days when curiosity jostled her horror. One day, one of the blue veins on her inner thigh erupted into a line of rubious spinels, and she thought of jewels before she thought of pustules.

Her legs now chinked together when she moved. The first apparition of the stony crust outside her clothing was strange and beautiful. She observed its beginnings in the mirror one morning, while brushing her hair: a necklace of veiled swellings above her collarbone, which broke slowly through the skin like eyes from closed lids, and became opal—fire opal, black opal, geyserite, and hydrophane, full of watery light. She found herself preening in the mirror.

She dismissed, with no real hesitation, the idea of consulting the surgeon, or any other doctor. It was, of course, theoretically possible that she was deluded, that the winking gemstones and heaped flakes of her new crust were feverish sparks of her anesthetized brain and grieving spirit. But she didn't think so—she refuted herself, as Dr. Johnson had refuted Bishop Berkeley, by tapping on stone and hearing the scrape and chink of stone responding. No, what was happening was, it appeared, a unique transformation. She assumed that it would end with the petrifaction of her vital functions. A time would come when she wouldn't be able to see, or move, or feed herself (which might not matter). But, for the moment, she had grown no more than a carapace. Her joints obeyed her, light went from retina to brain, her budded tongue tasted the food that she still ate.

In her mother's bedroom there was a cheval glass, the only full-length mirror in the house. At the end of a day's staring she would suddenly catch sight of a new shimmer of labradorite, six inches long and diamond-shaped, arrived imperceptibly almost, beneath her buttocks where her gaze had not rested.

She saw dikes of dolerites, in graduated sills, now invading her inner arms. But it took weeks of patient watching before, by dint of glancing in rapid saccades, she surprised a bubble of rosy barite crystals breaking through a vein of fluorspar, and opening into the form known as a desert rose, bunched with the ore flowers of blue john. Her metamorphosis obeyed no known laws of physics or chemistry: ultramafic black rocks and ghostly Iceland spar formed in succession and clung together.

One dark Sunday, when the midday sky was thick and gray as granite, when sullen thunder rumbled and the odd flash of lightning made human stomachs queasy, Ines was overcome with a need to be out in the weather. She put on wide trousers and a tunic, and over them a shapeless hooded raincoat. She pushed her knobby feet into fur boots, and her clay-pale hands, with their veins of azurmalachite, into sheepskin mittens, and set off down the stairs and into the street.

She had wondered how her tendons and musculature would function. She thought she could feel the roll of polished stone in stony cup as she moved her pelvis and hips, raised her knees, and swung her rigid arms. There was a delicious smoothness to these motions, a surprise after the accommodations she was used to making for the crumbling calcium of arthritic joints. She strode along, aimlessly at first, trying to get away from people. She noticed that her sense of smell had grown sharper. She could smell the rain in the thick cloud blanket. She could smell the sulfur dioxide in the car exhausts and the rainbow-colored minerals in puddles of petrol. These scents were pleasurable. She came to the remains of a street market, and was assailed by the stink of organic decay, deliquescent fruit mush, rotting cabbage, old burned oil on greasy newspapers. She strode past all this, retching a little, feeling acid bile churning in a stomach sac made by now of what?

She came to a park—a tamed, urban park, with rose beds and rubbish bins, doggy lavatories and a concrete fountain. The water fell on the cement with a new, intricate music. The smell of a rain squall blew away the wafting warmth of dog shit. She pulled off her hood. Her cheeks were beginning to sprout silica flakes and dendrite fibres, but from a distance she just looked, she thought, like a lumpy old woman. There were droplets of alabaster and peridot clustering in her gray hair like the eggs of some mythic stony louse. She shook her hair free and turned her face up to the branches and the clouds as the rain began. Big drops splashed on her sharp nose; she licked them from stiffening lips between crystalline teeth, with a still-flexible tongue tip, and tasted sky-water, mineral and delicious. The lightning came in sheets of metal sheen. The thunder crashed in the sky, and the surface of the woman crackled and creaked in sympathy.

She thought, I need to find a place where I can stand when I am completely solid. I should find a place *outside*, in the weather.

When would she be, so to speak, dead? When her plump flesh heart stopped pumping the blue blood along the veins of her shifting shape? When the gray and clammy matter of her brain became limestone or graphite? When her brain stem became a column of rutilated quartz? When her eyes became—what? She was inclined to believe that her watching eyes would be the last thing. The phrase came into her head: *Those are pearls that were his eyes.* A song of grief made fantastic by a sea change. Would her eyes cloud over and become pearls? Pearls were interesting. They were a substance in which the organic met the inorganic, like moss agate.

She had had the idea that the mineral world was one of perfect, inanimate forms, with an unchanging mathematical order of crystals and molecules beneath its sprouts and flows and

No, It's Not Too Late

Late fall is the ideal time to plant spring-blooming bulbs like Tulips and Daffodils and those classic perennials such as Peonies and Bearded Iris that prefer fall planting. We offer an extensive selection of top-quality bulbs plus a superb line of perennials—with shipping to match.

Between now and the end of October, orders received by 5 pm will leave our nursery in Connecticut the next business day. A few items, such as Tree Peonies and some Oriental Lilies, must ship in late fall.

To order, visit **whiteflowerfarm.com** or give us a call at **1-800-503-9624**. Please mention Source Code 32091.

White Flower Farm

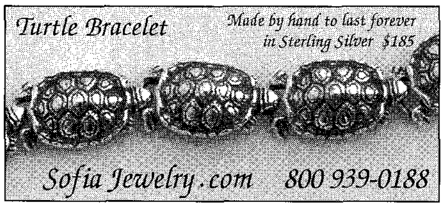
whiteflowerfarm.com

Mississippi Delta Paintings

STEPHANIE EGGLESTON HARROVER
Landscapes (901) 336-5506 www.stephaniesart.com

Recapture Your Childhood!

Nancy Schön is offering a limited edition of 250 of her famous sculpture as seen in the Boston Public Garden, **"Make Way for Ducklings"** from the story by Robert McCloskey. A scale reproduction in bronze mounted on Travertine marble, 24"L x 4"W x 4"H. Each sculpture comes with a signed and numbered Certificate of Authenticity. ***For more Information Call (617) 969-7214***
e-mail:Nancyschon@attbi.com – website: www.schon.com


Turtle Bracelet
Made by hand to last forever in Sterling Silver $185
Sofia Jewelry.com 800 939-0188

Sleepy Hollow Country Package

Dolce Tarrytown House welcomes you
to explore historic Hudson Valley.
For information on this package
& reservations call 800.553.8118.

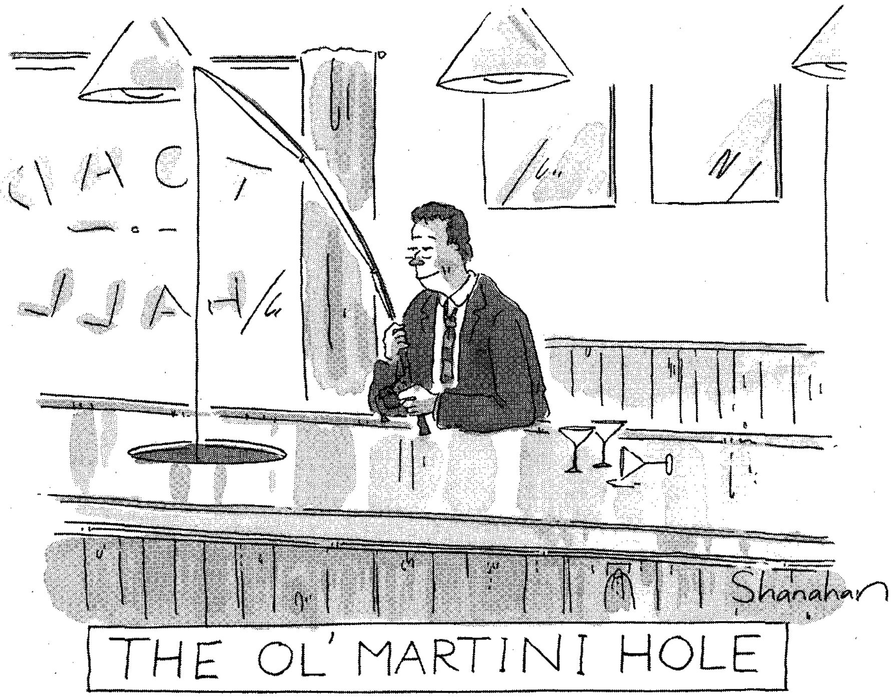
www.tarrytownhouse.dolce.com

branches. In the beginning, she had thought of her own transfiguration as something profoundly unnatural, a move from a world of warm change and decay to a world of cold permanence. But as she became mineral, and looked into the idea of minerals, she saw that there were reciprocities, both physical and figurative.

The minds of stone-lovers had colonized stones with organic metaphors, like lichens clinging to them with golden or gray-green florid stains. Words came from flesh and hair and plants. Reniform, mammillated, botryoidal, dendrite, hematite. Carnelian is from "carnal." Serpentine and lizardite are stone reptiles; phyllite is leafy green. The earth itself is made in part of bones, shells, and diatoms. Ines was returning to it in a form quite different from her mother's fiery ash. She preferred the parts of her body that were now volcanic glasses, not bony chalk: chabazite, from the Greek for hailstone; obsidian, which, like analcime and garnet, has the perfect icositetrahedral shape.

She visited city squares, and stood experimentally by the rims of fountains and in the entrances of grottoes. She had read of the hidden wildernesses of nineteenth-century graveyards, and it came to her that there, among weeping angels and grieving cherubs, she might find a quiet resting place. So, on a gray day in late winter, she set out on foot, hooded and booted, with her new, indefatigable rolling pace, marble joint in marble socket. As specks of half rain and half snow spat in the fitful wind, she strode in through a wrought-iron gate in a high wall.

What she saw was a flat stony city, house after house under humped ripples of earth, marked by flat stones, standing stones, canted stones, fallen stones, soot-stained, dropping-stained, scum-stained, crumbled, carved, repeating, repeating. She walked along the silent pathways, past dripping yews and leafless birches and speckled laurels, looking for stone women. They stood there—or, occasionally, lay fallen there—on the rich earth. There were many of them, but they resembled one another with more than a family resemblance. There were the sweetly regretful lady angels, one arm pointing upward, one turned down to scatter an arrested fall of stony flowers. There were the child angels, wearing simple embroidered stone tunics over chubby stone knees, also holding drooping flowers. Some busy mason had turned them out to order, one after the other, their sweetly arched lips and apple cheeks well-practiced tricks of the trade. There was no other living person in that place, though there was a great deal of energetic organic life—long, snaking brambles thrust between the stones for a place in the light; tombstones and angels alike wore bushy coats of gripping ivy.



Ines looked at the stone people. Several had lost their hands, and lifted blind stumps to the gray air. These were less upsetting than those who were returning to formlessness, whose fists seemed rotted by leprosy. Someone had come and sliced the heads from the necks of several cherubs—it had been done recently; the severed edges were still an even white. The stony representations of floating things—feathered wings, blossoms, and petals—made Ines feel queasy, for they were inert and weighed down; they were pulled toward the earth and what was under it.

Around the edges of the vast field of stones, within the spiky confines of the wall, was a shrubbery, with narrow paths and a few stone benches and compost bins. As she went into the bushes, she heard a sound, the chink of hammer on stone. She stood still. She heard it again. Thinking to surprise a vandal, she turned a corner and came upon a rough group of huts and a stack of stony rubble.

One of the huts was a long open shelter, wooden-walled and tile-roofed. It contained a trestle table, behind which a man was working with a stonemason's hammer and chisel. He was a big muscular man, with a curly golden beard, tanned skin, and huge hands. Behind him stood a gaggle of stone women, in various states of disrepair—lipless, fingerless, green-stained, soot-streaked. He made a gesture as if to cover up what he was doing, which appeared, from the milky sheen of the marble, to be new work, rather than restoration.

Ines sidled up. She had almost given up speech, for her voice scratched and whistled oddly in her petrifying larynx. She shopped with gestures, as though she were an Eastern woman, robed and veiled, too timid, or linguistically inept, to ask about things. The stonecutter looked up at her, then down at his work, and made one or two intent little chips at it. Ines felt the sharp blows in her own body. He looked across at her. She whispered—whispering was still possible and normal—that she would like to see what he was making. He shrugged, and then stood aside, so that she could look. What she saw was a loose-limbed child lying on a large carved cushion, its arms flung out, its legs at unexpected angles, its hair draggled across its smooth forehead, its eyes closed in sleep. No, Ines saw, not sleep. This child was a dead child; its limbs were relaxed in death. Because it was dead, its form intimated painfully that it had once been alive. Ines said what came into her stone head.

"No one will want that on any kind of monument. It's dead."

The stonecutter did not speak.

"They write on their stones," Ines said. "'He fell asleep on such a day,' 'She is sleeping.' It's not sleep."

"I am making this for myself," he said. "I do repair work here—it is a living. But I do my own work also." His voice was large and warm. He said, "Are you looking for any person's grave here? Or perhaps visiting—"

Ines laughed. The sound was pebbly. She said, "No, I am thinking about my own resting place. I have problems."

He offered her a seat, which she refused, and a plastic cup of coffee from a thermos, which she accepted, though she was not thirsty, to oil her voice and to make an excuse for lingering. She whispered that she would like to see more of his work, of his own work.

"I am interested in stonework," she said. "Maybe you can make me a monument."

As if in answer to this, he brought out from under his bench various wrapped objects: a heavy sphere, a pyramid, a bag of small rattling things. He moved slowly and deliberately, laying out before her a stone angel head, a collection of hands and feet, large and small. All had originally been the typical funereal carvings of the place. But he had pierced and fretted and embellished them with forms of life that were alien and contradictory yet part of them. Fingers became prisms and serpents; minuscule faces peered between toes; and the tiny bodies of mice or marmosets gripped ankles or lay around wrists like Celtic dragons. He said, "I am not supposed to appropriate things that belong here. But I take the lost ones—I look for the life in them."

"Pygmalion."

"Hardly. You like them?"

"Like is the wrong word. They are alive."

He laughed. "Stones *are* alive where I come from."

"Where?"

"I am an Icelander. I work here in the winter, and go home in the summer, when the nights are bright. I show my work—my own work—in Iceland in the summer."

She wondered dully where she would be when he was in Iceland in the summer.

He said, "If you like, I will give you something. A small thing, and, if you like to live with it, I will perhaps make you that monument."

He held out to her a carved hand, which contained a basilisk and two mussel shells. When she took it from him, it chinked, stone on stone, against her awkward fingers. He heard the sound, and took hold of her knobby wrist through her garments.

"I must go now."

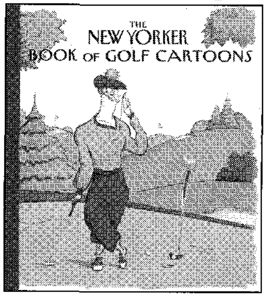
"No, wait, wait," he said.

But she pulled away, and hurried in the dusk toward the iron gate.

That evening, she understood that she might have been wrong about her immediate fate. She put the stone hand on her desk and went into the kitchen to make herself some bread and cheese. She was trembling with exertion and emotion, with fear of stony enclosure and complicated anxiety about the Icelander. As she struggled to cut the soft loaf, the bread knife slipped and sliced into her stone hand, between finger and thumb. She felt pain, which surprised her, and saw a spurt of hot blood from the wound whose depth she could not gauge. She watched the thick liquid run down the back of her hand, onto the bread, onto the table. It was ruddy-gold, dripping in long glassy strings, and where it touched the bread the bread went up in smoke, and where it touched the table it hissed and smoked and bored its hot way through the wood, then trickled, a duller red now, onto the plastic floor, which it singed in amber circles. Her veins were full of molten lava. She put out the tiny fires and threw away the burned bread. She thought, I am not just going to stand in the rain and grow moss. I may erupt. She felt panic. To turn to stone is a figure, however fantastic, for death. But to become molten lava, to contain a furnace?

She went back the next day to the graveyard. It was a pale-blue wintry day, with pewter storm clouds gathering. There was the Icelander, turning a glinting sphere in his hand and

Tee up for laughter!



© 2002 Bloomberg L.P. All rights reserved.

AVAILABLE WHEREVER BOOKS ARE SOLD

Bloomberg PRESS www.bloomberg.com/books

SAMUEL JOHNSON'S
Dictionary

A NEW EDITION *of*
the 1755 WORK *That Defined*
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

EDITED BY JACK LYNCH

WALKER & COMPANY
www.walkerbooks.com

PUMPKIN PENDANT

Designed and made in our Newport workshop. Pendant on 18" chain. Sterling silver $45, or 14k gold $240. Add $6 handling. Catalog (800) 767-6411. web: breakell.com

J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring Street, Dept. NYPP, Newport, RI 02840

Just Strings

- *Strings for Musical Instruments*
- *Guitar, Bass, Orchestral, Folk & Ethnic*
- *World's Largest Selection*

www.juststrings.com

HISTORIC
CHARLESTON, SC
www.CarriageProp.com

For the finest real estate in town and country, visit Charleston's leader – Carriage Properties
toll free: 877.266.8005

World's Best Cheddar
22nd Biennial World Championship Cheese Contest

Vermont Cheddar Cheese
Extra Sharp
Cabot

CABOT Vermont
DAIRY FARMER OWNED SINCE 1919
www.cabotcheese.com

"I FELT THE HUMOR AND SOPHISTICATION OF THE MAGAZINE WOULD ATTRACT BUYERS, AND I WAS RIGHT."
—BEVERLY BREMER Beverly Bremer Silver Shop

To advertise in The New Yorker, call toll free 877-843-6967

squinting at it. He nodded amiably in her direction.

She said, "I want to show you something."

He looked up.

She said, "If anyone can bear to look, perhaps you can."

He nodded.

She began to undo her fastenings, pulling down zips, unhooking the hood under her chin, shaking free her musical crystalline hair, shrugging her monumental arms out of their bulky sleeves. He stared intently. She stripped off shirt and jogging pants, trainers and vest, her mother's silken knickers. She stood in front of him in her roughly gleaming patchwork. She looked out of her cavernous eye sockets through salty eyes at the man, whose blue eyes considered her grotesque transformation. He looked.

She croaked, "Have you ever seen such a thing?"

"Never," he said. "Never."

Hot liquid rose to the sills of her eyes and clattered in pearly drops on her ruddy hematite cheeks. He stared.

She thought, He is a man, and he sees me as I am, a monster.

"Beautiful," he said. "Grown, not crafted."

"You said that the stones in your country were alive. I thought you might understand what has happened to me. I do not need a monument. I have grown into one."

"I have heard of such things. In Iceland, we are matter-of-fact about the world of invisible beings. We make gates in the rocks for elves to come and go. We know that stones have their own energies. Iceland is a young country, a restless country—in our land the earth's mantle is still being changed at great speed. We live like lichens, clinging to standing stones and rolling stones and heaving stones and rattling stones and flying stones. Our tales are full of striding stone women. We have not entirely given up the hope of seeing them. But I did not expect to meet one here, in this dead place."

She told him how she had supposed that to be petrified was to be motionless. "I was looking for a place to rest," she said. She told him about the spurt of lava from her hand and showed him the black scar, fringed with a rime of new crystals.

ON ME!

In the next room his brothers are asleep,
the two still in school. They just can't wait
to grow up and be men, to make money.
Last night at dinner they sat across from him,
their brother, a man, but a man with nothing,
without money or the prospect of money.
He never pays, never tosses a bill
down on the bar so he can say, "On me!"
At four in the morning when he can't sleep,
he rehearses the stale phrase to himself
with a delicate motion of the wrist
that lets the bill float down. He can't pace
for fear of waking his mom who sleeps
alone downstairs in the old storage room
off the kitchen. When he was a kid, twelve
or fourteen, like his brothers, he never knew
why boys no older than he did the things
they did, the robberies, gang fights, ODs,
rapes, he never understood his father's
wordless rages that would explode in punches
and kicks, bottles, plates, glasses hurled
across the kitchen. The next morning would be
so quiet that from his room upstairs
he'd hear the broom-straws scratching the floor
as his mother swept up the debris and hear
her humming to herself. Now it's so clear,
so obvious he wonders why it took
so long for him to get it and to come of age.

—*Philip Levine*

"I think now that Iceland is where I should go, to find somewhere to . . . stand, or stay."

"Wait for the spring," he said, "and I will take you there. We have endless nights in the winter, and snowstorms, and the roads are impassable. In summer we have—briefly—endless days."

"Maybe it will be over—maybe I shall be . . . finished before the spring."

"I do not think so. But we will watch over it. Turn around and let me see your back."

"I have the sense that the crust is constantly thickening."

"There is an idea—for a sculptor—in every inch of it," he said.

He said that his name was Thorsteinn Hallmundursson. Over the winter and into the early spring, they constructed a friendship. Ines allowed Thorsteinn to study her ridges and clefts. He showed her samples of new stones as they sprouted in and on her body. The two she loved most were labradorite and fantomkvarts. Labradorite is dark blue, soft black, full of gleaming lights, like the aurora borealis embedded in hardness. In fantomkvarts a shadowy crystal contains other shadowy crystals, growing at angles in its transparent depths. Thorsteinn chipped and polished to bring out the lights and the angles, and in the end, as she came to trust him completely, Ines took pleasure in allowing him to decorate her gnarled fingers, to smooth the plane of her shin, to reveal the hidden lights under the polished skin of her breasts.

She did not come to love the graveyard, but familiarity made her see it differently. It was a city graveyard, on which two centuries of soot had fallen. Every day fat pigeons gathered on the roof of Thorsteinn's shelter, catching

In two days, you've seen

275 years

fly by.

PHILADELPHIA GETAWAY
and other
historical packages
starting at $129 per night
Log on and book today at
www.history.visitPA.com

This fall, travel back almost three centuries to the oldest inhabited street in the country. Or to the classic American Main Streets of Manyunk and New Hope. Of course, no visit here is complete without a walk down America's most historic mile — home to both the Liberty Bell and the new, interactive National Constitution Center. When you're ready, return to the here and now in a city that boasts some of the greatest restaurants and cultural attractions around.

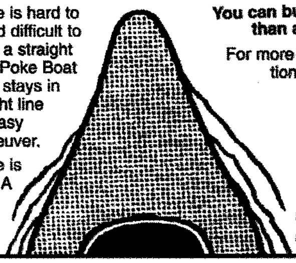
PA

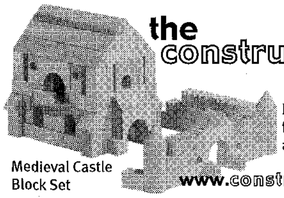
Now's a good time for PENNSYLVANIA 1-800-VISIT-PA

MINIUSA.COM © 2003 MINI, a division of BMW of North America, LLC.

NATIONAL HIGHWAY TRAFFIC SAFETY ADMINISTRATION
FOUR-STAR CRASH
TEST RATING

THE POKE BOAT®
IT'S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN'T.
A canoe is tippy. A Poke Boat isn't. It's remarkably stable.
It weighs only 22 pounds - built with aircraft strength.
A canoe is hard to turn and difficult to keep in a straight line. A Poke Boat isn't. It stays in a straight line yet is easy to maneuver.
You can buy more than a canoe.
For more information, give us a call.
A canoe is heavy. A Poke Boat isn't.
859-986-2336





Imported and domestic selections
the construction site™
blocks and building toys for girls and boys aged infant to infinity℠
Medieval Castle Block Set
www.constructiontoys.com

paris obsession
www.parisnotes.com

www.boux.com
Superlative Apparel and Jewelry for Men and Women

the pale sunlight on their burnished feathers, mole gray, dove gray, sealskin gray. Every day fat squirrels lolloped busily from bush to bush, their gray tails and faces tinged with ginger, their strong little claws gripping. There were magpies, and strutting crows. There was thick bright moss moving swiftly (for moss) over the stones and their carved names. Thorsteinn said that he did not like to clean it away; it was beautiful. In Iceland, he would show her mosses and lichens she could never have dreamed of.

Winter became spring. The dead leaves turned dark with rain, grass pushed through them, then crocuses and snowdrops, followed by self-spread bluebells and an uncontrollable carpet of celandines—pale-gold flowers with flat green leaves, which ran over everything, headstones and gravel, bottle-green marble chips on recently dug graves, Thorsteinn's heap of rubble. They lasted a brief time, and then the gold faded to silver, and the silver became white, transparent, a brief ghostly lace of fine veins, and then a fallen mulch of mold, inhabited by pushy tendrils and the creamy nodes of rhizomes.

The death of the celandines seemed to be the signal for departure. They had discussed how this should be done. Ines had assumed that they would fly to Reykjavík, but when she came to contemplate such a journey she saw that it was impossible. Not only could she not fold her new body into the small space of a canvas bucket seat, which would likely not bear her weight. She could never pass through the security checks at the airport. If she was asked to pull back her hood, the airport staff would run screaming. Or shoot her. She did not know if she could now be killed by a bullet.

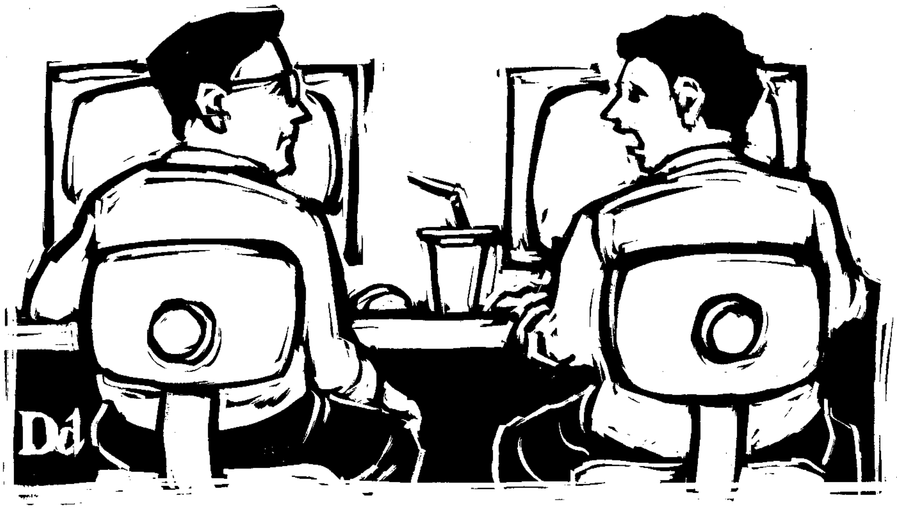
Thorsteinn said that they could go by sea.

They booked passage on a small trading boat. In the swell of the Atlantic, the ship nosed its way between great green-and-white walls of travelling water, in a fine salt spray. The sky changed and changed, opal and gunmetal, grass green and crimson, mussel blue and velvet black, scattered with wild starshine. Thorsteinn and Ines stood on deck whenever they could, and looked out ahead of them. Ines did not look back. She tasted the salt on her black-veined tongue, and thought of the Biblical woman who had become a pillar of salt when she looked back. She was no pillar. She was heaving and restless like the sea. When she thought of her past life, it was vague in her new mind, like cobwebs. Her mother was now flying dust in air, motes of bonemeal settling on the foam flowers in the beck where Ines had scattered her.

She opened her tent of garments to the driving wind and wet. She had found her feet easily and did not feel seasick. Thorsteinn rode the deck beside her like a lion or a warhorse, smiling through his beard.

She was interested in his human flesh. She found in herself a sprouting desire to take a bite out of him, his cheek or his neck, out of a mixture of affection and curiosity to see what the sensation would be like. She resisted the impulse easily enough, though she licked her teeth—razor-sharp flinty incisors, grim granite molars. She thought human thoughts and stone thoughts. The latter were slow, patchily colored, textured and extreme, both hot and cold.

Her first sight of Iceland was the jagged peaks of the eastern fjords. Thorsteinn packed the two of them into a high rugged trucklike car, and they drove south, along the wild coast. They were under the influence—literally—of the great glacier Vatnajökull, the largest in Europe, Thorsteinn said, sitting easily at the wheel. They glimpsed the sheen of it from mountain passes, and then, as they came to the flatlands of the south, they saw the first glacial tongues pouring down into the plains, white and shining above the green marshes. Thorsteinn alternated between a steady silence and a kind of incantatory recitation of history, geography, time before history, myth. His country appeared to her old, when she first saw it, a primal chaos of ice, stone silt, black sand, gold mud. His stories went back easily to the first and second centuries, as though they were yesterday, and his own ancestors figured in tales of enmity and banishment as if they were uncles and kinsmen who had sat down to eat with him last year. And yet the striking thing, the decisive thing, about this landscape was that it



"Let's face it. If the hot and horny sluts really wanted us, they would have called by now."

was geologically young. The whole south coast of Iceland is still being changed—in a decade, in the twinkling of an eye—by volcanic eruptions that pour red-hot magma from mountain ridges, or spout up, boiling from under the thick-ribbed ice.

They travelled on, over the great black plain of Myrdalssandur. This, Thorsteinn said, was the work of a volcano, Katla, which had erupted under a glacier, Myrdalsjökull. There is a troll-woman connected to this volcano, he told her. She was called Katla, and she was said to have hidden a kettle of molten gold, which could be seen by human eyes on one day of the year only. But those who set out to find it were troubled by false visions and strange sights—burning homesteads, slaughtered livestock—and turned back in panic. Katla was the owner of a pair of magic breeches, which made her a very fleet runner. They were said to be made from human skin.

"Was she a stone woman?" Ines asked.

Thorsteinn said that there was no mention of her being stone. There were trolls in Iceland who turned to stone if the sun hit them. But by no means were all of that kind. There were trolls, he said, who slept for centuries among the stones of the desert, or along the riverbeds, then stirred with an earthquake, or an eruption, into new life. "Personally," Thorsteinn said, "I do not think you are a troll. I think you are a metamorphosis."

They came to Reykjavík, the smoky harbor. Ines was uneasy, even in this small city. Something was to happen, and it was not here, not among humans. She asked where they were going, and he said that they were going to his summer house, where he would work.

"And I?" she said, grumbling.

Thorsteinn stared at her, assessing and unsmiling. "I don't know," he said. "Neither of us can know."

They drove east, heading for the valley of Thórsmörk, Thor's Forest, which lay inaccessibly between three glaciers, two deep rivers, and a string of dark mountains. They crossed torrents, and ground along the dirt road. Thorsteinn's summer house was built into a hillside, walled and roofed with turf. It was roughly furnished, with a stone sink through which springwater ran from a channelled pipe in the hillside. The grassy space in front of the house looked something between a chaos of boulders and a half-formed stone circle. Ines came to see that all the stones, from the vast and cow-size to clusters of pebbles and polished singletons, were works in progress, or potential works, or works completed. They were both carved and decorated. A face peered from under a crusty overhang, one-eyed, fanged, leering. A boulder displayed a perfectly polished pair of youthful breasts, glistening in circles of golden lichen. A hunched stone woman had a fantastic garden of brilliant moss spilling from her lap and over her thighs. On closer inspection, Ines saw that jewels had been placed in crevices, and sharpened pins like medieval cloak brooches had been inserted in holes threaded in the stone surface. A dwarfish stone had tiny, carved gold hands where its ears should have been.

There could be several climates in a day—bright sun, gathering storm, snowfall, great coils and blasts of wind so violent that even Thorsteinn could not stand up, though the stone woman found herself taking pleasure in standing against the turbulent air, as a surfer rides a wave. There were flowers in the early summer—saxifrages and stonecrops, lady's bedstraw, and a profusion of golden angelica. They walked out into soft gray carpets of *Cetraria islandica*, the lichen that is known as Iceland moss. Reindeer food, human food, possible cancer cure, Thorsteinn said.

Over a fireside supper of smoked lamb and scrambled eggs, he asked her whether she would sit for him. His face was fiery in the midnight sun. She had not looked at herself since they'd left England. She said she did not know if she differed any longer from the stones he had collected. Maybe he should simply decorate her, carve into her, when . . . She tore at the tasty lamb with her sharp teeth. She had an overwhelming need for meat, which she did not acknowledge. She ground the fibres in the mill of her jaws. She said she would be happy to do what she could.

Time, too, was paradoxical in Iceland. Within the fleeting island of the summer, the daylight was sempiternal; there was no nightfall, only the endless shifts in the color of the sky—trout-dappled, mackerel-shot, turquoise, sapphire, peridot, hot transparent red, and then, in winter, flowing with the gyrating and swooping veils of the aurora borealis. Thorsteinn worked all summer to his own rhythm, which was stubborn and earthy. Ines sat on a stone bench, and occasionally did domestic things with inept fingers—hulled a few peas, scrubbed a potato, whisked a bowl of eggs. She tried reading, but

advertisement

ON THE TOWN

Be the first to hear about events, promotions, and special offers from New Yorker advertisers.

Judith Leiber handbags have been a symbol of quality and elegance. This season, Judith Leiber offers a timeless selection of handbags for day, evening and those most special events. In honor of its 40th anniversary, Mrs. Leiber will be making personal appearances in the following locations:

Bergdorf Goodman
New York
October 16th

Saks Fifth Avenue
Beverly Hills, California
October 30th

Marshall Field's
Chicago, Illinois
November 6th

Saks Fifth Avenue
Bal Harbour, Florida
December 2nd

For more information, please call 1-866-542-7167, or log on to www.judithleiber.com.

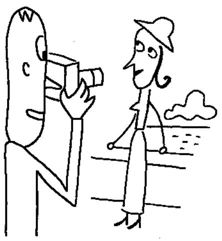
For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker ReaderLink.

her new eyes could not bring the dancing black letters to have any more meaning than the spiders and ants that scurried around her feet or mounted her stolid ankles. She preferred standing, really. Bending was harder and harder. So she stood, and stared at the hillside and the distant neb of the glacier. Some days they talked as he worked. Sometimes, for a couple of days together, they said nothing.

He made many drawings. He made small images in clay, and larger ones, cobbled together from stones and glass fragments and threads of things representing the weather, which the weather then disturbed.

She made solitary forays into the landscape. Once, when she returned, she saw from a great distance a standing stone that he had made, and saw that through its fantastic crust, under its tattered mantle, it was possible to see the lineaments of a beautiful woman, a woman with a carved, attentive face, looking up and out. The human likeness vanished as she came closer. She thought that he had *seen* her, and this made her happy.

But she found it harder and harder to see him. He began to seem blurred and out of focus, not only when his human blue eye peered into her crystal one and his beard fanned in a golden cloud around the disk of his face. His very solid body looked as though it were simply a form of water vapor. She had to cup her basalt palm around her ear in order to hear his great voice, which sounded to her like the whispering of grasshoppers. When he snored at night in his wooden bed, the sound was indistinguishable from the gurgle of the water, or the prying random gusts of the wind.



And at the same time she was seeing, or almost seeing, things that seemed to crowd and gesture just beyond the range of her vision. From the deck of the ship, she had seen momentary sea creatures. Dolphins had rushed glistening among the long needles of air caught in the rush of their wake. Whales had briefly humped parts of guessed-at bulks through the wrinkling of the surface. Fulmars had appeared from nowhere in the flat sky and had plummeted like falling swords through the surface, which closed over them. Now she sensed earth bubbles and earth monsters shrugging themselves into shape in the air and in the falling fosses. Fleet herds of light-footed creatures flowed around the house with the wind. Stones she stared at, as Thorsteinn worked, began to dimple and shift, like disguised moorbirds, speckled and splotched, on nests of disguised eggs, speckled and splotched, in a wilderness of stones, speckled and splotched. Lichens seemed to grow at visible speeds and form rings and coils, with triangular heads like adders. Clearest of all—almost visible—were the huge dancers, forms that humped themselves out of earth and boulders, stamped and hurtled, beckoned with strong arms and snapping fingers. After long looking, she seemed also to see that these things were walking and running, like parasites on the back of some moving beast so huge that the mountain range was only a wrinkle in its vasty hide, as it stirred in its slumber or shook itself slightly as it woke.

She said to Thorsteinn in one of their economical exchanges, "There are living things here I can almost see, but not see."

"Maybe, when you can see them," he said equably, scribbling away with charcoal, "maybe then . . ."

"Do humans in Iceland," she asked again, conscious that *something* was staring and listening—uncomprehending, she believed—to the scratch of her voice, "do humans turn into trolls?"

"Trolls," Thorsteinn said. "That's a human word for them. We have a word, *tryllast*, which means to go mad, to go berserk. Like trolls. Always from a human perspective. Which is a bit of a precarious perspective here."

There was a long silence. Ines looked at his face as he worked, and could not focus on the eyes that studied her so intently. Whereas the hillside was alive with eyes that opened lazily within fringing mossy lashes, that stared through and past her from hollows in stones, that flashed in the light briefly and vanished again.

Thorsteinn said, "There is a tale we tell of a group of poor men who went out to gather lichens for the winter. And one of them climbed higher than the others and the crag above him suddenly put out long stony arms and lifted him and carried him up the hillside. The story says that the stone was an old troll-woman. His companions were very frightened and ran home. The next year, they went there again, and he came to meet them, over the moss carpet, and he was gray like the lichens. They asked him was he happy, and he didn't answer. They asked him what he believed in, was he a Christian, and he answered dubiously that he believed in God and Jesus. He would not go home with them, and we get the impression that they did not try very hard to persuade him. The next year, he was grayer and stood stock-still, staring. When they asked him about his beliefs, he moved his mouth in his face, but no words came. And the next year they asked again what he believed in, and he replied, laughing fiercely, '*Trunt, trunt, og tröllin i fjöllunum.*' "

The English scholar that persisted in her said, "What does it mean?"

" '*Trunt, trunt*' is just nonsense. It means rubbish and junk and aha and hubble-bubble, that sort of thing—I don't know an English expression that will do as a translation. '*Trunt, trunt,* and the trolls in the fells.' "

"It has a good rhythm."

"Indeed it does."

"I am afraid, Thorsteinn."

He put his bear arm around the knobs and flinty edges where her shoulders had been. It felt to her lighter than cobweb.

"They call me," she said in a whisper. "Do you hear them?"

"No. But I know they call."

"They dance. At first it looked ugly, their rushing and stamping. But now—now I am also afraid that I can't . . . join the circle." She tried to be precise. "I still don't exactly see them. But I do see their dancing, the furious form of it."

Thorsteinn said, "You will see them, when the time comes. I do believe you will."

As the autumn drew in she grew restless. She had planted small gardens in the crevices of her body, trailing grasses, liverworts. Creatures ran over her—insects first, a stone-colored butterfly, indistinguishable from her speckled breast, foraging ants, a millipede. There were even fine red worms, the color of raw meat, which burrowed unhindered. She began to walk more, taking these things with her.

In September, they had several days of driving rain, frost was thick on the turf roof, the glacial rivers swelled and boiled, and ice came down them in clumps and blocks, forming where the spray lay on the vegetation. Thorsteinn said that in a very little time it would be unsafe to stay. He watched her brows contract over the glittering eyes in their hollow caves.

"I can't go back with you."

"You can. You are welcome to come with me."

"You know I must stay. You have always known. I am simply gathering up courage."

When the day came, it brought one of those Icelandic winds that howl across the earth, carrying away all unsecured objects and creatures, including men if they have no pole to clutch, or shelter built into the rock. Birds can make no way in such weather; they are blown back and broken. Snow and ice and hurtling cloud are in and on the wind, mixed with moving earth and water and odd wreaths of steam gathered from geysers. Thorsteinn went into his house and held on to the doorpost. Ines began to go with him, and then turned away, looking up the mountainside, standing easily in the furious breakers of the moving air. She lifted a monumental arm and gestured toward the fells and then to her eyes. Nothing could be heard in this wailing racket, but he understood what she was signalling: now she saw them. He nodded his head—he needed his arms to hang on to the doorpost. He looked up the mountain and saw not what she now, no doubt, saw clearly but figures, spinning and bowing in a rapid dance on huge, lithe, stony legs, beckoning with expansive gestures, flinging their great arms wide in invitation. The woman in his stone garden took a breath—he saw her quiver—and essayed a few awkward dance steps, a sweep of an arm, of both arms. He heard her laughter in the wind. She jigged a little, as though gathering momentum, and then began a dancing run into the blizzard. He heard a stone voice, shouting and singing, "*Trunt, trunt, og tröllin i fjöllunum.*"

He went in, and closed his door against the weather, and began to pack. ♦

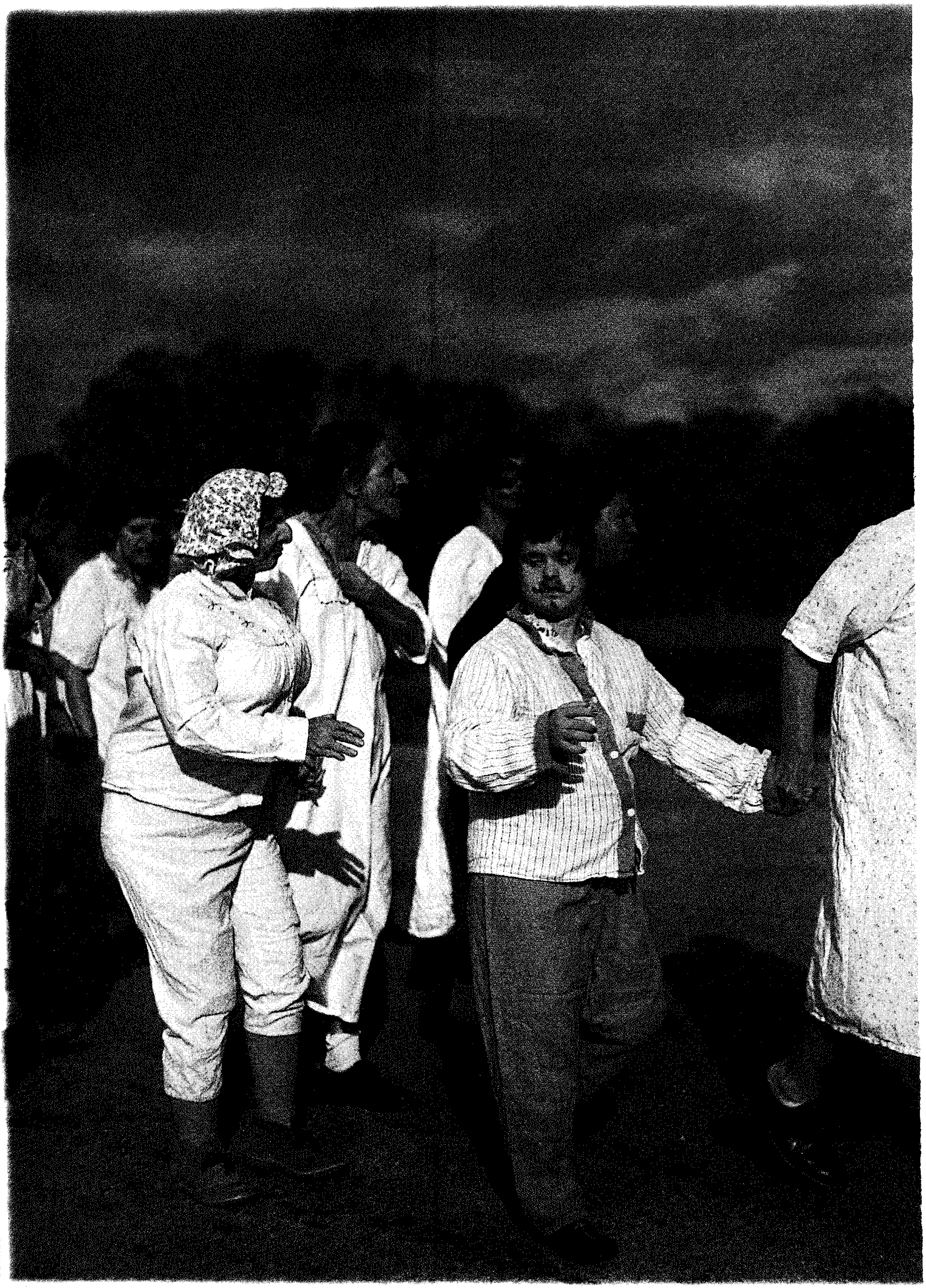
New and Improved Aeron®
We Will Not Be Undersold!
•All sizes and colors in stock
•1-year money back guarantee
•12-year warranty
Prices starting at just
$599
Featuring the New PostureFit™ Option
Full-featured Aerons® starting at
$799
1-877-628-LESS
www.ny.sit4less.com

Convenience
One phone call. No hassle. Great Sleep!
Let our expert bedding consultants help you select the perfect mattress at up to 60% off department store prices and get convenient, quick delivery on Sealy, Simmons, Serta, Tempur-Pedic and more.
Over a million satisfied customers refer family and friends to 1-800-Mattress® daily.
Call now and save $25-$150 on your order.
1·800·Mattress
mattress.com
Call for a showroom near you 1-800-736-8464

JOHN ⚓ CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN
14K GOLD
RAISED MONOGRAM
MAN'S $590
3 DAY RUSH AVAILABLE
Free Catalogue
www.ringbox.com
1-888-646-6466

REMBRANDT ETCHINGS
Craig Flinner Gallery
505 N. Charles St. Baltimore
MD 21201 • 410-727-1863
www.flinnergallery.com

Historic. Heart of Aspen. Home.
Sardy House
www.sardyhouse.com
800.321.3457



COPYRIGHT © 2003 THE ESTATE OF DIANE ARBUS, LLC

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

EXPOSURE TIME

Diane Arbus's estate opens up her life and work to new scrutiny.

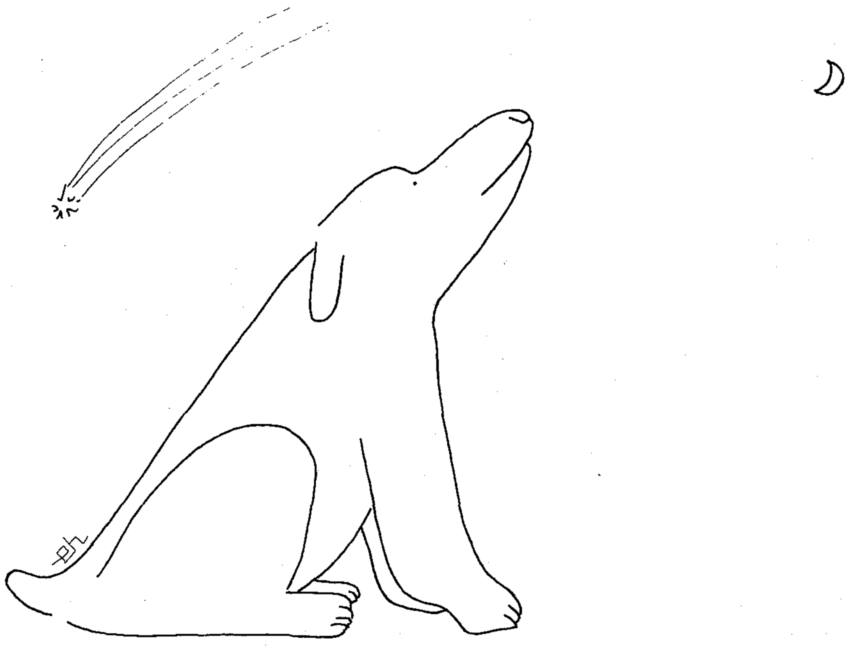
BY JUDITH THURMAN

The woman who will stop at nothing was a Fury, a bacchante, and a saint courting martyrdom long before she was a self-immolating modern artist. But she became a heroine in and of the nineteen-sixties, and by going too far she raised the bar of audacity for imagining how far a woman can go. The legends of Sylvia Plath, Janis Joplin, and Diane Arbus all had their roots in that decade. They fed a hunger for narratives of suicidal transcendence that were particularly seductive to the young, perhaps because it takes a lifetime to accept that we have, and are confined to the solitude of, one body.

Idolatry is a form of vandalism that often inspires a violent counter-reaction of antipathy to the idol. Even before her death, in 1971, Arbus was exalted as a genius and reviled as a predator who conned her subjects out of their dignity. The judicious books that accompany two new shows give perspective to her intentions and, in the process, to her character. "Diane Arbus: Family Albums" (Yale; $35) is the catalogue of an exhibit curated by Anthony W. Lee and John Pultz that is currently installed at the Mount Holyoke College Art Museum in South Hadley, Massachusetts. An informative short essay by Pultz focusses on specific work, and an erudite, longer one by Lee reconsiders Arbus's portraiture in the context of social and art history. The show takes its premise from a letter that Arbus wrote to Peter Crookston, an editor of the London *Sunday Times Magazine*, in 1968, announcing that she was embarking on a project whose working title was "Family Album." "All I have is . . . a sort of sweet lust for things I want in it," she told him. "Like picking flowers. Or Noah's ark. I can hardly bear to leave any animal out." The pictures she took for the album, which was never published, were commissioned by magazines or by private clients, and some were made for art's sake. Like all her work, they explored the nature of closeness and disaffection, sameness and anomaly, belonging and exclusion: the tension between our sentimental expectations of what is supposed to be and the debacle of what is. Arbus put it more simply to Crookston: "I think all families are creepy in a way."

Freud thought families were creepy, too, and his essay "The Uncanny," from "On Creativity and the Unconscious," suggests why Arbus's portraits still have the power to disquiet, repel, fixate, or even enrage the beholder out of proportion to their formal content. The German for "uncanny"—the adjective used for horror stories—is *unheimlich*, the grammatical negation of *heimlich*, which is the word for "secret," while *heim* means "home." Freud concludes that a sensation of something uncanny occurs in civilized people when they are suddenly surprised by a home truth they have repressed—a primal fear or desire. Looking at Arbus's work, one has that

"Untitled (7)," from a series of photographs taken in homes for the retarded, 1970–71.



Without Making a Big Deal Out of It, Dogs Often Question the Existence of an Almighty.

• •

visceral shock of the forbidden. It's creepy not because her subjects are handicapped, loony, hideous, bizarre, sad, or perverse (though most of them are) but because there is something fundamentally taboo about the way she bares their primitive substance without their seeming to know it. The beholder's shudder relates to the memory, conscious or not, of that ancient nightmare in which one walks through the school cafeteria besmirched by some human stain while thinking one is safely clothed. Our dignity depends upon continence in the broadest sense of the word, and Arbus's subjects leak their souls.

The other, much more ambitious Arbus show is a long-awaited retrospective that opens at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art on October 25th. It is accompanied by an aptly titled compendium, "Diane Arbus: Revelations" (Random House; $100), which contains a critical appreciation by one of the curators, Sandra S. Phillips, and a technical discussion by the photographer Neil Selkirk, who has been the official printer of Arbus's work since her death. "Revelations" has a number of pictures, and variants of pictures, that have never been seen before, though none of the new material significantly alters one's impression of the œuvre. The real revelation is contained in a chronology compiled by the curator Elisabeth Sussman and Doon Arbus, the artist's eldest daughter and her executor. Their narrative punctuates an eloquent assemblage of previously unpublished writings and images: notebook entries, snapshots, contact sheets, passages from letters to family members and friends.

The only previous Arbus retrospective took place in 1972, a year after she committed suicide, at forty-eight. It was a landmark event for its host institution, the Museum of Modern Art, setting an attendance record for a solo photography exhibition and for sales of the accompanying monograph (one of the best-selling art books in history), while roiling a tempest of controversy, moral and critical, not only about Arbus's working methods and subject matter but about her life. Doon Arbus, who was twenty-six when her mother died, and who was revolted by what she describes in an Afterword to "Revelations" as an "onslaught of theory and interpretation," not to speak of scabrous anecdote, that engulfed her mother's legacy, effectively shut down the reactor of the estate.

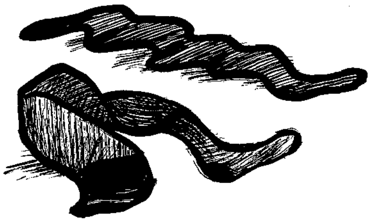
"Much of modern art is devoted to lowering the threshhold of what is terrible," Susan Sontag wrote in her penetrating excoriation of Arbus in "On Photography," which was first published in *The New York Review of Books* in 1973. With the passage of time, the fresh horrors fabricated like daily bread by art and by history muted the hostility to Arbus's transgressions—her exploration of what Sontag described as "an appalling underworld" of the "deformed and mutilated." Doon Arbus, however, held fast to the high ground of her reticence. She zealously—even perversely, in the estimation of many scholars—refused virtually every outside request to reproduce the photographs or study the papers. The judgment was hers to make, and one can respect it without approving it. But Arbus's lasting contribution to modern art is as a portraitist, and the great questions that portraiture—of which biography is an offshoot—puts to both subject and beholder are "Who are you?" and "How did you become what you are?" It seems fair to interrogate an artist in the same spirit—particularly, perhaps, in the case of a photographer like Arbus, whose problematic intimacy with troubling subjects (or subjects that she renders troubling) and unseen yet palpable presence in the frame generate so much of the mystery that draws one to the images.

This summer, without much notice, five members of the Arbus family collaborated on a play that was performed at the Cherry Lane Theatre as part of the New York International Fringe Festival. Doon Arbus wrote the play, "Third Floor, Second Door on the Right," some thirty years ago, and, like the material in "Revelations," it had been sleeping in a drawer. Her younger sister, Amy, acted as the artistic adviser for the production; their half sister, Arin, directed it; their stepmother, Mariclare Costello, designed the costumes; and their eighty-five-year-old father, Allan—who gave up photography in 1969 to become a full-time actor, and whose move (with Costello) to Los Angeles to pursue a movie and television career jolted Diane Arbus profoundly, for better and for worse—played the central role. In a rambling monologue prompted by a young reporter, an old man living alone, in physical and emotional disarray, whose best friend—a famous figure—has recently committed suicide, examines the impact on his life of the man and his death. Arin Arbus told a reporter that the drama wasn't "autobiographical," but perhaps it helped, like a communal meditation, to steel the family's nerves for an anticipated blaze of scrutiny fuelled by the retrospective, and perhaps it represented a willingness to expose their private feelings of abandonment to their own scrutiny. Or perhaps the timing is a coincidence.

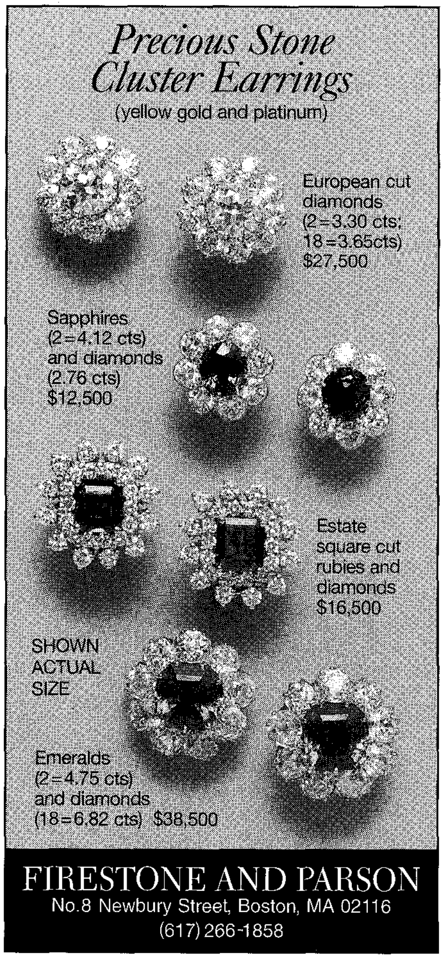
Doon Arbus insists in her Afterword that the new book and show "do not signal a change of heart"—she isn't cured of her ambivalence—"but one of strategy." That strategy is to provide the public with a "surfeit" of documents as an antidote to the junk of myth and gossip, and "Revelations" is, by design, daunting to the idly curious or to the accidental tourist. Anyone serious (and the test of commitment seems a bit imperious) is invited to lose herself in the luxuriant labyrinth of material and encounter Arbus privately, unmediated by a "tour guide." Jay Leyda pioneered the genre of biography as montage in his out-of-print masterpiece "The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson," in which he abdicates the authority of a narrator and transfers the burden (and privilege) of discovering meaning to the reader. The rewards of this approach become apparent when one compares the beguiling, humane, and self-observant character whose poetic wryness reverberates throughout "Revelations" to the stock tragic figure of the tortured artist enshrined in the only biography of Arbus that existed until this autumn.

Nineteen years ago, Patricia Bosworth—with a stubbornness one can admire—dodged the obstacles set in her path by the Arbus estate, including the refusal of any coöperation by Doon, Amy, Allan, and Arbus's former lover and most intimate confidant, Marvin Israel, and published an unauthorized life. Bosworth, who knew Arbus slightly—she had once modelled for her and Allan when they were employed as fashion photographers—was diligent about filling, or circumventing, the gaps in her research, and she managed to construct a detailed narrative, basing its architecture on published sources and on candid, indeed often mind-bogglingly indiscreet, conversations with other friends and family members, including Arbus's older brother, the distinguished poet Howard Nemerov; her younger sister, Renée Sparkia, a sculptor; her garrulous, elderly mother; her sometime lover and patron, Peter Crookston; and her mentor, the mystical, eccentric Lisette Model. But the biographer ultimately couldn't resist the luridness or the pathology of the material, and her informants apparently couldn't resist playing it up for her. Too many quotes and facts were unattributed, and the biography was widely condemned as gratuitously sensational. I would have said that its main failing was Bosworth's determination to read the work as a symptom. "Many of Diane's photographs," she observes, "had to be taken in order to relieve her mind of the faces and night worlds that were haunting it." The haunted artist embraces her demons and is destroyed by them. This is the view that "Revelations" seems designed to rebut. "Her suicide seems neither inevitable nor spontaneous, neither perplexing nor intelligible," Doon and Sussman write.

One should beware of a biography that follows a too familiar plot. On the other hand, one should probably also beware of a daughter's protective impulse to rehabilitate the image of an artist whose work still has the power to appall, and of a mother who apparently despaired of her life so profoundly that she took it.



Diane Arbus (her preferred pronunciation of her first name was Dee-Ann) was born in 1923 to David Nemerov and his wife, Gertrude, whose wealthy family owned Russek's, the now defunct New York department store. She and her siblings grew up in sprawling apartments on Central Park West and on Park Avenue. For the first seven years of her life, Diane was raised by a "sad" and "lovely" French governess whom she adored. Maids, nannies,



Precious Stone Cluster Earrings
(yellow gold and platinum)

European cut diamonds (2=3.30 cts; 18=3.65cts) $27,500

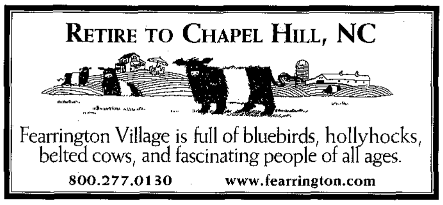
Sapphires (2=4.12 cts) and diamonds (2.76 cts) $12,500

Estate square cut rubies and diamonds $16,500

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

Emeralds (2=4.75 cts) and diamonds (18=6.82 cts) $38,500

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858



RETIRE TO CHAPEL HILL, NC

Fearrington Village is full of bluebirds, hollyhocks, belted cows, and fascinating people of all ages.
800.277.0130 www.fearrington.com

Adoption
brings the world together
WACAP
World Association for Children and Parents
800.732.1887, www.wacap.org
Russia • China • India • Korea • Thailand • United States

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK NOW

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts. Fiction, non-fiction, poetry, juvenile, religious, etc. New authors welcomed. For free 32-page illustrated guidebook TD-70, call **1-800-821-3990** or write to: **Vantage Press, 516 W 34th St., New York, NY 10001**

23 SMILES PER HOUR

Electric cycle turns errands into pleasure trips, commutes into joyrides. Go 25 miles – recharge for a dime. Easy to ride, quiet, pollution free, road legal. **$999** with no risk guarantee.

www.egovehicles.com
Call 800-979-4EGO
EGO

ADVERTISEMENT

The New Yorker Promotion Department invites you to add Zagat to your holiday shopping list.

Gifts your customers will open all year.

ZAGATSURVEY 2004 MOVIE GUIDE
ZAGATSURVEY 2004 U.S. TOP HOTELS, RESORTS & SPAS
ZAGATSURVEY 2004 AMERICA'S TOP RESTAURANTS
ZAGATSURVEY 2004 MUSIC GUIDE
ZAGATSURVEY 2004 AMERICA'S TOP GOLF COURSES
ZAGATSURVEY 2004 NEW YORK CITY SHOPPING
YOUR LOGO HERE

Customized 2004 ZAGAT Surveys

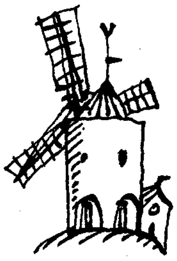
Give your customers Zagat Survey guides this year, and they'll be thanking you long after the holidays are over.

Gold-stamped with your company name or logo on the cover, Zagat corporate editions reinforce your name all year long. And since Zagat Survey covers restaurants, hotels, shopping, movies, music and more, there's something for everyone on your list.

Call to order: 1-800-540-9609

ZAGATSURVEY®

cooks, and drivers came and went. The parents chain-smoked, dressed glamorously, entertained in style, collected art, and took frequent first-class trips to Europe, sometimes with their courteous children, of whom much (though nothing not well-groomed) was expected. David Nemerov worked long hours. His wife told Bosworth that she suffered from paralyzing bouts of depression. There were rumors that he philandered. The milieu of the elder Nemerovs was classically nouveau riche without being cartoonishly crass. "Our bourgeois heritage seems to me glorious as any stigma," Arbus wrote gaily to Marvin Israel—a stigma, she added, that was "just perhaps more hilarious than to have been Negro or midget." The amusement was ephemeral, like the ebullience, which fluctuated, for Arbus, with periods of tenacious gloom that she understood were "goddamn chemical," and for which she sought therapy and medication. Her heritage was, in fact, that of most artistic children of privilege, who feel that their true selves are invisible, while resenting the dutiful, false selves for which they are loved: a dilemma that inspires the quest, in whatever medium, for a reflection.



The Jewish princess burdened by her "immunity" from common suffering sought a quality that she called "aristocracy" in her damaged subjects—the caste consciousness of the changeling and the misfit. The friends of Arbus's youth were always impressed by how "different" she seemed, and part of the difference, particularly as she aged, was her disregard for prudence (a form of immunization) in matters of sex, money, friendship, maternity, personal hygiene, love, and of course, art. The sense of being a special case, which Arbus cherished, albeit guiltily, was probably what fed her self-regard until, in middle age, she found her calling. But it must have been thin gruel for a hungry woman of exceptional intelligence who skipped college and became a mother before she'd had a chance to establish her identity as an adult, much less as an artist. Arbus's greed was never, like her parents', for possessions and status, though she couldn't help treating experience as an acquisition, the more prestigious the higher the price her nerves had to pay for it. The notes she makes in her appointment books for projects and pictures—"ethnic beauties," "racial pin-ups," teen-agers, the decrepit, diaper-derby contestants, female impersonators, gangsters, dwarfs, homosexuals, débutantes, pimps, Boy Scouts, groupies, nudists, strippers, widows, fetishists, ballroom dancers, beggars, rock-and-roll groups, triplets—resemble the lists of a shopper obsessed with multiples who is on an insatiable spree.

There is an interesting link between Arbus's work and the family business. The advent of the department store and the fashion magazine coincide, historically, with the rise of the middle class, but also with the heyday of romanticism, and its repudiation of everything that the bourgeoisie embodied. The sixties was a neo-romantic era that equated intensity of sensation with authenticity of feeling, and Arbus's photographs spoke powerfully to members of the generation then coming to maturity. How many of them longed—and tried—to do what Arbus did: act out the scenario of the coddled child who divests herself of her hollow patrimony and descends into the gutter seeking life's harsh and arduous but vibrant truth? The Arbus photograph that perhaps best captures this alienation, and that of the time, is, ironically, one of the few without any human figures. It shows a barren living room in Levittown, Long Island, dominated by an immaculate expanse of textured carpet and a Christmas tree dripping with tinsel that brushes the low ceiling. Like bickering spouses, two clocks, one on the television, the other on the wall, split hairs about the hour. It's impossible to imagine that the bright jumble of presents on the floor—items on someone's gift list ticked off methodically and wrapped by an underpaid stranger—will provide the recipients with anything but a brief moment of distraction: that sugar high of Christmas morning which, in joyless families, only exacerbates each member's sense of emptiness and futility.

Diane was an exceptionally pretty child, with luminous green eyes, fine bones, and thick hair. She never lost her doelike fragility or her dreaminess, and even in middle age, ravaged by depression and hepatitis, she still had a nubile aura. The coincidence of bleak glamour and waifish loveliness with ferocious drive was a powerful element of her allure. Her creative gifts were encouraged by her mercurial father and well-meaning private-school teachers, but the austere pride of the artist expressed itself precociously as a revolt against being doted on—which is to say, patronized by her inferiors.

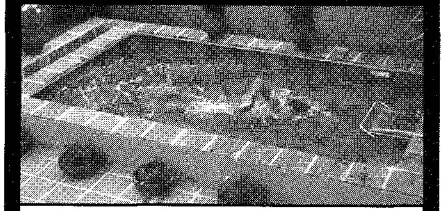
In an age when girls of her background "saved" themselves for their wedding night, Arbus—never, in later life, a sexual economizer—married very young. She met Allan Arbus, whom she regarded as a kind of twin, when she was thirteen and he a college dropout five years her senior who was working in the advertising department at Russek's. They married in 1941, less than a month after her eighteenth birthday. Allan gave his bride her first camera, and Diane subsequently enrolled in a photography course taught by Berenice Abbott. The newlyweds began taking advertising photographs for Russek's, and a few years later, after Doon's birth and Allan's discharge from the Army, they formally went into business together, developing a strenuous, improvisational style of treating fashion that earned them commissions from *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Time*, and the *Times Magazine*, among other glossies. Diane was the stylist on the shoots, and Allan operated the camera. An advertising executive interviewed by Bosworth fondly recalled Arbus's work on the "Modess Because" ads, and noted that she "did some terrific documentary stuff on a no-shrink shirt."

As a beautiful couple with a taste for experiment, the Arbuses belonged to a bohemia of young artists who were planting the charges that exploded in the visual culture of the next decade. It was common, though, for an avant-garde woman to be trapped by an Eisenhower-era notion of her destiny as a female. Allan Arbus was generous about helping his wife cultivate her creative freedom, and the alliance survived their eventual separation. But after years as a helpmate Arbus rebelled, at least professionally, against the claustrophobia of a cocoon she had outgrown. Her *mezzo del cammin* came in 1956. She was thirty-three, furiously frustrated with her subordinate role in the studio—attending to the models' hair, makeup, and clothes—and chronically dissatisfied with her own pictures, which represented a different kind of woman's work. Many of them were idyllic portraits of parents and children, similar to the photograph of a father and son, commissioned from the Arbus studio by *Vogue*, that Edward Steichen had, the previous year, selected for inclusion in his mammoth exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, "The Family of Man." It was a show, Steichen wrote, conceived to mirror "the essential oneness" of humanity, a premise to which much of Arbus's mature work is a violent rebuke.

Leaving the business to her husband, Arbus enrolled in a course at the New School taught by Lisette Model. A nonconformist born in 1901 into a rich and cultivated Viennese family of which the Nemerovs were, in a way, a slightly degraded, second-generation image, Model moved to Paris when she was in her late twenties and, a decade later—outrunning Hitler—emigrated to New York. She photographed bathers at Coney Island, Harlem delinquents, the drunks and peddlers of the Lower East Side, and the human oddities at Hubert's Dime Museum and Flea Circus in Times Square—turf that Arbus was shortly to explore, and in a sense to appropriate, though apparently with Model's blessing. She "pushed" Arbus, she told Bosworth, to confront her inhibitions. She criticized her infatuation with grainy images. She helped her to master the mechanics of a camera, conquering what Arbus referred to as her guilt about being a woman. And she urged her to search for the wellspring of urgency that every artist has to tap.

Arbus's friends agree that she had some mysterious conversion in Model's class, and that her style was dramatically purified and focussed after their encounter. Model shrewdly described Arbus as "not listening to me but suddenly listening to herself." But I also suspect that for an impractical woman "confirmed," she admitted, "in a sense of unreality," who had never outgrown a childish dependency on her parents and husband, the example of an older female artist—a survivor both of privilege and of adversity—who had channelled what com-

Swim at Home™...



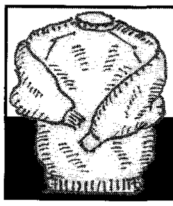
When exercise is a pleasure, fitness is easy...
Swim against a smooth current adjustable to any speed or ability. Ideal for exercise, water aerobics, rehabilitation and fun. Just 8' x 15', an **Endless Pool™** is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or out.
For Our Free DVD or Video Call: (800) 233-0741, Ext. 2965
ENDLESS POOLS®
www.endlesspools.com/2965
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Aston, PA 19014

Playful Cat Pendant
Sterling Silver $ 65.00
14k Gold $439.00
Velvet Box
Includes 20" Snake Chain
800-235-0471
www.rnstudios.com
ROGER NICHOLS Studios
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
S/H $5.75

FRIULI NEW YORK
FRIULI
NEW YORK
2003
✦
September 25th
through
October 13th
A Festival of the Foods and Wines of Friuli, Italy
www.FriuliNewYork.org ✦ *212-741-2226, ext.11*

Commission dog portraits with pizzazz!
www.geoffreybuddlandis.com
505.471.6244

Healthy Solutions *for* Losing Weight
STRUCTURE • HOUSE •
◆ PHYSICAL HEALTH
◆ EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
◆ BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
◆ PERSONAL SUPPORT
800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com



100% WOOL
Shetland Crewneck Sweater
Made in Scotland by Grayson-Reade
Eight Colors - $155.00
Hunter and Coggins
1-800-343-9396
hunterandcoggins.com

pelled her into a camera without fear or apology was as galvanizing to Arbus as anything that Model said.

The radical turn that Arbus took in the late nineteen-fifties wasn't political, although in 1968, that year of revolutions, she spent several days in Beaufort County, South Carolina, on assignment for *Esquire*, photographing the patients of the civil-rights activist and rural doctor Donald Gatch. "I had never seen poverty like that," Arbus said later. The accompanying text, by Bynum Shaw, was entitled "Let Us Now Praise Dr. Gatch" and it was, Anthony Lee writes in "Family Album," "meant to liken Shaw's reportage and Arbus's photos to the famous project by Agee and Evans." But the pitiless formal symmetry with which Arbus composes her photograph of the elegant Dr. Gatch, wearing a three-piece business suit with a white shirt and tie, and Addie Taylor, an ageless crone and the epitome of misery standing in the doorway of her windowless shack, is more suggestive of their hopeless inequality than of his compassion. Nor is there any doubt about who is the aristocrat. The picture seems to represent a critique of liberal idealism by a woman without much faith in a better world.

Arbus had met Walker Evans in 1961, counted him a friend, was "whammied" by his 1971 retrospective (though "by the third time I saw it I realized how it really bores me," she confessed), and he cited her in his survey of the eighteen most important photographers in history. While they had qualities in common, including what the curator John Szarkowski, writing of Evans, calls a "willful act of protest against polite society," and the tension that Lee discerns in both bodies of work between modernist rigor and documentary grittiness, their likeness was probably less to each other than to the great German portraitist August Sander (1876-1964). "Everyone today looked remarkable just like out of August Sander pictures," Arbus reported to Israel in the spring of 1960, "so absolute and immutable down to the last button feather tassel or stripe. All odd and splendid as freaks and nobody able to see himself, all of us victims of the especial shape we come in."

The respect and sympathy for her freaks that Arbus expresses in her letters—particularly those to her children—and her apparently solicitous, ongoing engagement with them, is at odds with the view that she was exploiting their credulity. Some subjects apparently used her in their own way, and their portraits were, in part, souvenirs of initiation and trophies of acceptance. Doon Arbus was, she once wrote, "often frightened by" her mother's "capacity to be enthralled, by her power to give herself over to something or to someone, to submit." Portraiture in whatever form is an autonomous art of high-minded betrayal married to a slavish practice of dirty-minded fidelity, and at times—perhaps usually—Arbus was cunning and aggressive, but so are many photographers. Photography was then, and still is, a macho profession, and if she took its machismo to greater extremes than her peers of either sex, it was in part to scourge her native timidity and to prove that she had the balls to join her subjects' orgies, share their nudity, endure their stench, revel in their squalor, and break down their resistance with a seductively disarming or fierce and often sexualized persistence until she "got" a certain expression: defeat, fatigue, slackness, anomie, or demented joy. Richard Avedon has described how he, too, outwits the vigilance of his sitters or waits for their moment of surrender, although the contest hinted at in his portraiture seems fairer. Arbus, it must be said, picked on the helpless and the obscure. But if her pictures make one wonder how she got them, and why her subjects consented to pose as they did, everyone with a true and false self secretly knows the answer. The yearning for love is, in part, a desire to become visible as one really is to the Other, though every time one dares to let oneself be seen one risks being seen through.

Arbus's freaks may have been the objects of her "sweet lust," but she doesn't fetishize them, and they were never a cabinet of specimens to her the way Sander's pageant of anonymous German types was to him. On the other hand, Sander was concerned with class distinctions and social roles, while Arbus harrowed the more subjective, unstable terrain of eroticism and gender. Some of her sitters—in a way, all of them—seem not to have noticed how far their forms have strayed from those of the creatures they were supposed to be. They are members of a transitional species who inhabit a limbo where young girls wear the blasted look of menopausal women; middle-aged homosexuals pass themselves off as femmes fatales; dyspeptic infants grimace with the bloated rage of old men; and bodies are mortified with pins, fire, hormones, needles, knives, razors, makeup, surgery, and strobe lights.

Perhaps Arbus seems ruthless because she exposes her subjects' naïve faith in their connection with and resemblance to the rest of humanity even as she cuts them from the herd. While they may pose with a lover or in family groups (the Jewish giant and his parents; the dominatrix and her client; the blasé suburbanites on their chaises longues; the blind couple in bed; the Russian midget and his friends; the bespectacled, obese nudists; the woman with her baby monkey), their illusion of belonging is belied by her exposé of their isolation. The depth that Arbus gives to that isolation both as a social fact and as a psychological predicament distinguishes her style from the superficial flamboyance of other photographers (now legion) who specialize, fashionably and forgettably, in the grotesque. It also sinks her subjects into a well so deep that one feels they will never be able to emerge.

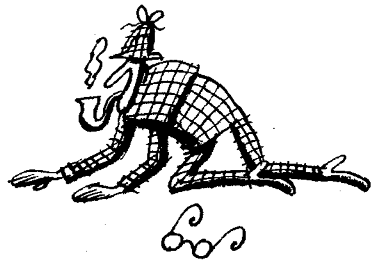
The last years of Arbus's life, 1969-1971, were the greatest period of her work. She had begun seeing a psychiatrist, Dr. Boigon, and "one fascinating thing I am beginning to get through my thick head," she wrote ambiguously to Allan and Mariclare about her therapy sessions, "is that it doesn't matter what you do . . . except to yourself." She seems to have meant that no one cares what you do except yourself, though in the context—her death was a few months away—the very lightness of the remark becomes ominous. Her artistic progress, however, elated her. "I took the most terrific pictures," she wrote to Allan at the end of November, 1969, about a series of portraits made in homes for the mentally retarded: "FINALLY what I've been searching for. And I seem to have discovered sunlight, late afternoon early winter sun light. It's just marvelous." In one of her masterpieces, "Untitled (7)," the rural landscape seems bathed in the lowering and eerie radiance of an eclipse, and the misshapen figures of her brain-damaged subjects—descendants of Goya's gargoyles—march across the frame with unsteady steps as if to the music of a piper one can't hear. A grave child of indeterminate sex with a painted mustache and averted gaze holds hands with a masked old woman in a white shift. They are oblivious of—and in a way liberated from—Arbus's gaze. After years of posing her subjects frontally, she had begun to prefer that they did not look at her. "I think I will see them more clearly," she wrote to Amy, "if they are not watching me watching them."

In the weeks before her death, Arbus was working steadily on new projects and seeing friends. Crookston was excited about a photographic essay that she had proposed to him on "Loss of Power"—portraits of defeated world leaders like Johnson, Khrushchev, Nkrumah, and de Gaulle. On July 26th, Apollo 15 was launched to the moon. Doon was in Paris, Amy at summer school, Allan on a film set in Santa Fe, and Marvin Israel at Avedon's house on Fire Island. Alone in her apartment in Westbeth, the artists' housing complex in Greenwich Village, Arbus took an overdose of barbiturates and slit her wrists in the bathtub. The medical examiner's report mentioned a diary entry that it referred to as the "Last Supper" note, but the page in question and two succeeding ones, according to "Revelations," were "meticulously excised" from her appointment book "and have never been recovered." The chronology ends with the coroner's flat yet gruesome description of the half-decomposed corpse. No orifice is spared. The inclusion of this document by Doon Arbus at first seems not only unseemly but, given her writerly tact and filial protectiveness, incomprehensible. Perhaps one should read it, though, not as the kind of Judas-like betrayal that Arbus was often accused of but as a savage gesture of poetic justice, as blind to propriety as was the art of the woman it lays bare, and as the final payment, by an honorable executor, of her mother's outstanding debt—a debt of self-revelation—to her subjects. ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

And Now You Can Go, *by Vendela Vida (Knopf; $19.95).* An armed man waylays a twenty-one-year-old woman, Ellis, in Riverside Park, seeking a partner in suicide, but she survives. Thus begins Vida's début novel, which, despite its hard-hitting setup, turns out to be an oddly anemic picaresque. Ellis alternately fends off and submits to the consolations of various men; thinks about the child an infertile couple conceived with her eggs; broods over her father's four-year disappearance and unexplained return; jets off to the Philippines on a volunteer mission; then, back in Manhattan, cuts her hair into a mullet. There's plenty of mordant humor along the way, and oddball characters who leave Post-It notes in verse or profess devotion by pushing tacks into their faces, but, even as a study in dislocation, Ellis's trajectory seems somewhat arbitrary.

Wild East: Stories from the Last Frontier, *edited by Boris Fishman (Justin, Charles; $24.95).* This timely anthology delivers on the promise of its title with rowdy, vodka-soaked tales of people run amok in the ruins of the Soviet empire. The writers—both natives of the Eastern bloc and Western travellers—plumb the cynicism and the hopes of places where a straitlaced missionary may quickly end up in "three fistfights, two of them with children," and a melancholy financier dodges assassins between snorts of cocaine. Vodka is ubiquitous, and one story, a Gogolesque fable, involves a small-town mayor transformed into a vodka bottle that gradually makes the rounds of his corrupt advisers. These stories and reports cut very fine the distinction between black humor and despair; like the young Ukrainian American who journeys to Kiev to find himself, you are left captivated by the hardship and the fervor, "the musty smell of a lived life."



The Serenity Prayer, *by Elisabeth Sifton (Norton; $26.95).* The Christian writer and activist Reinhold Niebuhr has influenced millions with his Serenity Prayer, which was composed in the depths of the Second World War, circulated to the troops, and, in edited form, adopted as the mantra for Alcoholics Anonymous. Sifton, Niebuhr's daughter, sets out to correct misreadings of "Pa's" prayer and to bring to life the extraordinary intellectual community of friends (such as Paul Tillich, Dietrich Bonhoeffer, and Felix Frankfurter) who surrounded Niebuhr at Union Theological Seminary and at his summer home in Massachusetts. Sifton's account is not free of a certain Episcopalian hauteur (she itemizes the shortcomings of more uncouth Protestant denominations), but she gives her portrait of the time a resonance appropriate to our own. After Eisenhower's election in 1952, Niebuhr warns his daughter, "You've never lived under a Republican administration. You don't know how terrible this is going to be."

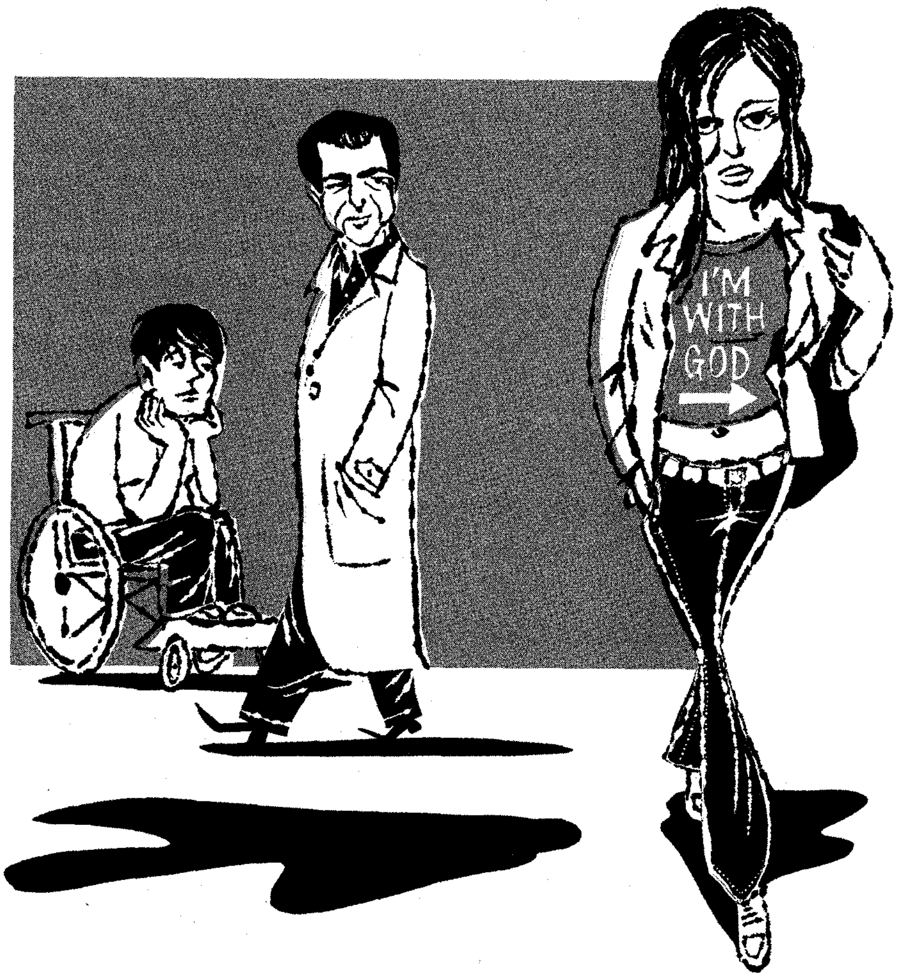
Dark Tide, *by Stephen Puleo (Beacon; $23).* In January, 1919, a fifty-foot tank filled with molasses exploded, sending waves of viscous goo through waterfront Boston and killing twenty-one people. Were Italian anarchists to blame or was it negligence by the tank's owner, the United States Industrial Alcohol company? Such matters form the crux of Puleo's account, which is narrated with gusto (and sometimes too much gusto: one victim has molasses "clinging to his private parts, like an army of insects that just keep coming"). Molasses was a vital commodity at the time, used in rum manufacture (the tank was full to the brim to cash in on pre-Prohibition demand), and it had been important in the production of First World War munitions. Puleo overreaches in claiming the story of the flood as a "microcosm of America"—an almost obligatory conclusion in this sort of history—but his enthusiasm for a little-known catastrophe is infectious.

ON TELEVISION

DOWN TO EARTH

Conversations with God in "Joan of Arcadia."

BY NANCY FRANKLIN



God and family: Amber Tamblyn as a teen-ager in troubled waters.

It sounds like a sure miss—a show about a teen-ager who talks to God, a God who takes the form, variously, of a teen-age boy in jeans and a corduroy jacket, a school-cafeteria worker, an electrician, and a little girl playing ball. But "Joan of Arcadia," a new CBS show on Friday nights, pulls it off, without being bland or treacly or embarrassing. The only person who's occasionally embarrassed is the sixteen-year-old Joan (Amber Tamblyn), when God, to prove to her that he actually is God, tells her some secret about herself that no one else could possibly know—that, for example, the song from "Titanic" makes her cry when she's alone. In "Joan of Arcadia," God manifests himself in everyday events, and in the choices that people make about matters large and small. There aren't any heraldic blasts, or flashes of light in the sky, or angels going around touching people. "Joan" even manages to be funny more often than you would expect in a show about religious belief—though the humor comes less from God's frequent one-liners, which are often a little cute (such a kidder, That One), than from the characters and their relationships. The show works partly because it is unbelievable—Joan's communication with the Almighty is the kind of thing you could believe only if it happened to you—and partly because it is, at the same time, credible; you can *imagine* the things that happen to Joan happening to you.

Created by Barbara Hall, who also serves as the show's executive producer and wrote the pilot, "Joan of Arcadia" opens with Joan tossing and turning in bed as a disembodied voice calls her name. To drown it out, she puts on headphones and listens to music. This seems to be a bit of a "Halloween"-y horror tease, as does the man whom Joan sees standing outside and looking up at her window the next morning as she gets ready for school. A teen-ager willfully ignoring possible danger and a man standing silently outside her house, wearing a creepy hat and partially obscured by naked tree branches—in movies, this means that death is coming in on great big cat feet. But Hall has something more interesting in mind, which is to dramatize the confusion and ambiguity that come with faith and with trying to figure out the difference between good and evil, and how to act when you can't tell which you're faced with. The silent man is genuinely frightening, and Joan has to live with not knowing whether she can trust what she sees or whether she's in danger. (We know that she is; intercut with scenes of Joan at home are shots of Joe Mantegna, who plays her father, Will Girardi, the city of Arcadia's chief of police, overseeing a homicide case in which a girl of about Joan's age has been sexually assaulted and strangled.)

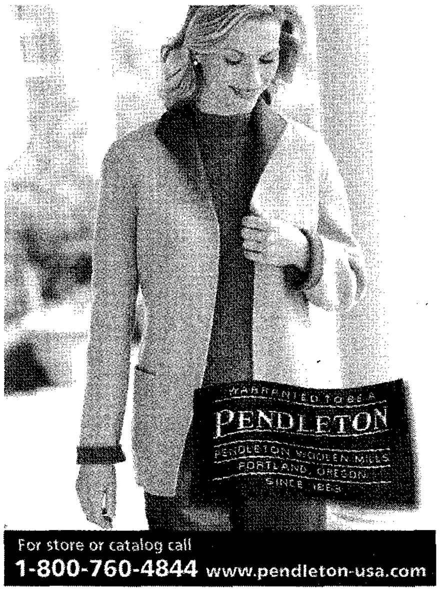
Almost everything that happens in "Joan of Arcadia" raises questions about the nature of Joan's conversations with God: Are they conversations with something outside herself or are they chats with her own conscience? Did she invite God into her life or did God foist himself upon her? She first meets God in the form of a cute boy on the bus to school, who catches her eye and tells her who he is. Joan is skeptical, but, won over by his intimate knowledge of her family and his claim that he doesn't care whether she's conventionally religious but just wants her to fulfill "her true nature," she eventually follows through on a suggestion—a suggestion bordering on a command—that he makes. (Though not before dissing him to her friends, who spot her talking to this new kid, by telling them, "He's crazy. He thinks he's God," to which one of them responds, "So what else is new?") Joan's act does lead to something good—she inadvertently inspires her older brother, Kevin (Jason Ritter, a son of the late John Ritter), depressed and housebound since a car accident left him a paraplegic a year and a half earlier, to go out and get a job and resume living. But we, and Joan, don't get to that point in a straight line, and there's nothing smugly foreordained about Kevin's change of heart.

Joan is not a soldier of God, leading an army to expel the evildoers from Arcadia; she's a regular girl with a normal enough personality: when she applies for a job at a bookstore, she tells the owner, "I was sent by God," then, seeing the look on his face, she adds, "she said, revealing her acerbic wit." Hall doesn't have an agenda with this show; she has an idea, and she can afford to have some fun with it. In the second episode, God, as a little girl wearing antennae with goofy fake eyeballs on them, comes over to Joan at the playground to retrieve a ball that she and her friends are playing with. After some conversation, she says to Joan, "You're an instrument of God, bound by the limit of time and space. . . . Can I have my ball?"

Hall is good at depicting the Girardis' family life, which is central to the show, and has been altered forever by Kevin's accident. Will and his wife, Helen (Mary Steenburgen), have different expectations of their son—she wants to push him a little more, and he wants to give him time—and their wrangling will sound authentic to anyone who has had parents. There's a scene that's a nice snapshot of the kind of mother Helen is: Kevin, who has learned—relearned—to drive, goes with Helen to a fast-food restaurant. The waitress at the drive-in window starts flirting with him, and he responds in kind. Helen, instead of smothering Kevin with her pleasure at his emotional thawing, looks away from him and smiles as they drive off. Joan's relationships with Kevin and with her younger brother, Luke (Michael Welch)—a "science geek," as Joan calls him, or, as he prefers, a "man of science"—are well drawn. While Joan is working at the bookstore, you see a shot of Kevin sitting at home alone in his wheelchair, eating a sandwich and watching football, and it's moving—the juxtaposition captures that peculiar combination of aloneness and togetherness that characterizes family life. Tamblyn, who recently ended a seven-year stint on "General Hospital," is impressively convincing as Joan. She has an expressive face, and is refreshingly not one of those impossible California beauties. When she's upset, you see something that has become almost extinct on TV: frown lines.

"Joan of Arcadia," at least on the evidence of the first two episodes, has a coherence and a complexity that you associate with good plays, which start in one person's head and stay there for a long time. It's both thought through and open-ended, and it should prove especially rewarding for those who think that belief has more to do with asking questions than with getting answers.

I'm sorry to have to report that the new NBC show "Coupling" is not about how railroad cars fit together. I wish! No, alas, it is a maniacally preadolescent-minded sex comedy, which NBC is counting on to fill the gap in its Thursday-night schedule once "Friends" takes its final bow at the end of this season. A virtual copy of the British show of the same name (which can be seen on BBC America, in between all those backyard-makeover shows, and which is itself modelled on "Friends"), "Coupling" involves three men and three women in their thirties who hang out in a pub and say cruel and supposedly titillating things to one another. The British version isn't all that funny, but it does have life to it, and it says a little something about the clashing desires of men and women. The American version, on the other hand, seems to have been cooked up in an inorganic-chemistry lab; it's a concoction of dollars and desperation. At least half the characters in the show are badly cast; the actors rush through their lines as if they were late for an appointment elsewhere; and to watch the show is to experience all the joylessness that the title connotes. One of the promos for the American version asks, "Could there possibly be a new show that will shock even Will & Grace?," and then you see a rapid-fire succession of clips in which the characters in "Coupling" use words that illustrate the show's "shocking" content: "sex . . . flirting . . . sex . . . breasts . . . condom . . . breasts . . . breasts . . . naked . . . flirting . . . sex . . . panties." How sophisticated. And how daring—I had no idea you could say "flirting" on TV. ♦



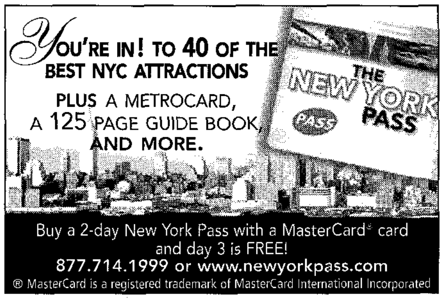
For store or catalog call
1-800-760-4844 www.pendleton-usa.com

THE PAVILION
AT McLEAN HOSPITAL

Unparalleled psychiatric evaluation and treatment. Unsurpassed discretion and service.

617.855.3570 or pavilion@mclean.org
www.mclean.harvard.edu

A major teaching facility of Harvard Medical School and an affiliate of Massachusetts General Hospital



Buy a 2-day New York Pass with a MasterCard® card and day 3 is FREE!
877.714.1999 or www.newyorkpass.com
® MasterCard is a registered trademark of MasterCard International Incorporated

Small Round Vase
by Archimede Seguso
exclusively for Cavalletta
www.cavalletta.com

10 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
183,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.®
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com®

THE CURRENT CINEMA

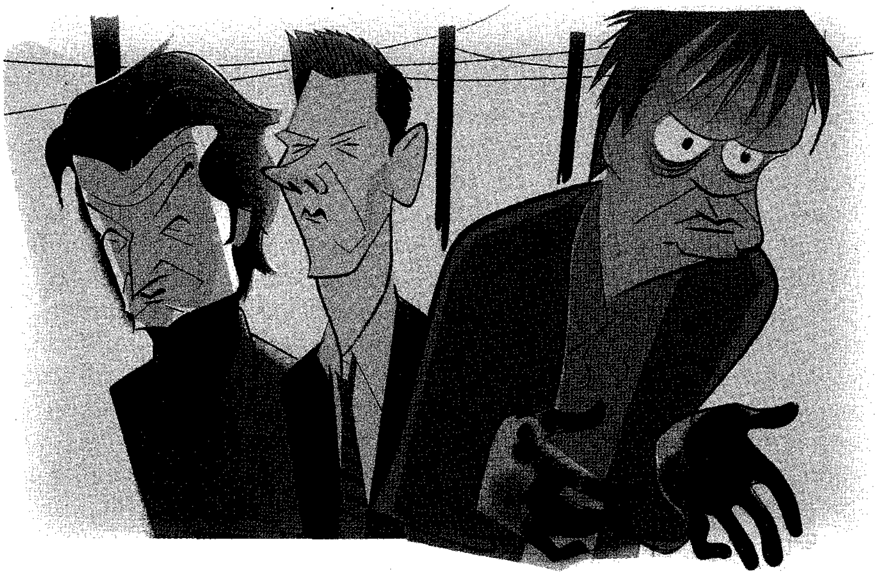
DEAD RECKONING

"Mystic River" and "Kill Bill—Vol. 1."

BY DAVID DENBY

Clint Eastwood has directed good movies in the past ("Unforgiven," "A Perfect World"), but he has never directed anything that haunts one's dreams the way "Mystic River" does. This extraordinary film, an outburst of tragic realism and grief, was shot in Catholic working-class Boston, a landscape of forlorn streets and brown shingle houses and battered cars. Yet there's nothing depressing about "Mystic River" as an experience of art. The movie has the bitter clarity and the heady exhilaration of new perceptions achieved after a long struggle, and one enjoys it not only for itself—it's fascinating from first shot to last—but as a breakthrough for Eastwood, who, at the age of seventy-three, may be just hitting his peak as a director. Based on a fine, scrupulous Dennis Lehane novel, "Mystic River" offers nothing less than a lucid detailing of malaise, a sense of fatality that slowly and stealthily expands its grasp throughout a community—a foul bloom taking over a garden.

One afternoon in the late seventies, three mischievous boys, Dave, Sean, and Jimmy, are cussed out by a couple of men in dark suits claiming to be cops. Dave, doing what he's told, gets into a car with the men. There's something not quite right about these cops (one of them wears what looks like the ring of a Catholic order), but what are Sean and Jimmy supposed to do? They're just boys. Eastwood lets us know in the briefest of flashes that Dave is then sexually assaulted in a basement for four days and that he finally escapes into the woods. The movie jumps ahead twenty-five years, and it turns out that Dave (Tim Robbins) hasn't escaped at all; none of the three have. No longer friends, the men are held together nonetheless by a bond of shame and disgust; they've lived their entire lives in the shadow of the crime. Tim Robbins's Dave has remarkable flights of feeling, but he's a vague and tentative man, enshrouded in dreams and terrors, and his wife (Marcia Gay Harden), a bluff Boston woman, finds him mystifying and even frightening. Sean (Kevin Bacon) has become a homicide detective with the Massachusetts state police, a bright anxious fellow who makes skittish jokes to cheer himself up. He's a good detective but a closed-off guy emotionally, and his pregnant wife has left him. Jimmy (Sean Penn) is the tough one. A family man, he has a tigress of a wife (Laura Linney) who adores him as protector and stud, and he runs a corner grocery store that has become a neighborhood stronghold, but we learn by degrees that years ago he served time for robbery. Suspicious and vindictive, Jimmy's got a streak of violence in him that runs through the movie like a humming power line.



Sean Penn, Kevin Bacon, and Tim Robbins in Clint Eastwood's new movie.

When Jimmy's lovely nineteen-year-old daughter is killed one night, in a park, the crime brings the three men back together—the troubled Dave as a suspect, Sean as the detective conducting the investigation into the murder, and Jimmy as the victim's father, a man now mad with grief who thinks he has the right to find the killer and eliminate him. Jimmy is not a simple avenger. "I know in my soul I contributed to your death, but I don't know how," he says at the girl's grave—an astonishing remark, because it suggests how much guilt he carries around with him. We then understand how closely his rage is tied—and has always been tied—to his bad feelings over the atrocity perpetrated earlier on his boyhood friend. Jimmy is both guilty and overprepared to take revenge. Heavily muscled, Sean Penn wears an enormous cross tattooed on his back, but his Jimmy recognizes no law, religious or secular. He lives with an ex-con's certainty that he can't trust anyone, that only his own will can keep him alive. Jimmy is not so much evil as morally chaotic and infinitely dangerous. At times, Penn plays him as the kind of cursing, unreachable guy you might see in a bar, and then, a few minutes later, he takes off into poetic soliloquies, and he's up there with Marlon Brando as a great tormented screen actor.

The screenwriter Brian Helgeland does for this movie what he did for "L.A. Confidential"—provide a thick cross-hatching of friendships, loyalties, and remembered betrayals, each person and event jostling all the others. The movie's feeling for the neighborhood milieu is so convincing in part because there's no distinction between background and foreground—everything we see (faces, living rooms, scraggly back yards) is dramatically relevant. By the end of the movie, we know this place, for good and for ill—the sour flatness of the accents, the women clinging to their men. The weave is so thick that there's no distance between past and present, either. As Sean and his partner (Laurence Fishburne, in a light, sure performance) set about solving the murder, they uncover the details of old crimes, and each piece of new information modifies what we know about the three men. Some of the great film noirs from the forties also brought the past to bear on the present, but those films weren't made as realistic dramas. "Mystic River," with its gray, everyday light, is a work of art in a way that, say, "The Big Sleep" and "Out of the Past," which were shaped as melodrama and shot in glamorous chiaroscuro, were not. "Mystic River" is as close as we are likely to come on the screen to the spirit of Greek tragedy (and closer, I think, than Arthur Miller has come on the stage). The crime of child abuse becomes a curse that determines the pattern of events in the next generation.

Clint Eastwood may have specialized in cold, dead-eyed killers when he was young, but it's long been obvious that the man had serious interests and ambitions. Yet no one, I think, could have expected him to pass so thoroughly from the shallowly mythic to the profoundly matter-of-fact—no one could have expected a movie bound by the knotted-up contingencies of family and neighborhood life. Eastwood works with great steadiness. He brings the three men together slowly, tentatively, each eying the others with distaste. When Jimmy realizes that his daughter is dead, he howls in misery, and the camera rises operatically above him, but, apart from that moment, there's very little visual rhetoric. Instead, Eastwood heightens one scene after another through sheer dramatic concentration and his control of the performances. Kevin Bacon tightens his facial muscles into a mask—he's pale, distant, intelligent. Tim Robbins's puffy-frog features, his temperamental indistinctness, work for the confused and hushed Dave, and Penn burns up the air around him. This movie is a historic achievement: Clint Eastwood, an icon of violence, has made us loathe violence as an obscenity. "Mystic River" hurts the way sad stories always hurt, but the craft and love with which it has been made transfigure pain into a moviegoer's rapture.

In Quentin Tarantino's "Kill Bill—Vol. 1," the trunk of a body, its head severed, spurts blood like a fountain, and other bodies twitch and gush at the shoulder after their arms have been lopped off. We know that the violence isn't "real," that Tarantino is playing with the conventions of Japanese samurai movies; we understand that the spraying blood, which looks like cranberry juice, is deliberately absurd. We get the joke of exaggeration carried out on a scale so grand that it becomes both homage and parody, and we may even appreciate Tarantino's skill in keeping a fight going between a lone woman warrior (Uma Thurman) and numberless black-suited goons for minute after minute, with individual duels fought on the floor, on platforms, on railings, and in midair. The prolonged fight has the exciting madness of a binge. And yet, entering into the spirit of Tarantino's video-store fantasy of martial arts, we may still have a little problem. It's this: a filmed image has a stubborn hold on reality. An image of a rose may be filtered, digitally repainted, or pixilated, yet it will still carry the real-world associations—the touch, the smell, the romance—that we have with roses. Tarantino wants us to give up such associations, which means giving up ourselves. In "Kill Bill," Uma Thurman kills a fellow female warrior in front of the woman's little girl, who stares but utters not a sound. Again, we know the scene is meant as play. The two women have already been fighting in the living room, knocking down furniture and throwing each other about like rag dolls. But where's the joke in this particular unreality? If Tarantino is cutting us off from the real world, why use a child to bring us so perilously back into it? And, if he's bringing us back into it, why not allow the child some expression of fear or grief? Tarantino wants the shock of a mother killed in front of her daughter without the audience undergoing any discomfort at all. "Kill Bill" is what's formally known as decadence and commonly known as crap. It will doubtless cause enormous excitement among the kind of pop archivists for whom the merest reference to a Run Run Shaw kung-fu picture from 1977 is deliciously naughty—a frisson de schlock that, for them, replaces any other vital response to a movie. As for the rest of the audience, some people may like the brutal playfulness, but I don't think anyone should feel aced out by what he doesn't enjoy in "Kill Bill." Coming out of this dazzling, whirling movie, I felt nothing—not anger, not dismay, not amusement. Nothing. ♦

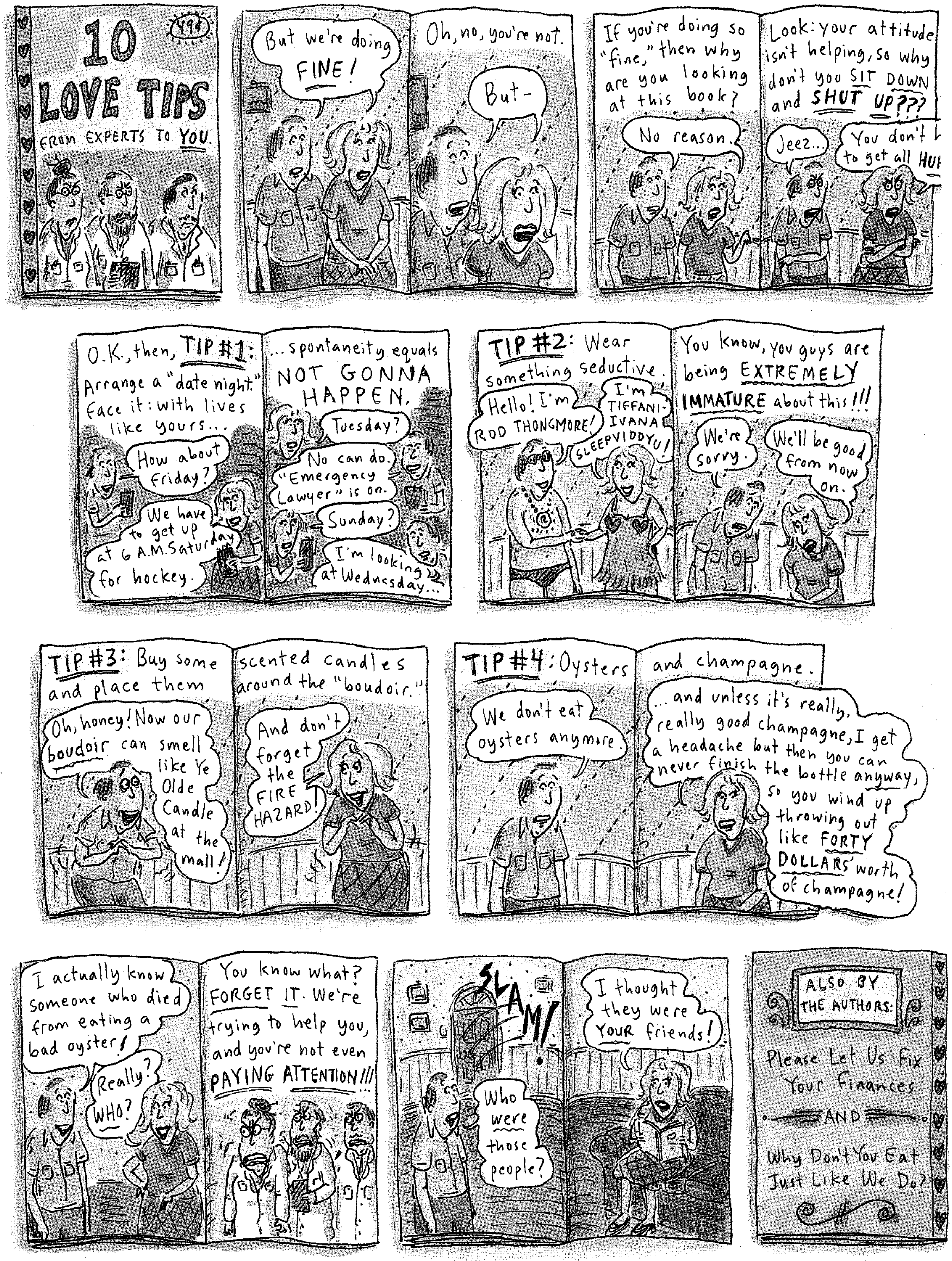
THE NEW YORKER IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF ADVANCE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS INC., PUBLISHED THROUGH ITS DIVISION THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. COPYRIGHT ©2003 THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PRINTED IN THE U.S.A.

Volume LXXIX, No. 30, October 13, 2003. The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X) is published weekly (except for six combined issues: February 17 & 24, April 21 & 28, June 16 & 23, July 14 & 21, August 18 & 25, and December 22 & 29) by The Condé Nast Publications, which is a division of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. PRINCIPAL OFFICE: The Condé Nast Building, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; Chris Mitchell, associate publisher; Peter W. Jurew, associate publisher, marketing; Ronda Carnegie, advertising director; William Li, advertising director; Marie Wolpert, advertising director; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Bob Gruters, director of marketing and strategic planning; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. Advance Magazine Publishers Inc.: S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Charles H. Townsend, C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.; Jill Bright, executive vice-president–human resources; John Buese, executive vice-president–chief information officer; David Orlin, senior vice-president–strategic sourcing; Robert Bennis, senior vice-president–real estate. Shared services provided by Advance Magazine Group: David B. Chemidlin, senior vice-president–general manager, shared services center. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Publications Mail Agreement No. 40644503. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Canada Post return undeliverable Canadian addresses to: P.O. Box 1632, Station A, Windsor, ON N9A7C9.

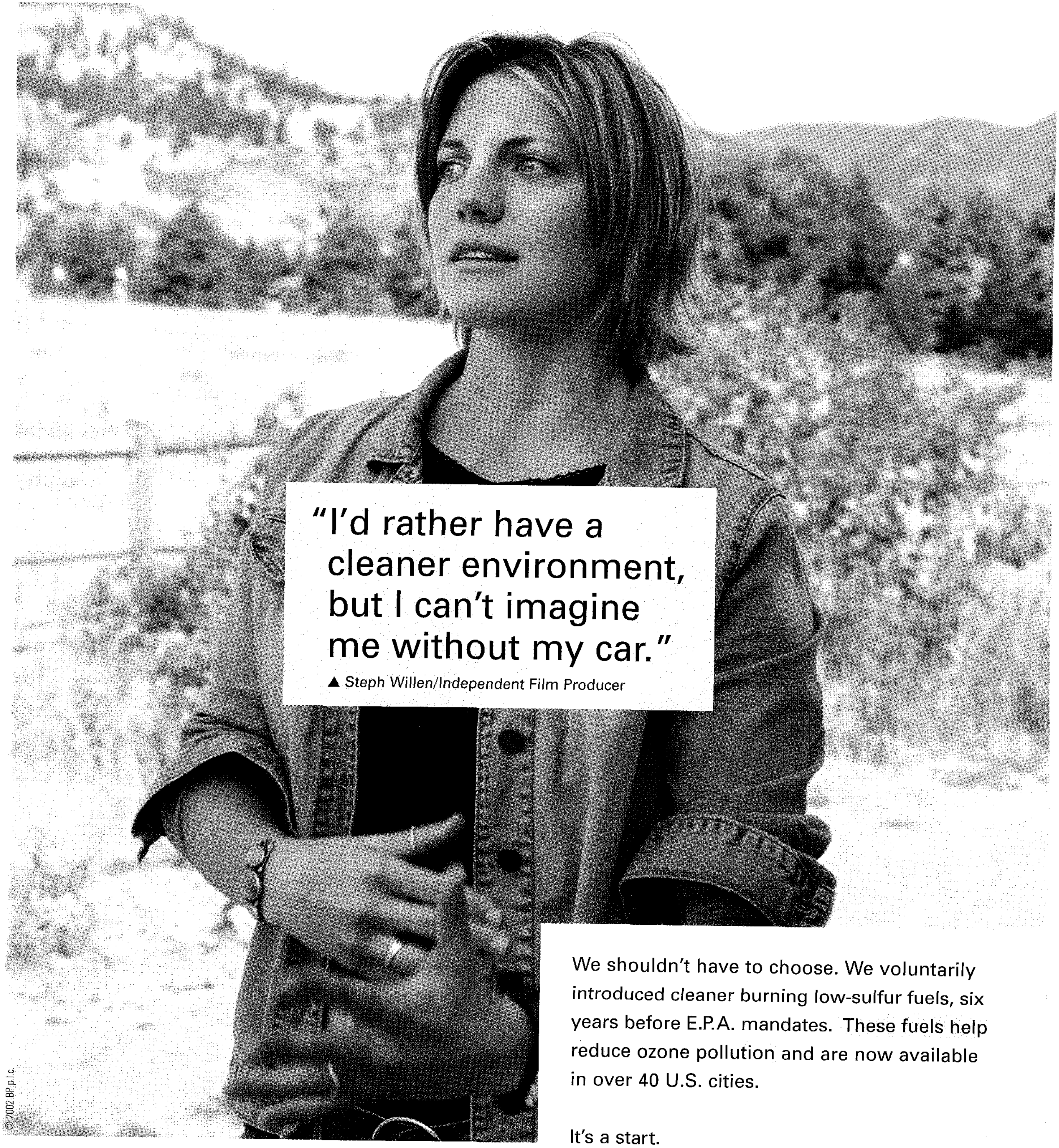
POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO THE NEW YORKER, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684. FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS, ADDRESS CHANGES, ADJUSTMENTS, OR BACK ISSUE INQUIRIES: Please write to The New Yorker, P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684; call (800) 825-2510; or e-mail subscriptions@newyorker.com. Four weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new and old address as printed on most recent label. First copy of new subscription will be mailed within four weeks of receipt of order. For advertising inquiries, please call Marie Wolpert at (212) 286-5611. For submission guidelines, please refer to our Web site, www.newyorker.com. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to The New Yorker, 4 Times Square, New York, NY 10036. For cover reprints, please call (800) 897-8666, or e-mail covers@cartoonbank.com. For Permissions and Reprint requests, please call (212) 286-8349 or fax requests to (212) 286-8628. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The New Yorker's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc. Visit us online: www.newyorker.com. To subscribe to other Condé Nast magazines on the World Wide Web, visit www.condenet.com. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services that we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at P.O. Box 37684, Boone, IA 50037-0684 or call (800) 825-2510.

THE NEW YORKER DOES NOT ACCEPT UNSOLICITED SUBMISSIONS AND IS NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE RETURN OR LOSS OF SUBMISSIONS, OR FOR ANY DAMAGE OR OTHER INJURY TO UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS, UNSOLICITED ART WORK (INCLUDING, BUT NOT LIMITED TO, DRAWINGS, PHOTOGRAPHS, AND TRANSPARENCIES), OR ANY OTHER UNSOLICITED MATERIALS.

THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST


10 LOVE TIPS FROM EXPERTS TO YOU.
$4.99
But we're doing FINE!
Oh, no, you're not.
But-
If you're doing so "fine," then why are you looking at this book?
No reason.
Look: your attitude isn't helping, so why don't you SIT DOWN and SHUT UP???
Jeez...
You don't h to get all HUF
O.K., then, TIP #1: Arrange a "date night." Face it: with lives like yours...
How about Friday?
We have to get up at 6 A.M. Saturday for hockey.
...spontaneity equals NOT GONNA HAPPEN.
Tuesday?
No can do. "Emergency Lawyer" is on.
Sunday?
I'm looking at Wednesday...
TIP #2: Wear something seductive.
Hello! I'm ROD THONGMORE!
I'm TIFFANI-IVANA SLEEPVIDDYU!
You know, you guys are being EXTREMELY IMMATURE about this!!!
We're sorry.
We'll be good from now on.
TIP #3: Buy some scented candles and place them around the "boudoir."
Oh, honey! Now our boudoir can smell like Ye Olde Candle at the mall!
And don't forget the FIRE HAZARD!
TIP #4: Oysters and champagne.
We don't eat oysters anymore.
...and unless it's really, really good champagne, I get a headache but then you can never finish the bottle anyway, so you wind up throwing out like FORTY DOLLARS' worth of champagne!
I actually know someone who died from eating a bad oyster!
Really? WHO?
You know what? FORGET IT. We're trying to help you, and you're not even PAYING ATTENTION!!!
SLAM!
Who were those people?
I thought they were YOUR friends!
ALSO BY THE AUTHORS:
Please Let Us Fix Your Finances
AND
Why Don't You Eat Just Like We Do?

R. Chast



"I'd rather have a cleaner environment, but I can't imagine me without my car."

▲ Steph Willen/Independent Film Producer

We shouldn't have to choose. We voluntarily introduced cleaner burning low-sulfur fuels, six years before E.P.A. mandates. These fuels help reduce ozone pollution and are now available in over 40 U.S. cities.

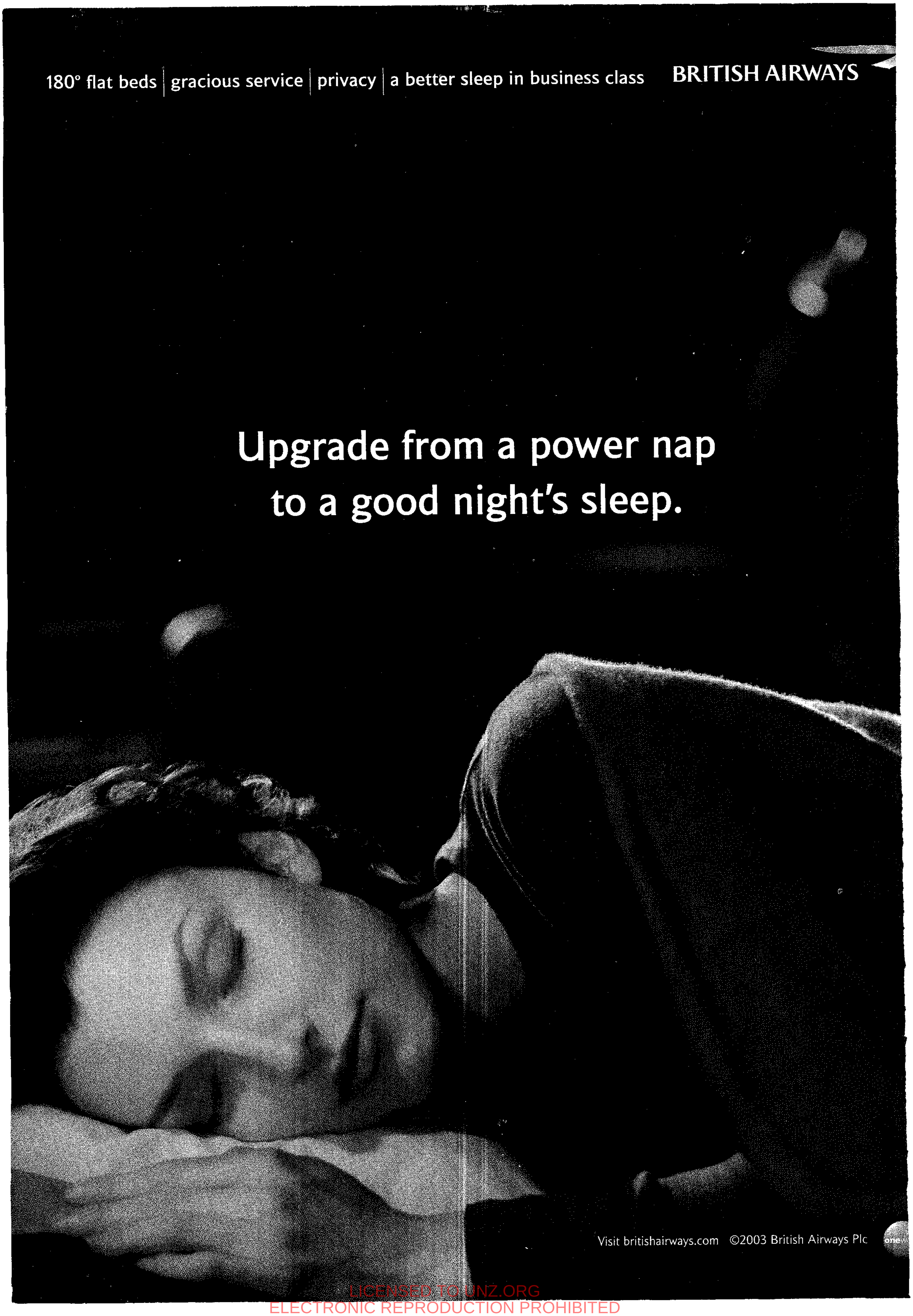
It's a start.

bp

beyond petroleum™

bp.com

© 2002 BP p.l.c.



180° flat beds | gracious service | privacy | a better sleep in business class

BRITISH AIRWAYS

Upgrade from a power nap
to a good night's sleep.

Visit britishairways.com ©2003 British Airways Plc